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PART XIV.

THE CHURCH AND THE PEOPLE.

FOR more than eighteen hundred years a society has existed among men, which is without parallel in any other empire, dominion, or institution, from the dawn of creation until now. It has beheld every other society and every other power pass away and perish, while neither death nor decay has touched itself. It has seen so marvellous a change come over the whole human race, that the man of this day seems almost a different species of being from the man of the days of its infancy. So wide is the gulf which divides the distant epochs, that we call one of them "ancient times," and the other "modern times;" and can scarcely realise the actual existence of a state of things such as was in being when this society had its birth. Kingdoms, laws, customs, arts, manufactures, literature, and the very language of man itself, have been swept away by the torrent of ages, and this society alone survives.

Yet, wonderful to tell, this society has never for a single day ceased to maintain a mortal conflict with the powers of the world in which it is placed. Other institutions which long survive the catastrophes around them, maintain their ground by avoiding all share in the struggles of man with man. They live, because they are either harmless or forgotten. But here the law of existence is absolutely reversed. This enduring society never knows one hour's true peace, one hour's repose, one hour's oblivion. It measures its strength with every competitor. It meets every foe on his own terms. It treats every friend with suspicion, and has to watch all his movements, lest he prove a more pernicious enemy than its open adversaries. It is never wearied, as it is never safe from attack. The more fiercely it is opposed, the more rapidly it comes forward; the more frightful the slaughter in its ranks, the more heroic the courage of those who hasten to take the place of the dead and the dying. Again and again the world has counted it destroyed, paralysed, or changed; but behold, it is at this very hour as young, as vigorous, as mighty as ever; and as eager for the contest, as if it had never known the agonies of martyrdom, or the treachery of deceitful friends.

VOL. III.

Yet again, and more wonderful still, this society is more perplexed, agitated, and thwarted by its own members, than by the most terrible of its open foes. Infallibly taught from on high in many things, and bound down by a divine law to a rigid obedience in many matters of detail and practice, it is nevertheless made up of millions of souls, not one of whom is safe from sins of the deepest dye, while the vast majority of their number are of a very ordinary degree of goodness, and while, except in the case of its supreme head, not one of them is personally safe from the most fatal errors of judgment and doctrine. Scattered throughout the habitable world, its children have to act for themselves in unnumbered myriads of emergencies, to maintain conflicts with every conceivable species of opponent, and against disadvantages which apparently must inevitably overwhelm them, and in the end must blot them out from among men.

But still that society lives; and at a moment when its chief is an exile from his own home, driven away by as contemptible a band of petty scoundrels as ever dishonoured the worst of ends, it is more united in itself than at almost any other period of its existence, and is girding up its loins for a fresh battle with those powers of the world which it has again and again subdued and destroyed. Never at any previous era in its history has it been so free from all open scandals in its children; never were they more affectionately attached to their highest earthly ruler; never was the attention of wise and thinking men more anxiously directed to its movements, or more confidently expecting from it some great and glorious deeds, to save the world from calamity and woe. Such is the Catholic Church, the stumbling-block of the ungodly, the puzzle of the philosopher, the annoyance of the politician; but the joy, the solace, and the strength of those who believe.

In this state of affairs, it cannot be unprofitable to compare the peculiar nature of the relations of the Church to the world about her, with the positions in which she has been placed in other ages since the day when she ceased to be the Church of one favoured nation, and became the Church of all mankind. For it is

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one unfailing characteristic of her destiny, that the *form* of her relationship to the world is ever changing, so that her policy is ever new, and her weapons of warfare, which once were all-powerful for victory, must be perpetually changed for others fashioned in a different mould. Herself immutable, she has to wage warfare with a Proteus which knows not stability; and as her adversaries' tactics are not the same for two centuries together, she must adapt herself to their ceaseless variations, and ever smite them with arms like their own.

That the present position of the Church in the world is unparalleled in any previous stage of her existence, the dullest eye can see. She has, in fact, herself united with the will of this world, to place herself upon a footing which it never crossed the brain of the wildest dreamer of a few hundred years ago to establish in his own day. Willingly—nay more, eagerly—she plants herself on new ground, and entrenches herself behind fortifications as unlike to her defences of old, as the cannon-proof fortresses of this time are unlike the picturesque and battlemented towers within which our mail-clad fathers fought and conquered. The *idea*, in a word, which now reigns in Europe and America, and which the Church must seek to bend to her own purposes, is radically and irreconcilably in opposition to the ideas of every age through which she has hitherto passed.

The old idea of the Christian world was this: that the Christian religion was to be taken as the basis of all civil society, and that the interests of the secular power were identical with those of the Christian Church. On this principle the Church fought her first battle with Heathenism, under the rulers of Imperial Rome. It was the very principle on which those bloody persecutors martyred the hosts of the faithful. The Pagan magistrate identified Paganism with the well-being of the state; and he smote the Christians with unsparing slaughter, because he looked upon them as foes to his own rights and powers. He either could not, or would not, give credit to their assertions, that while they rendered to their God the undivided homage of their hearts, they were ready to pay an obedience to the civil authority in all things not absolutely forbidden by their faith. It never occurred to him to conceive of our modern theories of government, or to attempt to separate, by a rigid line of demarcation, the spiritual from the temporal power. The Christian therefore became an outcast from the pale of society, an alien from the commonwealth of his fellow-creatures; and when the haughty Roman suffered him to worship his Lord in peace, it was because he deemed him too insignificant to disturb the repose of a people which owned Jove for its god and Cæsar for its emperor.

And thus, when the supreme civil power itself became Christian, it instantly united itself,

heart and hand, with the Church of Christ. Never for a moment did the Emperor or Empress, whether orthodox or heretical, imagine it to be a possibility, that the Christian religion should be a thing with which the state, as such, had nought to do. The notion that its duties, as an institution for temporal ends, could be so distinctly separated from the duties which every man owes to his God, as an accountable and immortal soul, never found a place in their theorisings. To assert that the secular arm, when Christian, could trust with undoubting confidence any human being whom the Church condemned, they would have counted a denial of the divine authority of the Church itself. How far a Christian monarch should seek to crush the idolatries of Paganism, was simply a question as to the practicability of the deed. As for taking cognisance of the rights of private judgment, or supposing that because a man was sincere in a false creed, therefore he was to be put upon a level with the orthodox,—such a theory simply never occurred to them. The Arian sovereign upheld Arianism, because he counted Arianism to be true. The Catholic sovereign upheld Catholicism, because he believed Arianism to be a soul-destroying heresy. Whatever a ruler was himself, that he sought by all lawful means in his power to compel his people also to be.

For we must recollect that Christian antiquity knew nothing of the modern notion that *several* creeds can be all equally true. Though they had no printing-presses, and believed the sun to go round the earth, with a thousand similar physical errors, they were yet sufficiently gifted with common sense to consider that black is not white, that two is not one, and that the words, "the Gospel of Jesus Christ," did not mean twenty or thirty different and contradictory gospels. Whether they were Catholic or heretical, they were guiltless of this new absurdity, each one considering that he alone had possession of *that one doctrine* which was revealed by Jesus Christ to his Apostles. Hence, whatever a man believed, that he counted it his duty to propagate by all practicable means. Had he been told that, after all, it was a "matter of opinion" whether our Lord was the eternal Son of God, or no, he would have viewed the person who gave him the information with about the same astonishment as we should regard a man who said it was a "matter of opinion" whether or not the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles. The civil governor, therefore, based his government upon a certain system of religious doctrine as being *true*, not as being expedient or permissible. By what means, or to what extent, he sought to propagate this truth, or how far he counted it desirable to identify his government with that of the Church, were all distinct questions of mere expediency. His funda-

mental principle ever was this, that there is but one true religion, and that the magistrate, believing in this religion, is bound by his duty to God never to cease to act upon this belief, both as a magistrate and as a man.

On this idea the social and political life of Europe was based, amidst all the conflicts and revolutions through which it has passed. Under the Roman emperors, under the barbarians in the middle ages, in the very tumult of the Reformation itself, every state and every individual recognised this principle as incontrovertibly true. The Teutonic conquerors, Alaric, Theodoric, and Clovis, when they swept away the powers of the emperors, upheld the creed of the vanquished, and adopted its doctrines as the basis of the sovereignties they set up. In the darkest centuries which followed, the rudest civil power paid a sort of homage to the morality of the Gospel, as that before which every human rule ought necessarily to bow. It was the recognition of the indefeasible rights of Christianity which lent so mighty a strength to the Church, when in feudal times she mitigated the reckless tyrannies of the powerful, and impressed upon the age of chivalry some semblance of religious purity and truth. And when men's minds were corrupted, and society grew rotten almost to the very core,—when Paganism, learning, luxury, and relaxation of ecclesiastical discipline, combined to call down the judgments of God, and to tempt whole nations to a revolt against the faith itself,—still was the dogma of our own age unknown; and they who were the first to cast off all allegiance to Rome, were as zealous as ever in upholding the identity of the interests of the civil power with those of that one creed which they themselves professed to believe as true. Still did the old idea reign in Europe, all through the agonies of that day of conflict. In submission to its dictates, every Protestant kingdom commenced its anti-Catholic operations; and in reliance upon its potent efficacy, the spirit of despotism forged fresh political chains for the subjugated nations of Europe. The recognition of the right of private judgment was an audacious falsehood in the lips of kings; they recognised no rights, either spiritual or temporal, except their own; and the only excuse that could be urged in palliation of their cruel persecutions, was the fact that the universal consent of mankind still regarded Christianity, in some form or other, as the only legitimate foundation of social and political, as well as of private, morality.

By and bye, as time went on, a new idea arose. Two circumstances combined to make men think that if the old idea was true in itself, and was once expedient, yet in modern days its application would be cruel, unjust, and undesirable. Conscientious persons who claimed to separate from the Catholic Church, on the right of their own judgment, soon saw that it was the height of folly and wickedness

to deny to others what they claimed for themselves, and that if religious doctrines were matters of opinion only, it was monstrous for any man to rule his fellow-creatures upon his own private opinions, while their opinions were directly opposed to his own. To this source we must look in some measure for the origin of the new idea. Yet this honest conviction would have been powerless to shatter the fabric of Protestant theological despotism, if it had not been aided by that radical revolution in the system of secular government itself, in which England has taken the lead amongst the nations of the world. So long as the supreme authority was lodged in the hands of one man, or one small oligarchy, the principles of religious toleration must have been powerless, and uttered only to be condemned and proscribed. But when a new theory sprang to light, or rather when the principles of Magna Charta were carried out to their legitimate consequences, the monstrous iniquity of the adoption of the old idea by a Protestant government began to break upon the vision of all honest and clear-sighted men. That a government consisting of one man, or of a certain number of men all united in one faith, and that faith the Catholic faith, which they all held to be the *only* true religion given by God for the salvation of sinners,—that such a government should adopt this religion as the foundation of its authority, the guide of its laws, and the very life of its daily operations, was but natural. But that a body of representatives, elected by men of every variety of creed, and representing the opinions of their electors, should dare to select one creed from amidst the host about them, hedge it around with persecuting penal laws, pamper it with the wealth of stolen treasures, persecute those who could not conscientiously admit its truth and excellence, and fashion their decrees in conformity with its peculiar sectarian dictates,—such a system was too iniquitously tyrannical, and too absurdly self-contradictory, to endure the shock of ages, or to issue in any thing but the reproach of those who maintained it.

And thus the new idea was born, and grew, and strengthened. In some modification or other, it is now gradually gaining the mastery throughout the civilised world. There is scarcely a state in Europe or America which has not yielded some token of homage or fear to the new-born doctrine, that, either as a matter of duty or expediency, the civil power must separate itself from the spiritual, and, affording to all religions an equal protection, pay special obedience to none. We say nothing as to the truth or wisdom of this theory. We do not impugn the system of other days. We do not assert that the modern notion is justly applicable in any one particular instance, or not. We take it simply as a fact, as the great fact of modern times, as a fact which, in the eyes of religious men, is of infinitely greater moment

than those countless swarms of novelties which, in the judgment of men of the world, are the distinguishing marks of this age of anxiety and change. And that the ancient relations of Church and State can by any possibility be permanently maintained in a country which unites a representative government with any great variations in the religious opinions of its individual citizens, we hold to be the most visionary of expectations. The dominance of a class, the power of traditional feelings, the continuance of tranquillity and prosperity, may for a while postpone the development of these potent principles; but in the end, wheresoever the people rule and the people are not unanimous in their creed, we shall see the connexion between the spiritual and the secular powers assimilated, with more or less exactness, to the state of things which now prevails in the United States or in France.

What, then, will be true wisdom in us, who are devoted with our whole hearts and souls to the upholding and the propagating the faith of the Catholic Church? Where shall we place our feet, that we may stand firm in the mortal conflict which we must wage, as long as the world shall last? What line of conduct shall we adopt? What modes of thought shall we most sedulously cultivate, that we may be most faithful to our Master's cause, and win souls to his service and his glory? In every age it has been the practice of the Church to adapt her operations to the exigencies of the time, and to meet the world with its own weapons. What, then, shall we do now? What *can* we do? What *must* we do? In one word, we must recognise mankind as *free*. It is the people with whom we have to do, a people individually their own masters, and collectively supreme in the state; both in theory, and more or less in fact, politically free. The Church is cast into the midst of a giant democracy. She has to commend her divine claims to millions and millions of souls, with no more aid from secular authority or traditional associations than the Apostle possessed when he pleaded before Festus, or than a Bishop of the fourth century, when he preached the Gospel to an imperial hearer. The democratic element is triumphing around us; kings and nobles are becoming the servants of the people; the mechanic laughs to scorn the religious convictions of the monarch, because he himself is become an integral portion of the sovereign power; he claims for himself the same rights of thought which are accorded to the mightiest in the land; he maintains that as he rules, so also he will think for himself; and he is prepared to account that to be the one true faith which upholds the civil government which he himself maintains, and in which he has bound up all his dearest earthly interests.

This is our age's interpretation of the words of Holy Scripture, that the powers that are,

are ordained of God. Once, a Cæsar reigned alone, and Nero was the power ordained of Heaven. Once, again, an aristocracy ruled, and they were the powers which God bade us obey. Now, all is changed or changing; in some countries already every man of full age is a master in the state; in our own land we are hastening on to the same condition; the toiling millions have become "the higher power;" and if the Church would rule the world once more, if she would tame its unholy passions, if she would place her magic spell upon its tremendous strength, and bid it do her bidding, she must recognise it as what it is in very deed.

The strength of the Church is, in truth, in this fierce democracy. Her deepest strength, indeed, ever lay in the poor and despised, but she gained no little aid from the support of the royal and the noble, when she took good heed against their enticing snares. But now, her old friends are powerless to aid her. They have proved false friends, for the most part. They have given her assistance, hoping that she would sanction their enormities; therefore she is shaking them off and disowning them, not so much because they are themselves mighty no more, as because they have played her false, and sought to convert her friendship into slavery. And every where, where she essays her new part, she triumphs with most signal success. She has the most striking power wherever she least relies upon the secular arm. In the midst of the turbulent storms of revolution and democratic frenzy her soothing voice is heard, and lulls to peace and rest those angry spirits which spurn every human restraint. A few years ago she rode in safety on the waves of a popular revolution in Belgium. In France she gathers strength amid every excess of democratic passion, and rules the heart of the legitimatist, the republican, and the Bonapartist, with equal sway. In England, while the popular power advances with slower, yet most certain step, she is year by year extending her bounds, uniting her members, and beating down the besotted prejudices of days that are past. In Ireland, she has flourished in never-fading youth amidst persecutions that have never ceased, reigning in the souls of the poor alone. In the United States, she has won so strange a mastery over a restless and haughty race, that the first of great modern republics promises to become a Catholic nation. Throughout the whole earth, whensoever she has been fairly placed in the midst of *the people*, and has sought to win her way to their hearts by spiritual weapons alone, a glorious success has crowned her efforts, and devoted multitudes have cast themselves in love and veneration at her feet. She has nothing to fear from the increase of the power of the people. She has but to recognise in them the rights which they possess, and they will serve her with an affection and a sim-

plicity of purpose which few of her crowned and purpled protectors have ever known.

Little, however, will be our success, if we fail to recognise also that freedom of *thought* which is the mark of our day, and is, in some sort, the consequence of its political freedom. If heresy is to be conquered, and unbelief made to give place to faith, it must be by our admitting to the full that independence of mind to which man is really entitled, and which he will not yield before any conceivable accumulation of those authorities which of yore had such power in the world. Every class, and every people, are becoming daily more and more impressed with a conviction of the worth of intellectual greatness and acquirements, in contrast with the old vulgar worship of wealth and grandeur. From the insane profaneness of those who would deify man's reason, to the humblest teacher of the elements of knowledge to the poor, we are united in treading underfoot the empty, frivolous shows of other days, and in valuing that which is spiritual, moral, and intelligent, above all other things that are good. Gross and sensual, ungoverned and ungovernable, as we still are, to a frightful extent, yet it is undeniable that a homage is now paid to the claims of the intellect which was never rendered by any former age.

Hence it has followed, that those whom the Church summons to her obedience put forth demands which never yet were made, but with which she *must* comply, if she would do her duty faithfully. The whole world of European and American thought defies her to the contest. High and low, the philosopher and the mechanic, cast in her teeth a charge which they dare her to disprove. They have laid aside many of the old arms of Protestantism. They do not meet the claims of Catholicism by asserting that Protestantism alone is true, and therefore Catholicism is false. They are ashamed of the former cry of blood-thirstiness which they were wont to raise against the priesthood and children of Rome. They are meeting us with a pretence often, indeed, urged before, and now sometimes urged in all honesty and candour, though in real ignorance. They say we are behind the age—that we are incompetent to take our place in the republic of thought and reason—that we would reduce man's intelligence to a miserable level of mediocrity and dulness—that we would falsify history—that we dread the discoveries of science—that we shirk biblical criticism—that we would chain down the imagination. They point to the gigantic works of the human intellect which have been produced without the sanction of, or in direct opposition to, Catholicism. In England, more especially, they bid us look back three hundred years and see how the state has thriven under Protestant sway, while ruin and disaster have been the lot of almost every Catholic people. They tell us

to look at the vast body of English literature, at its energy, its grace, its honesty, its purity (as they count honesty and purity), and challenge us to make good our claims to be sent by God, by elevating and purifying that reason which God has given to man. They ask, why have Spain, and Portugal, and Italy, and Austria, and South America fallen, while England, and Protestant Germany, and France (ninetieth infidel), and North America, are the ruling powers of the human race?

To the spirit which dictates this defiance, we must, heart and hand, address ourselves, if we would do our duty in our generation, and not be fools and traitors where our fathers were wise men and conquerors. We *know* that this imputation that is cast upon us is false. We know that if ever there was a falsehood, as daring as it is shallow, it is the assertion that obedience to a faith which comes from God is a slavery of that reason which came from the same almighty hand. There is not a Catholic in the land who would not repudiate with indignation the imputation, that his intelligence is less free than that of any race of men upon earth. It is no more slavery to us to believe what we are sure is the word of God, than it is slavery to comprehend and believe the demonstrations of Euclid. Our intellect follows the laws of reason in trusting to an inspired authority as independently as when it is convinced that two and two make four. There is not a syllogism in the whole range of mathematical truth more complete than the great Catholic argument (1), that if God has given us a revelation, and made it our duty to believe the doctrines of that revelation, He must have made the statement of those doctrines intelligible to our understanding, and shewn us what they are; (2), that there is no intelligible statement of those doctrines put forward by any body claiming to be taught by God except that which is put forward by the Catholic Church; and consequently (3), that the decrees of the Catholic Church are *true*. It is no more a slavery to a man's understanding to believe in transubstantiation than to believe that the earth is round. We believe both the one and the other upon testimony; and instead of its being the act of a bondsman to believe in the Real Presence, it is the delight of our intellect, as a free, reasoning agent, to know that this doctrine is true, just as it is our delight to reject the notion that the earth is flat or square. And so also in the whole domain of art, philosophy, science, and literature. They who are themselves Catholics are well aware that they receive from their religion the greatest possible assistance to their natural faculties in every species of human cultivation; that so far from working, as it were, in chains, they are conscious of a living, spiritual freedom, to which every man who is not a conscientious Catholic is a stranger.

Knowing this, then, it will be our truest wisdom to act upon it, not merely by compulsion and unwillingly, but boldly, energetically, and of our own accord. We must come forward as our fathers did six hundred years ago, and be the foremost in the work of intellectual cultivation. We must throw our whole strength upon the busy realms of thought, prepared and expecting to conquer. We must compel men to own that the only true intellectual freedom is to be found in obedience to the Faith, by proving to them, that they who own that Faith have a power to make all truth their own, such as none others can attain to. We must shew no fear, no hesitation, no signs of a wish to take advantage of people's ignorance and slowness of perception. We must lift up our voice, and never cease to say, that as the whole domain of possible knowledge is the lawful possession of man's reason, so he alone is in a state to seize all truth with a firm and enduring grasp, who has attained to a knowledge of those truths which are eternal, and of which the visible world is but the outward manifestation and result. Every reasonable being is aware that we might as well assert that a knowledge of the laws of gravity is a hindrance to a man in building a house, as that a knowledge of spiritual and eternal truths is a hindrance to the study of material and temporal truths. But so long as the Catholic is content to take little part in the moving thought of his day, or protests against the advancement of human knowledge, as though it were something in its very nature in opposition to the truths of revelation—so long will our generation suspect him of some secret design upon the common sense and understanding of his fellow-creatures.

It is scarcely possible to overstate the importance of a sound and well-considered view of this truth in the present posture of Catholic affairs in this kingdom. Notwithstanding a few iniquitous things which yet remain, the Catholic religion is at length practically emancipated in England. There is scarcely a day that passes without shewing, in some way or other, that the attention of the best and the most thoughtful in the country is concentrating upon us. The claims of Protestantism are hourly made less of. The Church of England's day is gone by. She has stood still and the world has passed her, and left her to her complainings. We alone remain to be feared, to be honoured, to be loved. Our own youth are panting for the struggle in the arena of thought. Intelligent, open-hearted, pious, and patriotic, like the horse that chafes and champs the bit before the race begins, the young Catholic laity and clergy are burning to shake off the hindrances which a want of sufficient training has long laid upon the Catholic mind of England, and to seize that place among their countrymen which already almost invites their claim. From within and without we are

called upon to cultivate the energies of the mind to the highest possible perfection—to teach men to reason clearly and to judge calmly and vigorously—to purify the taste—to elevate the imagination—to widen the circle of human knowledge, and to lay its foundations deep in that thorough mastery of some few subjects of study, without which the most extensive acquirements are little better than the small-talk of a fashionable drawing-room, or the gossip of a daily newspaper.

Rightly or wrongly, our age has come to estimate every man by what he is in himself. Centuries ago, a man's office or rank gave him a certain real claim to have his opinions and *dicta* respected, because those who held sacred or secular offices, or stood high in rank, were ordinarily the best educated and the ablest thinkers in society. But this is no longer. A man's chief influence depends upon his personal character and acquirements, whatever be his administrative functions. The most unre-served and glad *obedience* is constantly rendered to those administrators of the laws, in their official capacity, for whose personal opinions no one has the smallest regard. The habits of other times would be mere superstition in ourselves. It was once right and reasonable for the inferior to regard those who were his superiors in station, with a universal respect for their words on all subjects whatever. In those days, scarcely any but the clergy could read or write, and for ages, any high degree of cultivation was confined to a favoured few, whether ecclesiastics or laymen. But now the gifts of knowledge are spread abroad far and wide. There is many a mechanic in the land who is better educated and more intelligent than many a peer. The distinctions of rank are almost nominal, and the distinctions of office are confined to a difference of administrative or functional powers alone. A claim to infallibility only makes a man laughed at. Even the Evangelical party in the Established Church are getting ashamed of turning a favourite preacher into a Pope. While the Catholic rejoices with never-fading joy in his own possession of an infallible authority in matters of faith, and while the better classes of Protestants are in their secret souls yearning for some infallible guide to set them free from the religious doubts which afflict them, at the same time Catholic and Protestant together are united in attributing infallibility to a divinely guided authority alone, and in testing the claims of every other authority among men by its actual qualifications for respect and deference.

How, then, can we overrate the importance of the highest practicable cultivation of the natural faculties in ourselves, if we would command the attention and enlist the sympathies of our fellow-men? Whether we like it or no, we must take them on their own ground. We must appeal to the principles which they

already admit. We must present ourselves to them in a guise which they will honour. In China the Catholic priest is dressed in the fantastic garb of the country, and wears a tail of hair three feet long. In Syria, his beard hangs down to his waist. In England, he is neat and close shaven, and is clothed in black. And such must be our wisdom in clothing the mind within. It must be vested after the model of the age in which we live, so far as that model is not positively sinful. The Chinaman admires the flowing robes, the Oriental venerates the beard, and to our eyes there is nothing more correct, more gentlemanlike, or more worthy of respect, than a priest in his proper ecclesiastical dress. And thus, would we bring the power of our religion to bear upon the dense mass of unbelief and heathenism which has overspread the land, we must attack it armed with those weapons before which alone it will yield. We must exhibit to it the spectacle of a vast body of men, each devoted with his whole powers to the faith which is revealed, each animated with one and the same spirit of love, purity, and humility, yet each retaining the personal characteristics of his own mind, each cultivated to the highest

point within his power, each independent in thought in all matters which are open to discussion, each vigorous, animated, refined, well informed, and charitable to the defects and errors of all around him.

Such are some few of the facts of this new phase in the world's existence in which we find our lot to be cast. The old landmarks of thought are gone, a deluge has swept over the world; a rapid vegetation is again commencing, rank and baneful, or lovely and life-giving, according as it is left to its own uncultured vigour, or is tended with wisdom, and breathed upon by the gales of grace from heaven. We are placed in the midst of an innumerable host of men, with power in their hands, with daring freedom in their thoughts, but not without a love for order, and a desire for truth and goodness; and according as we take them upon their own ground, and be ourselves also wise in our generation, shall we find them our friends or our foes, the servants of Jesus Christ, or rebels against his authority, and the mad destroyers of their own selves. May God grant that we may be *wise as serpents*, as well as simple as doves.

CARDINAL CAPACCINI.

THE favourite disciple of Cardinal Consalvi was Francis Capaccini, to whom was reserved the honour of handing down the principles by which he had been guided; and although he never reached the high office held by his leader, he was inferior to him alone in the esteem of those whom he served, and in the regard of foreign sovereigns. As many of our countrymen had opportunities of knowing him, we venture to offer a sketch of his career.

He was born in Rome, in 1784. As he felt an inclination for the ecclesiastical state, he attended the schools of the Roman College. After the suppression of the Jesuits, the direction of that great establishment was entrusted to the secular clergy; and we have heard some of the latter speak with affectionate interest of the exercises of piety, which were continued with unceasing regularity during the gloomy days of the French occupation. Every year the Romans celebrate with love and devotion the festival of St. Aloysius, who spent his youth in the college, and whose rooms are yet there opened; and as the day returns, a silver tablet is hung near his altar, as a grateful memorial of his intercession on behalf of the youth of Rome at that period. In those schools many eminent men were formed, who have in our own times rendered signal services to the Holy See by their knowledge and abilities; and whilst the diplomatic talents of Capaccini and Fornari have been honoured even amongst

strangers, scholars will cherish the recollection of the distinguished professors, Caprano, Palma, and Graziosi, and will record the glories of the schools over which they, and other professors not less renowned, presided. Amongst them were several profound mathematicians, and to them Capaccini became attached. The fame and discoveries of Herschel, Volta, Laplace, and Lagrange, were a favourite theme in that day. Capaccini aspired to distinction in this sublime science, and his success corresponded to his desires. He was ordained priest in 1807. After a short residence at Milan, as tutor in a noble family, he was invited by one of his professors to assist in the direction of the observatory at Naples. He spent three years, from 1812 to 1815, in the peaceful occupations of his office; but, meanwhile, he did not neglect theological pursuits, or fail to study the political movements and varying fortunes of the courts of Europe in those anxious years. His talents did not escape the penetrating eye of Cardinal Litta, and upon the re-establishment of the government in 1815, he recommended him to Cardinal Consalvi, by whom he was chosen one of his assistants in the secretary of state's office. A friendship was formed between them, which lasted till the death of the Cardinal. After the Treaty of Vienna, it became necessary to establish relations with the various states of Europe, and concordats were arranged, respecting the more

speedy nomination of bishops, presentations to benefices, and other important matters. Whilst the world is loud in its applause of those whose names are appended to treaties, little is said of the inferior agents, whose industry and activity often tend to the success of their chiefs. Capaccini went to Terracina in 1818, for the purpose of assisting in the negotiations preceding the concordat with Naples; and to his labours upon that and other occasions of the like nature was ascribed the subsequent debility of a constitution naturally vigorous. He was named to negotiate upon the affairs of Poland, and at a later period on the question of mixed marriages in Prussia. By Leo XII. he was appointed under-secretary of briefs, and in 1827 to the care of the establishment for employing the poor at the Thermæ of Dioclesian. When Cardinal Cappellari (afterwards Gregory XVI.) was named to conclude a concordat with the King of Holland, Capaccini was joined with him in the commission; and for the more effectual execution of the arrangements required, he proceeded to the Hague. We have heard the venerable Bishop of Liège describe the trying events of that time, his own long conversations, protracted for many hours, with King William, and the measures suggested for preventing the outburst of the Belgian revolution. Capaccini added to his former reputation during his residence at that Court, and when the revolution interrupted his negotiations, he retired to London. There he had the means of witnessing the self-denial, the cheerful labours, and unwearying zeal of our missionaries; and he delighted to speak of the admiration which their conduct excited in him. Pius VIII. desired him to assume the post of internuncio at Brussels in 1830; and soon after the election of Gregory XVI. in the following year, he was recalled to Rome, and appointed under-secretary of state. The kind-hearted and excellent Pontiff esteemed and loved him, and was anxious to employ him in every difficulty. Pius VII. had instituted, for the assistance of the Secretary of State in ecclesiastical questions, the Congregation of Ecclesiastical Affairs Extraordinary, and the office of secretary had been held by some of the first men of that and subsequent reigns; and amongst the high names of Fontana, Lambruschini, Brunelli, and Corboli, that of Capaccini would have been not least conspicuous, if his health had allowed him to retain it. Upon his retirement, the Pope gave him a canonry in the Lateran Basilica. He had ever been remarkable for a generous turn of mind, and for his charities; and one of his first acts was to offer a splendid gift to that church. Although his health required repose, Gregory XVI. was anxious to avail himself of his services, and he was employed for a short time on a special mission to Malta, and on another to Naples; and when Portugal returned to the obedience of the Holy See, he proceeded as Delegate Apostolic to Lisbon, where he re-

mained from 1842 to 1844. But this was the most painful of his missions, and in his exertions and troubles he often needed the encouraging sympathy of his friends. Of an upright mind, he felt keenly attempts that were made to deceive him, and to frustrate his measures for the good of religion. Lisbon possesses an English convent and an English college, which have stood together as sister and brother through many years of political strife, of war and change, supported by their common faith and sufferings, and by their allegiance to the Holy See; and both of these establishments have felt the mercy of Providence in securing to them for more than half a century two holy and venerable men, worthy inheritors of the spirit of Gother and Daniel. It was a relief to him to spend an hour with them; and at such times he loved to forget his dignity and his cares, and to enjoy the friendship which his kindness seldom failed to win. Indeed, he had a strange art of influencing and attaching all who approached him, and it was remarked of him that, without seeming to seek any object, he was sure to attain it; and it was pleasing to see in his dependents visible signs of the regard and affection which all entertained for him. In the countries in which he held diplomatic appointments, it was observed that the clergy always viewed his conduct and his exertions with admiration,—a certain proof of his great merit and success. Before he left Lisbon he had been named Auditor of the Apostolic Chamber, and consequently head of the Roman prelacy, and he had been also created Cardinal. He spent some time in London, and the conductors of the *Portfolio* were anxious to represent through him to the Holy See the expediency of opposing a barrier to the designs of Russia. When he returned to Rome, his friends observed with deep regret the ravages of mental toil and anxiety upon his constitution, and it was evident that his honourable and useful career was drawing to a close. The Holy Father sought to support him by the friendly and warm approbation with which he expressed his sense of his services, and hastened to declare him Cardinal, and to dispense him from the formalities attending the public receiving of the insignia. As his last hour approached, he prepared himself for it, and it was edifying to observe his piety and childlike devotion. The distracting occupations of a long life had not chilled his fervour, or induced a forgetfulness of the holiness which his priestly vocation had inspired in early youth, and he acknowledged, with many tears, the sympathy of those who were offering their prayers for him. His death took place on the 15th of June, 1845.

A few years before his death he was elected Secretary of the Theological Academy in the University of Rome, and he highly valued this distinction, which, proceeding from the

most able theologians in Rome, was a proof of the esteem and friendship of the companions of his studies, whose discernment rendered

their applause welcome to a man whom various sovereigns had conspired to honour.

THE ROMAN CATACOMBS.

[Continued from p. 325.]

NO. XIV.—THEIR SCULPTURE AND ORNAMENTED CUPS—THE MARTYRS AND THEIR SYMBOLS.

THE specimens of Christian sculpture which have been extracted from the Catacombs are, generally speaking, of a very inferior order of merit to the paintings; and this is easily to be accounted for by observing the age to which they belong. Single figures, such as of the Good Shepherd, for example, may have been in use even in early times; for we find two niches in the walls of one of the churches in the cemetery of St. Agnes, one on either side, over against one another, to which it is difficult to assign any other use; and a statue of this kind, preserved in the museum of the Roman College, is exactly of a proper size to fit into one of these places; another also, of about the same dimensions, may be seen in the Vatican Library. In the same church a projecting ledge of the natural rock runs round a portion of the wall at the height of seven or eight feet above the level of the ground, and is supported by ornamental brackets of the same material: this too may have been intended for a similar purpose; or if not to support statues, yet (as P. Marchi suggests) for dyptichs, or some other kind of movable picture, the damp air and rain, that would necessarily penetrate through the adjoining *lucernaio*, not permitting them to paint upon the walls themselves. But though there was nothing to prevent the use of sculpture in the churches of the Catacombs as soon as they had begun to use paintings, yet, as long as the Church was oppressed and under persecution, large groups of sculpture were necessarily excluded, because they would have occupied space that was wanted for higher and more necessary purposes. As I have already said, it was not until the middle or end of the fourth century that the custom was introduced of blocking up some portion of the area of these subterranean churches, or of half filling a cubiculum by a huge sculptured sarcophagus, destined for the tomb of some person of special eminence; and we cannot expect, therefore, that they should present us with specimens of art superior to the age in which they were executed.

For the reasons that have been given, then, these sarcophagi were never very numerous; and of those which have once been discovered and removed from the Catacombs (especially from those of St. Agnes and St. Sebastian, where they were most numerous) many have

been again lost to the lovers of Christian antiquity by having been placed in the palaces or court-yards of private individuals or colleges, of which there is no published account, and where they have been sometimes used as common reservoirs of water, and ultimately been neglected and forgotten. The only place, I believe, in which there is any collection of them (and that is not a large one) is in the Vatican Library. The loss is less important, however, since the subjects represented upon them appear to have been almost always the same as in the paintings of the walls; only they are often crowded together in the most ludicrous manner, or sometimes in their mode of treatment there is a manifest approximation to the fables of the Heathen, which again is a very natural characteristic of the age to which we have attributed them. Thus, in one case, if one is to judge by the ordinary laws of anatomy, the head of the dragon swallowing Jonas, and the head of the dragon ejecting him, must inevitably be attached to the same neck immediately below the surface of the waves; and the prophet, who as yet has only imperfectly emerged from the jaws of the fish, is laying hold of the gourd, which is fully grown, and its fruit already ripe; and, in another case, Triton and Iris enter into the composition of the story, as figurative of the storm which caused Jonas to be thrown into the sea, and of the calm which afterwards succeeded.

Among the miracles and other more remarkable events of the life of our Lord, the following occur more frequently perhaps than any others, next to those which have been already mentioned in our description of the paintings, and which are repeated in sculpture also again and again. First, the restoration of sight to the man who had been born blind; and to distinguish him from others upon whom the same miracle had been wrought, he is usually represented as a child; our Lord talking to the woman of Samaria; his entrance into Jerusalem, sitting upon the colt of an ass, with garments strewed beneath Him in the way, to which is very commonly added, contrary to the chronological order of the Gospel narrative,* Zaccheus having climbed up into a sycamore-tree that he might see Him; and, lastly, our Lord standing in the

* See St. Luke xix.

midst of his Apostles, to whom He seems to be giving their commission, and accompanied by several sheep, symbolical of all Christian people. Two or three other scriptural histories carved upon these monuments deserve special mention, because of their greater rarity. One, to be seen in a compartment of the sarcophagus of Junius Bassus, in the subterranean of St. Peter's, is of Pilate sitting in the place of judgment, with his wife at some little distance behind him, and himself washing his hands before the people to testify his innocence from the blood of Christ; another, copied into Arringhi's work, is of Cain and Abel bringing their gifts, the one a sheaf of wheat, the other a lamb, and offering them to an old man seated in a chair. Raoul-Rochette suggested that the old man must have been their father Adam; but this introduction of a mediator, as it were, between the young men and their Creator, seems not only contrary to the Bible story, but also altogether unmeaning, and more improbable than the other interpretation, to escape from which he had recourse to this ingenious device, viz. that it was intended for God the Father. The third and last which we will mention is to be seen in the same collection, and consists of a great dragon or serpent entwined around a tree, and a man is feeding him with something which looks like loaves of bread. Arringhi confessed himself utterly unable to divine the meaning of these figures; but Scipio Maffei, in his dedicatory epistle to Benedict XIV., gives an interpretation which seems probable, and than which it would appear to be impossible that any other should be suggested; he refers it to the great dragon which the Babylonians worshipped, but which Daniel destroyed "by lumps of pitch and fat and hair," which he boiled together and put into its mouth.*

It is not worth our while, in these letters, to prosecute a more detailed examination of the remaining specimens of early Christian sculpture; they are neither interesting as works of art, nor important for any valuable information, either historical or theological, with which they can furnish the student. Let us pass on, therefore, to another branch of the fine arts (so to call it), of which we may predicate exactly the reverse of what we have just observed upon sculpture, and of which too there are far more abundant remains throughout the Roman Catacombs,—I allude to the painted glass; or, if it be scarcely allowable to use this name, because the specimens in which colours were used are both few and coarse, the gilt or enamelled glasses, fragments of which have been so frequently discovered attached by mortar to the graves in the Catacombs, and may still be seen in the Christian Museum at the Vatican, and in the museums of the Propaganda and Roman Colleges. The

* Daniel xiv. 26.

use to which these glasses were put, when they were thus affixed to the graves, will be seen in the several signs and symbols whereby the early Christians distinguished the graves of martyrs; at present we will confine ourselves to an examination of their earlier history, as far as it can be ascertained, and to an enumeration of the several subjects which were represented upon them, the principal source of our information being, of course, the standard work of Filippo Buonarroti.

This author, who has published a whole folio volume* upon the subject, tells us that they were manufactured in two different ways. In those of an inferior quality the pattern was drawn on thin gold-leaf, laid upon the smooth surface of the glass, and afterwards fixed by being subjected to the action of fire; in others, of a superior kind, the figures were first cut in the glass itself, and then filled in with the gold or silver, to which was sometimes added a little vermilion, chiefly for the purpose of making the colour of the vestments. One specimen I may describe as being unusually full and rich, with scriptural subjects, most commonly there being but one subject, though the figures may be numerous. This example was discovered in the cemetery of San Callisto by Boldetti, early in the last century, and given by him to Pope Clement XI., and it is still preserved in the museum of the Roman College. The central compartment is occupied by the head of our Lord;† and the surrounding subjects are, Tobias holding "the monstrous fish;" the paralytic carrying his bed, our Lord standing by and having just cured him; the three children, clad in oriental costume, in the midst of the fiery furnace, with Christ also by their side; and lastly, Christ blessing the seven loaves, or, more probably perhaps, the water-pots full of water at the marriage-feast of Cana.‡ And it is worth noticing how our Lord is introduced into all these scenes (excepting the history of Tobias), and always with the rod in his hands, as the emblem of his power. We have Tobias again, in another instance, holding the same fish; but this time he is accompanied by another, who is much too young, however, to have been

* Osservazioni sopra alcuni Frammenti di Vasi antichi di Vetro ornati di Figure trovati ne' Cimiteri di Roma. Florence, 1716.

† This appears to be sufficiently indicated by the word *Zeses*, which, as well as *Zesus*, was certainly often used instead of *Jesus*. At the same time there is nothing positively to condemn in the other interpretation, which may be preferred by some, that the head is of some private individual, to whom an ejaculatory wish or prayer is addressed by his friend; *Zeses*, or, Mayst thou live and be happy.

‡ The fact that seven objects are represented instead of six does not offer even a momentary difficulty to this interpretation with those who have thought on the subject, since in other instances, where it is certain that the water-pots were intended, the same number is used. Moreover, seven was always accounted a mystical number, and it may be that in these cases it contained a special allusion to the seven sacraments.

intended for Christ, and can only have been "the beautiful young man standing girded, and, as it were, ready to walk,"—the angel Raphael. The healing of the paralytic also, and the blessing both of the loaves and the water-pots, were subjects frequently repeated, and treated almost always in the same way as in the paintings; the only difference worth mentioning is, that once or twice our Lord is seen with a *nimbus*, or glory, round his head. In like manner Adam and Eve, Abraham preparing to offer up his son, the Good Shepherd, and the resurrection of Lazarus, may all be seen upon these ornamental glasses; and the only departure that I have noticed from the usual treatment of the same subjects, in painting or in sculpture, is an attempt to represent the pathetic character of the sacrifice of Isaac, *e. g.* by making Abraham turn his eyes another way whilst he is stretching forth the fatal sword, or by binding Isaac's eyes, that so at least he might not see the hand which was to hurry him so prematurely from this life.

But besides those histories, with which my readers are already familiar from our description of the paintings, there are many others which belong exclusively, or at least in a very special manner, to these glasses. Among these we may reckon the frequent representation of certain most famous saints; three or four times we have St. Agnes (Agne, Angne, Anne), with her hands extended in the attitude of prayer, either standing alone, or with a dove on either side, each offering her a crown (one in token of her virginity perhaps, the other of her martyrdom), or between St. Peter and St. Paul, or between St. Vincent and St. Hippolytus; elsewhere we have St. Laurence, or St. Laurence between St. Peter and St. Paul, or St. Laurence and St. Cyprian; or St. Timothy and St. Justus; or St. Paul; or St. Peter; or, more frequently than any other, St. Peter and St. Paul together; or the Queen of all Saints, of martyrs and Apostles, of virgins and confessors, the blessed Virgin Mary. In one glass, found in the cemetery of St. Agnes, and published in P. Marchi's work, this Queen of saints appears exactly as one might imagine a Roman artist, at the present day, would love to paint her for some favourite sanctuary in his own native city.* She stands in the attitude of prayer, with the glorious Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul on either side, like Moses standing on the top of the hill between Aaron and Hur, pouring forth continual intercession, whilst the children of Israel were engaged in the valley beneath, fighting against Amalec; it is, as it were, a literal translation into the language of art of the words of our holy Pontiff at the beginning of the present month

(August 1848), that God had committed the charge of this city and people "to the great protectress of Rome, the most holy Mary, and to the princes of the Apostles." In another, she appears holding the divine Infant on her lap, and a deacon stands before them with a fan; in others she is quite alone, but with outstretched arms interceding for her children, the family of her Son, the Christian Church.

When St. Paul is represented alone, it is always, as far as I know, a simple portrait, or substitute for a portrait, without any thing figurative, or in any way characteristic of his own peculiar dignity. St. Peter, on the other hand, in the only instance in which I have ever seen him alone, is represented under the figure of Moses striking the rock, as though the artist desired to indicate that the Apostle occupied the same position under the new dispensation, as the Jewish lawgiver under the elder one; that as Moses was chief "shepherd of the people of the Lord, to go out and in before them, and to lead them out and to bring them in,"* as long as they wandered about in the wilderness, so St. Peter had been entrusted with a like authority over all Christian people, until they too should have entered into their inheritance, the promised land of rest, when he received that thrice-repeated charge from the lips of Christ himself, bidding him feed both the sheep and the lambs, that is, the *whole* of his flock.† When St. Peter and St. Paul are found together, there is sometimes a column between them surmounted with the monogram, or sometimes also a crown hanging over their heads, or Christ giving them his blessing; or still more frequently a volume is placed between them, or in the hands of both of them; and in one case St. Paul is giving the volume into the hands of St. Peter. This volume (we cannot doubt) represents the Gospel which they preached, the one the Gospel of the circumcision, the other of the uncircumcision; and perhaps the peculiar position which we have noted in the last instance may have been intended exactly to express what St. Paul tells us of his second visit to Jerusalem, that "he conferred with the other Apostles the Gospel which he preached,"‡ and that *Cephas*, as well as James and John, thereupon "gave him the right hand of fellowship." As to the position of the Apostles relatively to one another, our limits will not allow us to enter into the subject at any length; yet we must not omit to mention, that whereas at one time it was generally believed that St. Peter was always to be found on the left and St. Paul on the right, some more modern writers have asserted the direct contrary of this. In 1573, Mucantius, Master of Ceremonies to Gregory XIII., wrote a book based

* In fact, the idea has been adopted by one of the most famous among them, Minardi, though the work has not yet proceeded beyond a sketch to be seen in his studio.

* Numbers xxvii. 17.

† John xxi. 15-17.

‡ Gal. ii. 2, 9.

upon the former opinion, in which he displayed much ingenuity in suggesting explanations of the supposed impropriety. In the same year, M. Antonius Georgius, archpriest of S. Maria ad Martyres, published a little treatise to the same effect; and both borrowed largely from a letter of St. Peter Damian,* in which he had brought together many valuable thoughts upon the subject, and expounded them with his usual learning and ability. Fabretti contented himself with making a contrary assertion, which Mamachius† also adopted, with the important addition, however, of an explanation as to the cause of the original misstatement. He says it arose from an oversight in the first engravers of the pictures, who copied them from their outer or reverse side, forgetting that to persons drinking out of the cups, at the bottom of which these pictures were, the figures must necessarily have presented themselves exactly in the opposite way: and the truth of this observation is manifest, since in these same representations the letters also must be read backwards in order to decipher the names. At the same time, I do not think we can venture to give an unqualified assent to the opposite statement; the truth is, that no uniform rule seems to have been observed in this matter, though in the great majority of cases they were placed just as we should expect; and as for the exceptions, be they many or few, certainly the arguments whereby St. Peter Damian and St. Thomas Aquinas justified the same position on the seals of the Papal Bulls, which continues even to the present day, provide an abundant apology for those who designed the ornaments upon these ancient glasses.

The figure of our Lord giving his blessing, or placing a crown upon the heads of those who are on either side of Him, was often repeated. In one case He is represented twice in the same glass; He is sitting opposite to St. Stephen, with a book in his hand and the orb of the world under his feet, and St. Stephen listening to Him most attentively; and He is seen again (in a much smaller size) standing above and between these two figures, with one hand extended downwards towards St. Stephen, as if with the intention of blessing him, and the other hand raised upwards towards heaven. Nor are they always saints, or persons already dead, between whom He is placed in this position; very commonly they are a husband and wife in the very act of being married (at least, they are standing with joined hands stretched across a kind of altar), and to each of them he gives a crown, as to Syrtica and Lucifer, to Martyra and Epictetus, &c.; or two friends or brothers, perhaps, as Julius and Electus. Generally this group occupies

the whole of the glass, but occasionally it only fills a small portion in the centre, and several figures of saints are arranged round it; as, for instance, in one published by Arringhi, St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Laurence, St. Justus, St. Cyprian, and St. Hippolytus. Sometimes also the monogram is substituted for Christ; and sometimes neither one nor the other appears, but only the portraits of the husband and wife, or of some favourite child, or of a whole family. Once, where a female head occupies the centre, and seven young men form a circle round her, we are inclined to think that St. Felicitas was intended with her seven martyr sons, or that other brave woman, who suffered in like manner with her seven sons, under the persecution of Antiochus;* and in another case, that four men with the names of Simon, Damas, Petrus, and Florus, may also have belonged to the noble army of martyrs; but in many instances there is no reason to suppose that the figures represented any thing but the portraits of private individuals.

For it is a hopeless and an unnecessary task to look for a Christian meaning in every thing that is to be found upon these glasses; and those who have attempted it have succeeded better in making a display of their ingenuity than of their judgment. Thus Buonarruoti sees in a frolicsome young donkey, standing among three trees, the triumphal entrance of Christ into Jerusalem; and in the inscription, "Feliciter zeszes Sirtca, Lucifer vivas cum tuis," Arringhi explains "Lucifer zeszes" as signifying Jesus Christ; and "Sirtca" (he says) is to be read backwards, so that, the penultimate letter being taken for a Greek sigma, we shall have Astris; and the two heads, therefore, which Christ is crowning are two of his stars (that is, I suppose, two of his saints); where one would have thought that the very position of the names with reference to the figures (the word *Sirtca* appearing immediately over a female in a highly ornamented dress, and *Lucifer* in like manner over a man), and the double formula, "feliciter zeszes," and "vivas cum tuis," would naturally have suggested a much more simple interpretation. And this brings us to the other point which we proposed to consider, viz. for what purpose were these glasses intended? what was their original use? Where the devices or inscriptions are manifestly Heathen or Jewish, it may generally be said, that the Christians made use of them for collecting the blood of the martyrs only when nothing else equally convenient happened to present itself at the moment; but where the devices or inscriptions are Christian, the case is different; for the use to which those specimens that have come down to us were ultimately put, by being affixed to the graves of martyrs, was quite accidental and independent of the original intention. Un-

* Lib. ii. epist. 16.

† Orig. et Antiq. Christ. tom. v. lib. iv. c. 2. Romæ, 1755.

* 2 Machab. vii.

fortunately none of these cups has yet been discovered altogether perfect; only the bottoms of them, as being flat and of greater thickness, have survived all accidents of violence during so many centuries, and remain to tell their own history: probably, however, this was the only part that was ever ornamented at all, and at any rate I think they will furnish us with as much as we want for our present purpose.

We find, then, upon one of them, whose device is the Good Shepherd, the inscription, "Concordi, bibas (*pro* vivas) in pace Dei;" and on another, with the figures of St. Laurence and St. Cyprian, "Hilaris, vivas cum tuis feliciter; Semper refrigeres (*pro* refrigeris) in pace Dei;" and on a third, round the history of Abraham and Isaac, "Spes Hilaris zeszes cum tuis." These phrases, exactly corresponding with what has been written in a former letter about the inscriptions upon the grave-stones, remind us rather of death and of judgment than of that feasting which we are wont to associate with the mention of cups. But when we learn from Origen, from St. Jerome, St. Chrysostom, and many others, that it was the practice of the early Christians to spend much alms at their own funerals and at the funerals of their friends, as also on the anniversary of their death, by inviting all the clergy and the poor to partake of a large feast, the incongruity is at once explained, and we see in these glasses fragments of cups that were once used at these funeral feasts. "Lay out thy bread and thy wine upon the burial of a just man," was the exhortation of Tobias to his son;* whence it would appear, that some such custom had prevailed even among the Jews; but however this may be, it is certain that it was both very ancient and very general in the Christian Church. It was not only an act of charity in itself, and on that account, therefore (according to the unanimous testimony of the Fathers), an offering acceptable to God on behalf of the deceased; but it was also an occasion of reminding the surviving relatives, and the whole family of the Christian poor in general, to renew their prayers for his refreshment and eternal rest; and petitions of this kind, therefore, were engraved, as we have seen, upon their cups.

Those cups whose devices have reference to holy matrimony require less explanation; because on festive occasions such as these, the exercise of hospitality, both towards rich and poor, is happily not altogether unknown even in our own days. There remains, therefore, but one other class, by far the most numerous, however, whose inscriptions are more or less literally the following, "παι ζησης," "cum tuis παι ζησης," "Dignitas amicorum, παι ζησης," "Dignitas amicorum, cum tuis omnibus bibe

* Tob. iv. 18.

et propina." The words "dignitas amicorum" are of course a mere periphrasis for "digni amici," like that of the poet, "Electos juvenes et decus innuptarum," for "innuptas;" but the invitation "to drink and live" carries with it a sound so essentially Christian, to ears that have once heard the words of Christ, "Except you eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, you shall not have life in you," that the first time I saw them engraved on one of these glasses, I consented heartily to the dictum of a learned antiquarian at my side, that we had here an undoubted remnant of an early Christian chalice. In the time of Pope Zephyrinus, about the year 200, glass was a very common material for this sacred vessel; and much later, St. Jerome commending St. Exuperius, Bishop of Tolosa, because he had sold the golden vessels of the church for the sake of the poor, adds, "yet nothing surely can exceed the wealth of him who carries the body of Christ, though it be but in a basket of twigs and in a chalice of glass;" and since we may be sure that these chalices would have been adorned with the utmost skill of which the Christians of those days were capable, and since it is scarcely possible to have selected a more simple and appropriate motto for them than this would have been, "Drink and thou shalt live," the conjecture seemed not to stand in need of any corroborating evidence. On examination, however, I am obliged very reluctantly to abandon it: in the Catacomb of Sta. Priscilla, there was found, in the year 1693, one of these fragments, with Cupid and Psyche depicted upon it, and the inscription, "Anima dulcis, fruamur nos sine bile, zeszes;" elsewhere in the Catacombs was found an amphora, that had served apparently as a reward to the victor in some horse-race, with two or three horses upon it, and the inscription, "Vincenti, pie zeszes;" and lastly, I see in Fabretti's collection,* a glass representing three naked figures in the attitude of the three Graces, and with the names, Gelasia, Lecoris, and Comasia, and the inscription, "Piete, zesete, multis annis vivatis." It is clear, therefore, from these examples, that the phrase in question was a common convivial exclamation in use among the Heathen, and as such would scarcely have been used upon a Christian chalice: at any rate, its presence is far from proving that the vessel upon which it is found was of this character. However, though these vessels may not have been chalices, yet they were certainly Christian, and used, moreover, on occasion of some social and convivial rite among the Christians; thus much is manifest from the histories that are painted upon them, and from the inscriptions; and what can this have been but the Agapæ, or love-feasts, which we mentioned at the close of our last letter? These were principally held upon

* p. 530.

the *natalitie*, or spiritual birth-days of the martyrs; and with singular propriety, therefore, were the images of these glorified martyrs, with Christ their Lord already in the act of crowning them, put into the hands of their brethren in the faith, when they assembled around their graves to celebrate their memories, and to exhort and encourage one another to an imitation of their examples.

I may add, that the discovery of these fragments confirms the testimony of Tertullian, that the ancient Christians used to have figures of the Good Shepherd represented upon their cups, and that of St. Jerome also,* who says that likenesses of the Apostles were often painted there.

Nothing is more clearly written in the pages of ecclesiastical history than the exceeding care of the early Christians in every thing that concerned the martyrs of the Church. It is recorded of St. Clement, before the end of the first century, that he divided the city of Rome into seven parishes or districts, to each of which was assigned a faithful scribe, who should collect the acts of those who died for the faith. St. Fabian, more than a century and a half later, added seven deacons and as many subdeacons, to ensure the perfect fulfilment of so important a duty. St. Pius, writing to Justus, Bishop of Vienne (if, indeed, the letter be genuine†), desires him to have a care of the bodies of the martyrs, as the Apostles took care of the body of St. Stephen, because they are members of God. St. Callixtus, early in the third century, employed a number of fishermen to seek for the body of St. Calepodius, which had been thrown into the Tiber; and when it was found, wrapped it himself in fine linen, with spices and ointments, and accompanied it, with hymns and songs of praise, to the cemetery in which it was to be laid. Roman matrons, such as the two Lucinas, St. Prassede, St. Pudenziana, St. Perpetua, and others, both men and women, devoted their whole time and substance to the same pious work. When Tertullinus, a heathen, buried the bodies of twelve of the Roman clergy, who had been beheaded in one day by order of Valerian, Pope Stephen immediately sent for him, and having instructed and baptised him, admitted him into holy orders, with the special injunction that he should seek out the bodies of the martyrs, to bury them. St. Eutychian, Bishop of Rome twenty years later, had buried with his own hands 342 of Christ's martyrs; and when he became Pope, he ordered that no martyr should be buried‡ excepting in a purple vestment (a dalmatic, as it would appear,—*colobium, id est, tunicam sine manicis*,—and the colour em-

blematic of their bloody death*), and that in all cases their martyrdom should be first certified to himself. St. Marcellus, who was Pope at the beginning of the fourth century, re-distributed the parishes of Rome, with special reference to the burial of the martyrs; and in the Pontificate of St. Sylvester (A.D. 314), we read of a *custos martyrum*, who was a subdeacon.

The care of the Church for the burial of her martyred children will become yet more evident, if we consider the diligence with which the Heathen sought to frustrate her holy purpose, and rendered it a work of extreme difficulty, and sometimes quite impossible. In the letter of the Church of Smyrna,† giving the history of the martyrdom of Polycarp, we read that Nicetas, at the instigation of the Jews, begged that the dead body of the saint might not be given up to those of his own religion, lest (as he said) they should forsake the Crucified, and venerate this man in his stead. It was therefore burnt; yet even then the Christians gathered up a few fragments which remained, "more dear to them than gold and precious stones," and buried them in a fitting place. The Christians of Lyons and Vienne, in a letter which they addressed‡ to their brethren in Asia and Phrygia, complain that the Heathen continued to persecute the servants of the living God, even after they were dead. If any of them died in prison, their bodies were thrown to the dogs, and soldiers stood by, both day and night, to prevent the Christians from coming near. Even if the bodies had been consumed by fire, or torn by wild beasts in the public theatre, still soldiers were appointed to watch over every fragment that remained. Recently, they say, six dead bodies had been burnt, and the ashes thrown into the Rhone, in order to ridicule the doctrine of the resurrection; and the Christians were very sad that they had been deprived of the privilege of burying them. When some of the Imperial household§ had suffered martyrdom in Nicomedia, and had been already buried, the Emperor caused their bodies to be disinterred and cast into the sea, lest the people, mistaking them for gods, should begin to pay them divine honours. Another ecclesiastical historian¶ informs us, that when Eusebius, Hestabus, and Zeno, brothers according to the flesh, and brothers also in the faith, suffered martyrdom together in Gaza, their bodies were dragged out of the city to the place where the carcasses of dead animals were usually thrown, and that there being burnt, they were mixed with the bones of camels, and asses, and other brute beasts, that the Christians might not be able to recognise them. In like manner, we learn from St.

* In Jon. iv.

† Baronius acknowledges the letter, but later critics seem to reject it. See *Epist. Rom. Pont.* ed. Paris. 1721. Appendix, p. 20, tom. i.

‡ Anastas. *Bibl.* ed. Blanch.

* *Vos purpurati martyres.* Hymn. Fest. Omn. Sanct.

† Euseb. *H. E.* lib. iv. c. 14.

‡ v. 1.

|| viii. 6.

§ Sozomen. v. 8.

Ambrose,* that the bodies of Vitalis and Agricola—a master and his servant, who fell under the persecution of Diocletian, in the north of Italy—were buried among the sepulchres of the Jews, that their fellow-Christians might not know them.

It is clear from this last example, and, indeed, from some of the others also, that one great object of the Church's solicitude in this matter concerned something that she desired to have done with the bodies of the martyrs after their death. She was anxious, not only that they should receive the rites of sepulture, but also that she should know the place of their burial; and the reason of this is made manifest by the practice of the Church when she had that knowledge. Prudentius, a Christian poet of the middle of the fourth century, speaking of the tomb of the martyr Hippolytus, describes the multitudes whose devotion led them to frequent it in the following words:

"Mane salutatum concurritur; omnis adorat
Pubes; eunt, redeunt, solis ad usque obitum;"

and in another hymn, speaking of the sand which had been saturated with the blood of the martyrs Emericus and Chelidonius, he says,†

"... Incolæ
Frequentant observantes
Voce, votis, munere;
Externi, neonon et orbis
Huc colonus advenit."

We see, then, that the graves of the martyrs, and all the places consecrated by their blood, were an object of tender devotion to the early Christians; that they were places where they especially delighted to go and say their prayers; in fact, that, for whatever reason, these were their favourite oratories; so that it seems impossible but that they must have had some means of distinguishing the tomb of a martyr from the tombs of ordinary Christians. Of course there would be no risk of forgetting the tombs of any of the most celebrated martyrs; I mean, of those who had occupied a prominent position in the Church during their life-time, such as Bishops, priests, or deacons, or members of noble families, or persons who had suffered extraordinary torments, or who died under peculiar circumstances. But where martyrdoms were so frequent as to be in fact innumerable, where men, women, and children of every rank suffered indiscriminately together, the memory of so many graves could not be safely trusted to mere local tradition; it could only be retained by certain plain and definite signs. It is sometimes objected that there is no distinct historical evidence, testifying to the use of these marks of distinction; but I confess, it seems to me very difficult to understand in any other sense the words of St. Ambrose, when he is relating to his sister the

discovery of the bodies of SS. Gervasius and Protasius. After having mentioned the spot where he had ordered the excavations to be made, he says,* "*Inveni signa convenientia*;" and then presently describes the condition in which he found the bodies, as though these *signa convenientia* had been something exterior to the grave, yet very near it. I think too that we may gather something of the same sort from a passage in Prudentius, which I shall have occasion to quote by and by; but be this as it may, when we consider what singular interest and importance was attached, from the very first, to every thing connected with the martyrs; and especially when we call to mind the practice of the Church, even from the fourth and fifth centuries, of translating their bodies from the original graves in the Catacombs to the high altars and confessions of the several basilicas, without a suspicion (as it would appear) that they could possibly be mistaken in judging which were the tombs of martyrs and which were not, I think we cannot doubt but that certain signs *were* used, and that the Church had the knowledge of those signs. The only questions are, What were they? and does the Church still know them? And I think the constant tradition of the Church, as manifested in her practice, is sufficient to remove all reasonable doubt upon this point.

Mabillon† denies that either the cross, the monogram, the heart, the dove, or the lamb (any one of them taken alone, or even all together), constituted a sure sign of martyrdom; and Fortunato Scacchi, an Augustinian and the Pope's sacristan, had said the same thing fifty years before.‡ It is much to be regretted that these writers should have so expressed themselves as to convey the impression that, at some time or other, the Church had thought otherwise, and had been in the habit of extracting bodies from the Catacombs, as though they were the bodies of martyrs, merely upon the faith of these emblems. Indeed, in another place, Mabillon|| expressly affirmed that she had done so, and was still continuing to do so, though, in a second edition of his work, he was obliged to retract the false accusation. It is not surprising, therefore, that anti-Catholic writers should have taken advantage of these authorities to repeat the charge, though, in truth, it seems to be altogether without foundation. I find a Bishop,§ in the middle of the seventeenth century, who understood the monogram XP to be an abbreviation of the words "pro Christo," and therefore to be a sign of martyrdom; and I dare say it would be very

* Ep. lib. vii. 54.

† Iter Italicum, t. i. p. 140.

‡ De Cultu et Ven. Serv. Dei, sect. ix. c. 2, ed. 1639.

|| Epist. Euseb. Rom.

§ Ant. Ricciol. Lucubr. Eccl. lib. i. c. xxxi. n. 10, ed. 1643.

* Epist. lib. vii. 55.

† Peristeph. Hymn i.

possible to find ecclesiastics in Rome, at the present day, who might make a similar assertion; but these persons not being in authority, their private erroneous opinion does not affect the practice of the Church, and is altogether harmless. Thus, although the Bishop whom I have spoken of was vicegerent of Rome under Urban VIII., and might be supposed, therefore, to speak with some authority, yet the extraction of relics from the Catacombs did not in any way belong to his office; and we can prove, by the most authentic documents, that those whose duty it really was to remove the bodies of the martyrs were far from subscribing to his opinion. For when the Jesuits were examined, in the autumn of 1628, by order of the Cardinal-Vicar, as to the authenticity of the relics in the possession of the General of their order, and which they had extracted from the Catacomb of St. Priscilla, one of the questions concerned the signs or emblems which they had trusted as certain proofs of martyrdom. Their answer was most distinct, that they had removed no bodies which were not found in graves with axes, leaden scourges, *ungulae*, or other instruments of torture, or with an *ampulla* (or some other vessel) stained with blood, either within or without the grave; or, lastly, with the palm-branch engraved on the outside. Here, then, we have three signs whereby the Church at that time professed to recognise the tombs of the martyrs; and as this is a very important subject, it will be worth while to examine, at some length, the trustworthiness of each.

First, as to the instruments of martyrdom. We have already said, that it was not uncommon to represent the implements of a man's trade upon his grave-stone, and sometimes these may have been mistaken for instruments of martyrdom; sometimes also it has been really difficult to decide which was intended. Arguing *a priori*, I think we should not expect to find these memorials of a cruel death in places where they might meet the eye of the young and timid catechumen, and haply drive him back from the faith through fear of suffering. Nevertheless we know, on the authority of Prudentius, that before the end of the fourth century, the martyrdom of St. Hippolytus was most accurately represented in the frescoes round his tomb and chapel; and it is quite possible, therefore, that these more simple mementoes, whose meaning might not be apprehended, perhaps, except by the Christians themselves, may have been in use at a still earlier period. Certainly, also, it is difficult to assign any other meaning to some of the objects delineated upon the grave-stones; to those vessels full of fire, for example, which may be seen, in four or five instances, bearing an exact resemblance to the vessel of fire sometimes represented in these subterranean chapels in pictures of Abraham about to offer

up his son Isaac. One does not see what else can have been intended by this figure, except that the deceased had suffered martyrdom by fire; and this interpretation is the more probable, because, in one instance at least (the grave of Alexander, already referred to more than once in these letters), it is found together with an inscription testifying the fact of martyrdom, though not specifying that it was by fire. We need not, however, pursue this inquiry any further; since it nowhere appears that any bodies have ever been reputed to be of martyrs on account of these figures alone. The evidence of the Jesuits was, that they accounted those to be martyrs in whose graves they found the instruments of torture themselves, not the mere pictorial representations of them; and these instruments are such as, to any candid mind, will seem trustworthy enough, since they are exactly of that kind which we know, from ancient records, to have been actually used. Some of them are still in existence, and may be seen in the Christian Museum of the Vatican, and in the churches of St. Peter, St. Cecilia, and others. In some of these instruments we recognise the formidable *ungula*, so perpetually recurring in every mention of a martyrdom by Tertullian and other early writers. Others are such as these:—the head of a lance, long iron nails, chains, round leaden balls, with which the leathern thongs of the scourge were often heavily loaded, and large polished blocks of stone or marble, which had been tied round the necks of those who were thrown into the Tiber, as Prudentius* relates of St. Quirinus, Bishop and martyr:

"In præceps fluvio datur
Suspensum laqueo gerens
Ingentis lapidem molæ."

Very often the Christians were, of course, unable to possess themselves of these treasures, and this may account for their comparative rarity; yet there is nothing improbable in supposing that in certain cases they had the opportunity of doing so, either through the charity, the carelessness, or the covetousness of the executioners: and that, when they had them, they should bury them in the same grave with the bodies themselves, is only what we should have expected. Moreover, we have the express testimony of St. Ambrose,† that he found the wood of the cross, on which St. Agricola had been crucified, close to his tomb; and he adds that, as it is customary for the guests assembled at a splendid entertainment to carry away some token of remembrance presented to them by the host, so he too had carried away with him to Milan the precious nails which he found in the grave of St. Vitalis, and from which the holy martyr had received innumerable wounds; "more wounds," he says, "than there were limbs in his body."

* Peristeph. Hymn viii. 24.

† In loc. cit.

Let us now pass on to the second sign by which the Jesuits were guided, and which has since been formally recognised as a sure criterion in this matter; I mean, the *ampulla*, or vessel stained with blood, which is found fastened into the mortar outside a great many graves in the Catacombs; and sometimes, but much more rarely, within the graves. Sometimes also (that is, in two or three instances) a vase of unusual size has been found at the beginning or end of a long path, which it was impossible to assign to any one grave in particular, and seemed rather to belong to the whole street; as though there had been a persecution of extreme severity, in which so many had suffered at the same time and in the same place, that it was impossible to collect either the names or the blood of each individual martyr; but their martyrdom could only be notified in this brief and summary manner. That such cases did occur, and not very unfrequently, we know with certainty from the united testimonies of ecclesiastical historians, of Christian poets, and of inscriptions from the Catacombs themselves. Thus, Eusebius,* describing the persecution in Thebais, says that sometimes ten, twenty, or thirty suffered in the same day, sometimes even sixty or a hundred; and this, not for a few days only or during a short period, but for whole years. Prudentius† speaks of the countless ashes of the saints which lie buried in the city of Romulus. "Would you know," he asks, "the names of each? It is difficult to answer you. For the mad fury of heathen Rome shed the blood of so many of the just ones, that, though the titles cut on some of the tombs declare the name of the martyr, or some epitaph or epigram concerning him, yet often also the mute marble, shutting up the grave, denotes only the number of the victims. You know how many there are—you cannot tell who they are. For instance, I remember to have heard of sixty buried under one heap; but their names are known only to Christ." Accordingly, tablets have been taken from the Catacombs bearing such inscriptions as these: "N. XXX. Surrâ et Lenec. Coss." i. e. A.D. 102; "XV. in pace, A.A.;" "XP. Trīginta XXXX. XP.;" "XL. L. Fab. Cil. M. Ann. Lib. Cos." that is, in the year 204; "Marcella et Christi Martyres CCCCCL.;" "CL. Martyres Christi;" "Christi Martyres CL.;" all of which seem to refer (the last three undoubtedly do) to a large number of martyrs buried, if not in the same grave, yet near one another, and at the same time.

These blood-stained vessels were most commonly placed at the head of the corpse, and only in a few instances are they to be seen at the feet. Moreover, usually each vessel is so near

to one particular grave, that it is impossible to doubt to which it really belongs; or it is placed with manifest care and design in some central position, equidistant from three or four graves, to shew that it belongs to all. Sometimes also two vases may be seen affixed to the same grave, or one without and the other within; but these graves are generally *bisoma* or *trisoma*. In one of the specimens it seems to be expressly stated that the vessel contains the blood (SA. contracted for sanguis) of Saturninus; and the same may be said of two other examples in Arringhi—of one of them, indeed, much more confidently, since, instead of the first two letters, with a sign of contraction over them, there are the first four, SANG, which can scarcely be misinterpreted.* In another we recognise the bottles which we see every day in Roman houses, now used as flasks of milk, of wine, and of oil. In one of these, found in 1717, in the Catacomb of Sta. Priscilla, fragments of the straw-binding still remained on the upper side, where the bottle did not come in contact with the soil; but, being round at the bottom, it was unable to stand upright, and all the blood had settled on the lower side, running out also at the neck over the body of the martyr and the linen cloths in which the body was wrapped, and which were found, therefore, thoroughly saturated with blood. Boldetti mentions another instance which he had seen of the same kind. The broken vase was discovered by the same indefatigable author in the Catacomb of St. Hermes. He had not at first observed that it contained any thing unusual; but whilst they were endeavouring to detach it from the mortar (always a work of extreme delicacy) the vessel was broken, and brought to light the hidden treasure, a piece of sponge stained with blood. He immediately presented it to the Pope, Clement XI., rightly judging it to be a most invaluable testimony to the accuracy of the poet's description,† that, whilst St. Hippolytus was being dragged to death, tied to the tail of a wild horse, the Christians followed the bloody track with tears and groans, wiping the gore from off the stakes and stones with sponges, or gathering with rags and cloths every drop which had fallen upon the rocks and sand. The same thing is attested in the case of other martyrs by the authors of their several Acts; and Boldetti says that he had seen remains of bloody sponges in other vessels from the Catacombs.

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* Dr. Maitland (p. 142) suggests that these inscriptions might be read *sanctus* instead of *sanguis*. But, first, if Arringhi's drawings are to be trusted (and Boldetti only copied from him), the letter is certainly G, and not C; secondly, in no other instances is the name or title inscribed upon the mortar surrounding the *ampulla*, but upon the marble tablet or the cement which secures it.

† Prudent. Peristeph. Hymn xi.

* H. E. viii. 9.

† Peristeph. Hymn xi.

ST. PHILIP NERI AND HIS TIMES.

[Continued from p. 170.]

WHO WAS TO REFORM ROME?

THE Pontificate of Julius III., Paul's successor, is generally considered to be barren and uninteresting; yet much in reality was done in the short space of five years which it occupies. It was a time of settling down, and a time of demarcation, during which the territory ultimately to belong to each of the parties then contending in the world began to assume a definite shape. If we take in the first years of Paul IV., up to 1558, the period which will now come before us fixed the boundary-line between the Catholic Church and Protestantism. In this brief time, a vast portion of Germany, with many a fair city on the banks of the Rhine and the Danube, was reconquered for Catholicism; during these years also England was won and lost again. France was still a debateable ground; but on the whole it became clear that the powers of evil were losing ground in the south; they were beaten back to the cold frowning north; there they took their stand, and established an empire, from which they could bid defiance to the Church of God.

One cause of this new posture of affairs was, that the two doctrines which were contending for the mastery had, each in a different way, grown more definite. The Protestant principle had worked itself out to its utmost consequences, and developed into all the various phases of which it was capable. On the other hand, the true doctrine, especially of justification, had gained a consistent form from the decisions of the Council of Trent; theologians* knew better how to defend it, since the very outward shape in which it was to be presented had been moulded by the Church herself. The Protestants had all along secretly dreaded this; notwithstanding their expressions of contempt for the Council, they manifested a soreness on the publication of its decrees, which shewed a secret feeling that there was more in them than they chose to avow.

But the chief cause of the brightening prospects of the Church was one which was connected with a new development of her inward life. Among all the hooded doctors of St. Dominic and St. Francis summoned to the Council, there were two men in the plain, grave dress of a Spanish secular priest, yet withal as good monks as ever wore a cowl. These were Laynez and Salmeron, the Jesuit theologians; and their presence in this august assembly was a significant sign of what was going on in the Church at large. It was a

strange sight to see the eyes of all the Bishops and wise heads assembled in the cathedral-church of Trent, converging on the tall, gaunt form of Laynez, as he spoke from a pulpit raised on purpose for him, that all might hear. And there was many a brow knit under its glittering mitre, as the bold and manly eloquence and clear diction of this theologian, hardly thirty years old, slowly produced the conviction that the Pope was the only possessor of proper Apostolic power.* This is but a small specimen of what the sons of St. Ignatius were doing. Meanwhile, beyond the walls of the Council, a wondrous work was going on. Ignatius was sending his handful of men by twos and threes over the world, changing its very face by their presence. It was the same work which had been done some hundreds of years before by the disciples of St. Dominic, though in a different way. The new religious were distributed over the universities of Christendom; and wherever one of the Company of Jesus appeared, his lectures, generally on Holy Scripture, were sure to be thronged with eager students, while at the same time, the same voice was heard in the pulpit, declaring the awful truths of Christianity in plain and powerful terms. It was the intellect of Europe which Ignatius aimed at bringing over to Christ, and his success was wonderful. When Melancthon was on his miserable deathbed, he cried out, as though his room was filled with phantoms in long black cloaks, "Good God! the world is swarming with Jesuits!" But after all there were not so many. Canisius had but to make his appearance in some German town with his rosary and his crucifix, and though he might fight his battle all but single-handed, his success was certain. Lutheranism had especially infested the seats of learning, and taken in the poor student by identifying itself with the march of mind. But when its audacious questionings were met with bold and ready answers, when especially the same lips which poured forth theology in clear and limpid Latin, were charged also with eloquent appeals to death and hell in good, honest vernacular, then the heart of the German student was moved, and he bowed before the power of the cross of Christ. Augsburg, Cologne, Ingoldstadt, and Vienna, were successively evangelised in this way. It is not too much to say, that whatever portion of Prussia is Catholic, together with Bavaria and Austria, were won back to the faith by Father Canisius.

The point on which we would most dwell at this moment is, that the centre of this whole

* It is curious that the earlier disputants on the Catholic side seem to have leaned to Seripando's doctrine, which was rejected, though not condemned, by the Council. Vide Pallavicino, lib. viii. c. 11.

* Pallavicino, lib. xviii. c. 15, in ann. 1562.

movement was in Rome. On the 22d of April, 1541, six men were making the pilgrimage of the seven churches, treading the very path so well known to our own Philip, whom we have seemed all this while to forget. They were Ignatius and the five disciples at that time with him. He said Mass at the altar of the Blessed Virgin in the Basilica of St. Paul, where lie the bodies of the Apostle of the Gentiles and of his beloved Timothy. The Saint, at the moment of communion, with his Lord's Body in his hand, turned round and pronounced his vows aloud; he then approached his five companions, with five Hosts on his paten, and each, before communicating, bound himself till death to his new general. From that moment Ignatius remained in Rome, directing from thence gigantic operations, spread over the face of the globe.

Besides this, part of Ignatius's work lay within the walls of the Eternal City itself. He conceived that the only way to keep up the good work wrought by Canisius in Germany was, to establish in Rome a seminary for German priests. This plan was carried into effect in his lifetime; and to this day the red habit of the German students, serving Mass at the Gesù, or chatting merrily in the blooming gardens and vineyards of the deserted old monastery of Saint Saba beyond the Aventine, attests that the thoughts of Ignatius have not died with him. By the side of this missionary-college there arose another, the creation of the same mind, and destined to have as great results. The Roman College drew together into Rome the most able professors in the new order. It nearly cost Laynez his obedience, to see the colleges of his province of Italy stripped by the Saint of their choicest subjects, in order to furnish out this one institution. But Ignatius was stern and inexorable on the matter; Rome was to become the intellectual centre of the world.

In a word, Rome, even as a city, from various causes, was fast recovering the ill-fated lustre which Cæsar Borgia had thrown about it. It was becoming in the minds of men the sacred city which it had always been in reality. A most striking proof of this feeling was the fact, that in 1527, as we have seen, Rome was sacked, plundered, and polluted by the troops of the Emperor, Catholic though he called himself; in 1557, in an unfortunate war between Paul IV. and Philip II., the Holy City lay at the mercy of the Spanish troops. The Campagna had been ravaged, and the towns all about were taken; scaling-ladders were applied to the walls, and the Pontifical troops, made for holiday show and not for fight, were trembling within, when all at once a panic seized the iron veterans of Spain; though the heavy weight of their steady infantry had just broken the firm charge of the French at St. Quentin, and seen the flower of France fly before it, they durst not face the passive majesty of Rome. A short time saw the proud and unbending form of the

Duke of Alva at the Pope's feet, begging his pardon for having beaten his troops. The city had regained the halo which frightened Alarie from its walls.*

Yet the problem remained unsolved, who was to reform Rome? She was reforming Christendom; decree after decree of the Council of Trent was destroying abuses of all sorts, in all ranks of ecclesiastics. But there are evils which are beyond the force of law, and which it is not meant to touch. Who was to purify the corrupt morals of the Roman people, to restore the use of the Sacraments amongst them, to take them by the hand, one by one, and bring them back to God? The Oratory of Divine Love had been dispersed to the four winds of heaven. Its members were dead, or were Apostolic legates, or prelates, far away. The Company of Jesus had other things to do; they seemed at one time to have set about this good work, but now they were scattered over the face of the earth. They were to be found struggling with heresy in Germany or France, or else courting martyrdom in Ireland or Japan. Meanwhile, Rome was unreclaimed. The Roman College was not meant to effect this; it was rather a normal school for professors all over the world;† all nations under the sun, Spaniards, Frenchmen, and Germans, were to be found among its teachers. It only indirectly had an influence on morals, through the intellect. The question, then, remained unanswered, Who was to reform Rome?

We have too long lost sight of Philip. We left him in the dark chamber of the Catacombs of St. Sebastian, just after a miracle had been wrought in him, which was henceforth to be a part of himself. It was something interwoven with his very being; the marks of divine love imprinted on the Seraph of Assisi, wondrous as they were, made him externally like our blessed Lord; the hard red marks on his hands and feet formed him into a living crucifix. But Philip's palpitating heart made him a constant image of the inward life of One, every throb of whose being must have tended to burst asunder his frame, if it had had its way.

What was Philip to do with this new and strange supernatural life? When he issued from the sepulchres of the martyrs, his bosom charged with the effects of his hot love of God, he had to mingle with the world, and to tread the crowded streets of a great city. God had not shewn him his vocation, though He was working these wonders in his body and soul. There were various instincts within him contending for the mastery, and he knew not how to reconcile them. It is worth while seeing the different desires which the Holy Spirit wrought in his heart: they were the natural ways in which his charity threw itself out.

First came the love of Rome. This was

* Raynaldus, in ann.

† See Pius IV.'s Brief, quoted by Cretineau-Joly, vol. i. c. 6.

not, as in the case of Reginald Pole, the result of the intellect and the lofty conscience revolting from anarchy and guilt; it was one form of the pure love of God within him. To Philip, Rome was the city of the martyrs and the home of saints; its streets had been haunted by St. Peter, St. Dominic, and St. Catherine of Siena. It was the supernatural centre of Christendom, and no one could love Christ without loving Rome. The first public act in which he came forward was, the formation of a society for the relief of poor pilgrims who came to visit the holy places. In his lonely wanderings about the seven churches, he must have come across wayworn and footsore strangers, who came from countries spoiled by heresy, to pray for the old faith of their fathers in its ancient home. Many of these were poor men, who had travelled as they could over half Europe to visit the tomb of the Apostles, and were now obliged to beg their way through the streets of Rome. Philip's heart was melted towards them, and he established a confraternity for the purpose of relieving them. The beginnings of this devotion were most humble, and when it was set up in 1548, the society consisted of fifteen brethren, of humble ranks, called and kept together by Philip's personal influence. Two years after, an opportunity occurred of doing more extensive good. In the year 1550, a jubilee was proclaimed by Julius III., and so heroic was the self-sacrificing benevolence shewn by the confraternity towards the pilgrims who thronged to Rome, that the lowly association and its founder became known throughout the city, and numbers of the rich and noble pressed for admission into the poor brotherhood. The hospice of the Holy Trinity attests to this day the result of Philip's love for Rome, and anxiety for those who wended their way thither to worship at the tomb of the Apostles.

But there was another and a stronger instinct in Philip's heart, and that was, the love of souls. The moment a man knows what God is, and what eternity is, there rises at once within him a deep longing for the salvation of men; and when, over and above this, the love of Christ comes in, and the thought of his sufferings rushes over him, and possesses his inmost soul, then the love of sinners becomes a principle within him, which will not let him rest. It was therefore natural that now especially that Philip's heart became a living image of that of his Lord, he should feel springing up within him the thirst for souls which Christ felt upon the Cross. When he threaded the narrow streets of Rome, and saw faces haggard with sin, and eyes looking bold, because shame has left the breast, then it was that his heart began to beat, and the deepest tenderness for those poor souls arose in his bosom. The class to which he first addressed himself was neither the highest nor the lowest. The shop-boys and bankers' clerks in the narrow streets about what is now the

Chiesa Nuova, were the first to feel his influence. The confraternity for the relief of pilgrims gave him an opportunity of converting sinners. The spread of the Quarant' Ore, or the Forty Hours' Prayer before the Blessed Sacrament, is connected with that Association in its most humble days. The place in which it makes its appearance in Rome is their church of "San Salvatore in Campo;" the first Sunday in every month the Blessed Sacrament was exposed, and the brethren came by turns to watch and pray before it day and night. How, or by what authority it was set up, does not appear; Philip, youthful layman as he was, was the presiding genius of the brotherhood, and it is natural to suppose that it was by his means that it was introduced. He never left the church during the whole time of the exposition; during the night-hours it was his business to see that the watchers relieved each other in proper time. He remained on his knees, gazing intently on the Blessed Sacrament, and praying for England and for Germany, and for all those places where the Church was fighting with heresy; and when the time came, he rang a little bell, and approached those who were kneeling on the prie-dieu before the altar, and said to them, "Up, brothers, your hour of prayer is past, but not so the hour for doing and working good." During the daytime he had his employment too; not only during the Quarant' Ore, but at other times also, he frequented the church, and whenever a knot of people were collected together, he began to speak to them of heaven, of God, and of the joy of belonging to Him. These discourses of his were not sermons, but "talks;"* they were the simple outpourings of his overcharged heart, and the strangely elastic spirit of the Church did not forbid them. Considering the source from which the words of Philip sprang, a soul in which the Holy Ghost had made his special dwelling-place, it is not wonderful that multitudes of sinners lost in vice were converted to a life of purity.

It was Philip's gentle, winning way which wrought the good work in them. One day, a banker's clerk came to him in despair; he had gone to confession to a celebrated Jesuit father. The priest had refused him absolution, because he would not quit a house which was to him an occasion of sin. He had therefore to rise from his knees, and go out of the confessional with the whole of his loathsome sins still festering within him; and what could he do now that the very Sacraments of God's mercy seemed closed against him? He could only quit his sin, and for that he felt no strength. He bethought himself of the young layman who spoke so well of God, and accordingly opened his grief to him. Philip smiled, and said to him, "Fear not; God will console us." He then betook himself to prayer, and soon the poor man had grace to quit his sin, and

* Razionamenti.

received absolution; from that moment he served God with fervour. This is but one specimen of Philip's way of winning souls.

At the same time there was another instinct in his heart, which seemed opposed to both those which we have mentioned; and this was the desire of solitude. The stories of the lives of the Saints of the desert had set his soul on fire; and when he looked on the mountains which bound the wild Campagna of Rome, and thought how St. Benedict had served God amongst them, he looked for some cave where he could spend his life in intercessory prayer, and in converse with God. Strange instinct this, which appears in God's Saints in every age! There is a marvellous identity between them all; it springs out of the mysterious forty days in the wilderness, and it goes on through St. Paul's three years of silence, broken by heavenly visits, in the depths of the desert of Arabia. Then the same spirit breaks out in the sandy solitudes of the Thebais, and later still on the wild sea-coasts of Brittany; it found a home in St. Cuthbert's breast, till it drove him to die in the island of Farne, after the weary journeys which he took to preach and convert, up and down the hills and glens of the north; and now it found a place in Philip's heart. He looked little enough like a rough anchorite, with his gentle eyes and his winning smile; yet he was quite serious in his wish to turn hermit, for converse with God in the Catacombs, though it had not made him savage, yet had given him a distaste for creatures, and a desire to think, to speak, and to dream of God alone.

Long was he sore perplexed by these opposite desires which were struggling in his breast; till at length God gave him light. One day about day-break there appeared before him a glorious form, and he saw that it was one who had joined together the preacher and the hermit, the forerunner of Christ, John the Baptist. The Saint had come from heaven to let him know God's will; he was to go on saving souls.

Soon afterwards there came a summons to Philip from another source; and it raised within him thoughts not less deep than the heavenly vision itself. His confessor bade him prepare for the priesthood. In the month of March 1551, Philip received the tonsure, the four minor orders, and the subdiaconate, all at once, in the Church of St. Thomas in Parione; the same month he was ordained deacon in St. John Lateran, and on the 23d of May in the same year was made priest, also in the Church of St. Thomas. He was then thirty-six years old. As soon as he was ordained he went to live in San Girolamo della Carità, a church which still remains, close to the English College. It was there that his confessor, a holy priest, Persiano Rosa, resided, with a few other secular priests of exemplary life.

Considering all that Philip had received from God, it might seem difficult to suppose any greater wonder in his spiritual life than that which had already taken place; yet he began, now that he was a priest, all but a new state of being. It was not only that he exchanged his lonely watchings for the bustling streets of Rome; but there entered into his everyday existence an event which came round every morning, and yet was each time more wonderful than the entrance into his heart of the globe of fire in the cavern of St. Sebastian. He now said Mass, and it was nothing less than a daily ecstasy, a daily struggle of the soul to bid farewell to the body, and to fly away at once to heaven. His whole frame trembled, and the altar shook beneath his steps, as he went through the wondrous sacrifice. And when the moment arrived that his Lord came down at his bidding, and he lifted up the sacred Host to be adored, then his own body was drawn after it on high, so that it seemed to hang on the Body of Christ, and rather to float than to tread on the platform of the altar. From time to time after this he stopped, wholly overpowered by that which struggled within him, till blinded by tears, and half swooning from the strength of love, he melted into a oneness with his Lord at the moment of communion. All this while, be it remembered, he wrestled and fought with his love, and tried to keep it down, but it got the mastery, and broke out into this visible rapture. And when all was over, and his vestments taken off, and even his thanksgiving done, he was still wrapt in God, and walked about, looking white and pallid as a corpse, so much did his whole frame wither under the daily miracle which took place in him.

At the same time, the instinct of the love of souls rose to a passion within him. This love is often strong enough to amount to pain, even in a common priestly heart; what, then, was it not in Philip's bosom? It did not let him rest, either day or night; the early dawn found him in the confessional, and there he sat all day, as long as there were sinners to confess. He forgot his meals, he forgot every thing, as long as there was a soul redeemed by Christ, yet spoiled by sin, to be washed of its stains. Strange and wondrous union in one breast, a burning hatred of sin, and a burning love of the sinner! It can only be an emanation from the heart of Him who absolved the Magdalene, and who died of hatred of sin.

It was wonderful how many persons Philip thus saved from sin, and converted to God. It was, however, not enough to convert them; they were also to persevere. Here too he was unwearied; he had a strange talent for keeping men about him, when once he had laid hold of them. Gradually he gathered round him a number of spiritual children, and his strangely winning way rivetted them to him.

They continually besieged his room at San. Girolamo; and often as he lay on his bed, exhausted and languid, they would hover about him, while, weak as he was, there issued from his lips a fluent stream of half-cheerful, half-serious talk about God and about heaven. Simple and artless as were the words of Philip, they were irresistible, and no heart was so hard as not to be melted by them, though all at the same time wondered whence their power came. Nor was his influence confined to men who had led scandalous lives; it also now stretched beyond the commercial part of Rome in which it had begun. As time went on, there flocked to that little room young men of high birth, whom the papal court had attracted to Rome. It was a dangerous thing to enter that chamber of Philip's; visions of mitres and archiepiscopal crosses, and dreams of the purple, flew away within its precincts. It was a dangerous thing to hear Philip speak of God, while he was lying on his bed, panting for breath from the hot love which was within him. At times that strange pulpit of his trembled under him, and his hearers gazed wonderingly on each other as the whole room shook from the quiverings of his palpitating frame. Intellect and eloquence and aspiring views were often sacrificed to God in that little bedchamber.

It was in 1555 that Philip won to a desire of perfection, Salviati, the cousin of Catherine, queen of France; the next year Tarugi, a kinsman of Julius III. and of Marcellus II., put himself under his direction. Many a penitent of his, by his means, assumed the habit of St. Dominic; so many, again, joined the Society of Jesus, that St. Ignatius used to call him the great bell of the order. Still many others could not make out that they had a vocation to serve God in a religious life; and they still clung to him in such a way that he was the master of their destiny. All this seemed to call upon him to undertake some work in which they could join him. He himself felt no vocation to a religious life, with all his love of obedience and mortification. What, then, was he to do? he felt as if his lot was not yet irrevocably cast in the place where he was. His little room in San Girolamo became too small for him; he longed for work in which he might suffer for Christ's sake. It was at the time when Europe still rang with the

news of all that had been done in the Indies for the Christian faith. St. Francis Xavier's soul had passed away to heaven just five years before. Philip's heart caught fire at the prospect of a life spent amidst deserts, and forests, and stormy seas, with the crucifix in his hand, and the names of Jesus and Mary on his lips. He proposed to his disciples to go and preach the Gospel in the Indies; the enthusiasm spread among them, and twenty agreed to follow him.

There were high thoughts in that little band, there were beating hearts and kindling eyes amongst them, when a long life of toil and trouble opened before them, and last of all, perchance, a glorious martyrdom. Philip's heart leaped up too at the very thoughts of shedding his blood for Christ's sake. The burning love, which was a very fire in his bosom, would at length have a vent, when the whole expanse of Asia was open before him. There was, however, one thing more to be done, without which he could not stir a step—God's will was to be ascertained.

He went to the lonely monastery of the Tre Fontane. At that time the white monks still kept the old spot hallowed by the blood of St. Paul and by the presence of the blessed St. Bernard. The Prior of the community was a man famous for his sanctity and supernatural gifts. He had a special devotion to St. John the Evangelist, and the Saint rewarded him by many a favour obtained for him from God. Philip repaired to him, determined to ascertain God's will by the intercession of the disciple whom Jesus loved, and with whom Mary dwelt. The holy man asked time to consider. When next Philip went to him, the monk stretched his hand across the waste Campagna towards the city, which was seen in the distance, beyond the Tiber, and said, "Thine Indies shall be Rome." The blessed St. John had appeared to him, and had bidden him tell Philip, that there his work was to lie, not amidst the heathen, far away in the East, but in the very heart of Christendom.

Philip bowed his head, and went back to his little room at San Girolamo; and so the problem was solved, who was to reform Rome.

THE NEW CROOK IN THE LOT.

A Tale of the Nineteenth Century.

[Continued from page 342.]

CHAPTER XII.

The Duchess gives advice to Mr. Villars. Katherine's fresh troubles. The dying child. Christmas at Rome and at Sumplebury.

KATHERINE Westerton's heart had not been as cold as Mr. Villars had imagined. During

her interview with him she had preserved the recollection of her resolutions sufficiently to restrain very effectually all appearance of any thing more than a charitable sympathy with his nephew's disappointment; but such self-command was not obtained without an effort

too violent to last, and which, immediately on his departure, gave place to a tumult of feeling of the most complicated kind.

All the circumstances of her interview with Staurton returned most vividly to her mind. With feminine quickness she recalled every circumstance that spoke of feeling, even the most trifling. All was now explained. Arthur's abstracted manner, his hesitation, his unusual slowness in comprehending what she said, his desiring her to repeat what she thought she had already fully explained; all these things rose to her recollection, and with them their true interpretation. What had then, to her pre-occupied mind, appeared like diffidence, or a modest earnestness to understand and direct her, was now attributed to the real cause. His last words rang in her ears: "May Almighty God accept your offering!" and she burst into tears, for she felt that the offering had been more his than hers.

And then came a full tide of those vain regrets, which ever add to vexations which they cannot cure. Why had she not chosen Player to receive her confidence, with whom she had so often discussed such subjects, and from whom she had received so large an amount of instruction? But the vexatious question was answered by a gesture of impatience, though she was alone, and communing only with herself. No, she could not have spoken to him. There had been moments, especially on their first acquaintance, when she had felt, no matter whether rightly or wrongly, that she might possibly be herself an object of admiration to Player. The feeling had soon passed away; perhaps it had never been more than a nervous sentiment, foolish enough, and with no other foundation than a woman's too quickly awakened alarm; but still the feeling had been, the thought had lived, the suspicion had been awakened; she had trembled under Player's ardent eye; she had left his side because his manner was excited and his words were earnest; she had felt that he *might* love her, *might* one day seek her for his wife; and though such thoughts had been so slight as to awaken no answer in her heart, and though the idea had been so transient as not to have outlived the first month of their acquaintance, still such thoughts had been, and it was not to Player that she could have entered on the subject of her own vocation. She had said to Arthur that she had preferred him to Player because Player was not in priest's orders; and now, with something of bitter irony towards herself, she acknowledged the truth, and that she had chosen Arthur because she believed him to be indeed a friend, and only a friend.

"And I have made him miserable," she murmured. "Yes, Arthur, my early companion, who is associated in my mind with all I love best in the world; and his uncle, my father's friend, whom all my life I have vene-

rated, to whom I have appeared cold and heartless, who can never love me again as he has loved me,—is there any thing I can say to him? is there any thing that I can do? No—no;" and Kate pressed her eyes with her hands, as if to force back the tears, and fled to her own room. Thither she had hastened on leaving Arthur, and there, on her knees, she had poured forth her promises and desires; and now again she knelt, but in great bitterness of soul. Could her work be acceptable to God? Was it right? Was it only an act of unwise and unhealthy enthusiasm? Had she any right to do as she had done? Had she yielded to the temptation of a subtle pride and impatience? Such thoughts, passing rapidly through her mind, caused such a confusion of ideas, as to disable her from distinguishing right from wrong, or to realise any thing but the fact, that she was a disappointment to herself, and a cause of sorrow to her friends.

Mr. Villars had spoken at great length to her; not only of his nephew's love, but of his own wishes, and of the desire her mother had expressed, that she should marry Arthur. What a trial it had been to restrain her feelings! More than once, when he had been speaking, she had with difficulty prevented herself from falling at his feet, and telling him how sorry she was for Arthur, and how much she hated herself for being the cause of so severe a trial. And once a strong thought had arisen, that now that she knew that Arthur loved her, that she also could love him; but strong as the thought was, she crushed it as it rose. Had she not dedicated herself? Should she not dread being tempted? Might not such a thought in her be *sin*? She crushed the thought; she turned away her mind from it; she looked on Mr. Villars pleading *her own* cause, as she now knew he was, and shewed not an instant's weakness, but strong in the courage which fear of doing wrong bestows, she made her renunciation complete.

And she succeeded even beyond her hopes. Mr. Villars was deeply annoyed and grieved by the calmness and determination with which she had heard him. And they parted; he feeling really stern and displeased, and she compassed by sorrows which no one but herself might know, and well-nigh overcome by tenderness which she felt it her bounden duty to root-up and exterminate.

"I have been thinking, Arthur, that you and I might go to Naples," said Mr. Villars to his nephew, the day following that of his unsuccessful interview with Katherine. "I have been speaking to the master of the house, and he will undertake our conveyance into the public road to Naples; and if you like, we will go the day after to-morrow, and ask Newcome to meet us there."

"The sooner the better," answered Arthur.

Arthur's spirits rose visibly, now that their departure was fixed upon. In a few hours he was moving about, talking about his portmanteau, and taking some active measures to facilitate their going. He soon tired himself, and then, as a measure of prudence, consented to go to rest very early. And when Arthur had retired for the night, his uncle, saying he was going to sit an hour with the Duchess, went away.

Mr. Villars had sent the Duchess a note, to ask her to be alone that evening, and to receive him; and when he appeared, it required but a single glance of her keen, penetrating eye to see that he had come rather upon business than pleasure.

"What is it?" asked the lady anxiously, holding his hand, and looking at him in the full glow of her benevolent beauty. But Mr. Villars could not, at once and immediately, sit down to the detailed disclosure of his sorrows; so he only smiled, and said, "Not yet, my dear madam; but I shall tell you something by and by." Upon which the Duchess, no longer pressing him, talked in her own charming way on a variety of agreeable topics, till more than an hour had passed, and the shutters had long been closed, and the wood-fire been made up for the evening, and the screen brought forward to the limits of the large warm rug which lay in front of the hearth, and then her lively voice grew plaintive, and at last dropped into silence, and a kind glance said that Mr. Villars now should speak; and he did so, and told the tale of his nephew and Katherine Westerton. Mr. Villars was concise in what he said; the Duchess listened with the deepest interest, and a perfect attention; and when Mr. Villars had finished, she only said softly, but emphatically, "And why do you tell me?"

"Because you are a good Catholic, a good friend, and a woman, and in each character can help me," replied Mr. Villars.

The Duchess smiled. "Appeal to the Catholic first, then," she said.

"As all that Katherine has done pretends to be on a Catholic theory, I want to know what you think of such things?"

"Of what things, my dear sir? Feelings are not facts. Kate may resolve on this to-day, and on something else to-morrow; resolutions are not deeds. What has she done?"

"She said that she had made her resolutions, and pronounced them on her knees; that she had written them on a paper, and felt them as binding as the most solemn vows."

"Poor child! You must get this paper from her; it is impossible for any one to speak positively about her, till what she has really done is clearly understood. Any being on earth who makes a solemn vow, knowingly and religiously, must keep it."

"But *supposing* Kate to have made a vow, can she not release herself from it?"

"Impossible!" exclaimed the Duchess. "She has made her vow, if any, in a way that can never be absolved—who has the power? But to speak thus is useless. You must procure that paper. What she has done must be distinctly known, and then there may be speaking to good effect. And now let me be your friend."

"As a friend," said Mr. Villars, "when we have got this paper, you shall get me a theological opinion upon it."

"I will introduce you to Father Beulau myself," said the Duchess.

But Mr. Villars refused to see him himself; and the Duchess consented to be the means of communication.

"And now," said Mr. Villars, with a smile more melancholy than happy, "tell me—and as a woman your wit will suggest something—tell me how Kate is to be prevented from making bad matters worse when we are gone, and riveting the chains which I suspect do not bind her irrevocably now."

"You must insist very strongly on the position of the novice," said the Duchess, almost laughing. "You must insist on two years' novitiate before vows shall be pronounced; and offer to let her off a twelvemonth's postulanship, if she is conformable in the other respect."

"Thank you," said Mr. Villars; and his face was almost a reflection of the unrestrained laughter which was playing on his friend's.

Mr. Villars wrote a letter to Kate, beseeching her to keep it for two years, and asking to see the paper she had spoken of. He also pressed upon her the necessity of so far conforming to the wisdom of the Church she imitated, as to impose on herself a something that might meet the intentions of the novitiate. But it was with disgust that Mr. Villars induced himself to a step which he felt to be degrading and absurd. He was thankful when it was written, and when it was sent he would gladly have forgotten it. To have been reduced to meet so real a sorrow as his nephew's strong grief—so deeply felt, and met so steadfastly, and in such an unmurmuring spirit as it was,—with a measure which, to his straightforward mind, was farcical to the highest degree, added greatly to his trial. But if common sense cannot avail, then, thought Mr. Villars, what is expedient must be followed; and when, in a few hours, there came from Katherine a kind reply, and the paper he had asked to see, he felt rewarded.

He took the paper to the Duchess. He confided in her honour and secrecy; of Father Beulau's there never rose the shadow of a doubt. The next day the paper and an answer were returned. It was very comforting. The resolution, as worded in the paper, could not be called a vow in relation to celibacy. In relation to other things, the lady, it appeared, had resolved to become a member of

that which did not exist, and had thought to bind herself in prospective to duties which could not now be performed. It was advised that the greatest care should be used to prevent her binding herself to any certain life, such as a life of celibacy.

"Altogether it is better than I expected," said Mr. Villars. "She seems taken with the suggestion about the noviciate, and says" (he took her note from his pocket),—"let me see what she says; that she fears—and so she blots out that word 'fears,' and puts 'believes' over it; well, she believes she has made her resolutions too firmly and distinctly for them to undergo any change."

The next morning Mr. Villars appeared at Lady Emily's breakfast-table. He was warmly welcomed, and for a short time the friends talked as they were accustomed to do. At last he rose up abruptly. "I come to wish you good bye," he said. He took no notice of expressions of surprise and distress, but went on. "To-morrow, at a very early hour, Arthur and I are going towards Naples."

"But when are we to meet again?" exclaimed Major Carminowe and Lady Emily together. Katherine looked down; she could not speak; she dared not raise her eyes; she had the greatest difficulty in concealing her emotion.

"I don't know," said Mr. Villars; "perhaps not for a long time, it is impossible to say; we have no plans; only Arthur must move about, and I shall not leave him."

Again there were expressions of surprise and sorrow; and again Mr. Villars said "good bye," and then he left the room. Kate looked after him—saw him going—should she speak?—had she any thing to say? Alas, no.—The door closed, and he was gone! That day passed sorrowfully. The next morning Major Carminowe said at the breakfast-table, that he had seen Mr. Villars and Arthur, and that they were gone. Once more Kate sought the solitude of her own apartment, to weep, to wonder if she were right or wrong; to wish—oh, how ardently!—that there was for her any safe and certain guide; to envy the villagers who, remaining after service, she had seen in the church waiting to take their turn at the confessional; to feel tempted to go there, as she was, herself; to feel that ignorance, or what she had called ignorance, with a strong and faithful guide, was better off than a dangerous knowledge with no strong arm to govern and direct; to feel that she herself was

"Like as a ship in which no balance is,
Without a pilot on the sleepless waves;"

and that the lowest, meanest, poorest, and most ignorant of those around her, knew their position, their religion, and their duties, and had cast their strong anchorage where the voyage of life might be ridden out in peace.

But then came a reaction of thoughts more

terrible than these. Was she giving way to temptation? Was she as one who, having put his hand to the plough, looked back? "Should I have any more to do with such thoughts?" she would exclaim. "Have I not renounced such things for ever?" But no answer came. She could not tell whether she had or not. She did not know what she had done. She felt that she was weak; that she was, perhaps, unfaithful; that she had none to help her, and that she was alone—in loneliness of heart alone—in the world.

But Katherine was sensible and good. She knew that she ought not to give way to distress, that she ought to be quiet and resigned. Therefore these contests of feeling did not last long, and at length were not repeated. Her manner became grave, her countenance lost its gaiety, the lightness of her step departed, and there was a reserve about her, which disagreeably contrasted with her former frankness.

The day previous to that fixed on for the return of our friends to Rome had arrived. Beneath the open corridor sat Adolph; himself, and almost his chair, was enveloped in a warm mantle of velvet and fur, which was necessary to the little invalid, though the sun shone brightly, and the orange-flowers emitted a fragrance as of summer on the air. Kate had never ventured beneath the corridor since the time when she had paused there for a moment after leaving Arthur in the ilex grove; and now, partly because Adolph was there alone, and partly because she wished to visit her favourite place once more, and felt that the child's presence would be some strength to her, and a sort of security against her own feelings, she left the window of the upper room, which commanded the corridor, and was soon by Adolph's side.

The child's whole attention seemed to be fixed on the long landscape which lay stretched out before him; but when he heard footsteps, he turned and threw on Kate one of those sweet and almost solemn looks, which were so unlike the usual looks of a child, and yet belonged to no other time of human life, they were so innocent and peaceful, and full of something which might once have been hope, but which was chastened into expectation. Kate asked the child how he was.

"I am very well, thank you," replied Adolph. "I am better to-day." Then, seeing a doubting expression on Kate's face, he proceeded: "I know that I am weaker; I am much weaker than when I came here; I can scarcely walk at all now—but it does not make me feel ill; I grow better and better."

"We see you are weaker, dear Adolph, and I dare say you miss Terese now; but by and by perhaps"—Kate hesitated; she had spoken very kindly; and the strong feeling of affectionate interest that she had in the child made her wish to say something comforting and encouraging. But she had looked at him at that

moment, and she had met so steady a look, and so sweet and still a smile, that she had stopped, under the strong conviction of the groundlessness of such commonplaces.

"I do not miss Terese," said Adolph; "I am obliged to be very quiet now. Perhaps I may not be strong enough to go out with Cathcart and Jonathan any more. And Anna, poor Anna, is very kind to me; she has helped me to make my *presepio*. Have you seen it?"

"No, I have not seen it. You shall shew it to me, if you please. Where is your grand-mamma?"

"She is gone into the village to bid some of the people good-bye. I could not go with her, so she gives them messages from me. But I should like to have seen them," said Adolph, leaning back in his chair languidly, and drawing the folds of dark ruby velvet closer round him; "but I was too tired to-day." And so saying, the child rested his arm on the side of the chair, and, with his head supported on his hand, looked out again on the far-spread landscape. Kate looked at the picture before her, and thought it very beautiful. The long, brown, wavy curls, which were parted on his forehead, hung over his little hand, and dropped upon the white fur of the mantle; and both the hand and the face were like carved ivory, so still was the small figure before her, and the complexion of so colourless a hue.

"Have you taught the village children to make a *presepio*?" asked Kate.

"They did not want teaching; I only helped them," replied Adolph. "One day they want to have a very large one, and to put it in the church."

"And you would like that?"

"*They* would," said Adolph, emphatically. "But I don't want to make any more, and I think that I never shall." Kate did not speak. "I am almost like an infant, I am so weak now," continued Adolph, turning his full mild eyes upon her; "and I have been thinking that after Christmas, and at the Epiphany, it would be a very good time to go away."

"And so Anna has helped you?" said Kate, attempting to divert the child's thoughts; but Adolph did not seem to hear her, but went on:

"I thought of this last year at Christmas. And ever since I have tried to make myself into a precious gift, to offer like the Magi at the Epiphany. And you know I can keep myself prepared for an offering, even though I should not die just yet; and Jesus can take the gift whenever He likes; but if," said Adolph very thoughtfully, "if He would take me away at the time when He, like me, was small and weak, I think I should like that best, because I seem at that time to love Him most." There was a long pause. And then Adolph recollected Katherine's former question, and he answered it.

"Anna has helped me very much. She never saw any body make a *presepio* before.

And she has made the dresses for our Lady and St. Joseph, and I shall ask her to help me with the three kings; and I have told her all about them, and how they are to kneel before the holy Infant Jesus;" and Adolph crossed his little hands upon his breast, and bowed his head at the sacred Name; "and she said she liked little children to do this; and I told her how it made us love Him; and that ever since I found out that I should never be a man, I had wished to die at the Epiphany, and be an offering myself."

"It is a very sweet thought," said Katherine. "But why do you look so earnestly across the plain, and fix your eye sometimes so very steadily on the forest, and the top of the church, and the straggling houses?"

"Because I want to fix them in my mind, in case I should never see them again. I wish to remember very distinctly all the places and people that I love. I recollect so well our voyage down the Rhone, even the banks, and houses and churches on their sides; and all of you who were with us, and have become our friends, I can never, never forget, I am sure. — I like to love things," Adolph went on, after a few moments of silence; "I like to love things and people, and know that they love me."

"And so you love us?" said Kate, with a smile.

"Yes, very much; and I love Herbert Player, and Mr. Villars and Arthur, and I was very sorry when they went away, for I don't want to part with any friends any more, till I die."

"And are you not afraid?" asked Kate, speaking the thought that rose to her lips, and then feeling sorry that she had allowed it to escape her.

"Afraid to die?" said Adolph. "Oh, no. Mamma is dead, and so is papa; they have been loving me, and thinking of my coming for ten years almost. And my guardian angel will take me away so safely. Do you know, that often when I sleep, I fancy that his arms are under me, and I know he is always by my side." After a short pause, Adolph again went on. "And I shall not forget any one I leave. I have told Jonathan so very often; and I said so to Anna, when she was working for me. And now, I promise you, I shall certainly never forget you; I used to think so when I first saw you, for I never saw a face, except grandmamma's, that I liked better than yours."

"Did Anna talk pleasantly with you?" asked Katherine.

"Oh, yes. She is always kind. She loves me, I am sure. She said"—and Adolph began to speak in a very grave, considering tone—"that I was very fond of being loved; and so I am, for I am always thinking of it."

"And who do you love best?" asked Kate, looking with a smile into the solemn young

face. But the face was bent down, and Kate thought it grew confused; and the little hands were moving among the folds of the mantle, as she thought nervously; and vexed with herself for asking so careless a question, and suddenly recollecting the love the child bore his grandmother, she exclaimed,

"Oh, dear Adolph, don't be annoyed; I was very foolish, but I did not mean to imply any doubt of your love for"—Adolph raised his eyes, and Kate stopped speaking. She had been putting back the curls which shaded his small features, and now he turned his face towards her, and she read in the fixed glance of his tear-filled eyes, that he had not bent his head in confusion; and in the smile of unspeakable happiness, that he had not been wounded by her words. He looked steadily at her; a sort of illumination rose upon his face; every feature was touched with it; and still the smiling spirit of the little child gleamed triumphantly through it all. Yes; the spirit of the child, which knew no difficulties, and had only learned to love. A glance directed Kate's attention to something on his knee. And there, sheltered among the folds of velvet, and raised up in his little hand, was a small crucifix. He had detached it from the riband by which it was usually worn within his dress, suspended round his neck. Once more came that radiant smile; it was the smile of that sure hope which had never, throughout that innocent, unquestioning life, once wavered—of that hope which had been the strong nurse of fearless love: once more that bright light overspread his countenance, and one word came with it,—
"love."

"Kate," he whispered, as, having risen to go away, she stooped to kiss his forehead before she went—"Kate, if I die, Anna is to have my *presepio*; will you have *this*?"

"Oh, Adolph, would that I could once more be a child, and just like you!" And giving the child one fond embrace, she fled away.

The next day they were in Rome. The first person they recognised in the street, before reaching their lodgings, was the elder Jonathan. With a very elaborate bow, and very hearty smile, he greeted them on their return. He was very glad to see them, and longed to call upon them; but could not do so the next day, because he should be engaged making up letters for England. Mr. Humlove had been introduced by letter to Mr. Ridley Spouter, through the interference of the indefatigable Lady Harris. She had begged that his letters to Sumplebury might be sent on to Mr. Spouter, to be by him prepared for printing. It was a perfectly agreeable proposal to Mr. Humlove. It made a reason for Lady Harris taking him about, and she collected information for him; a very convenient arrangement, as Mr. Humlove had neither that perfect acquaintance with the language, nor that easy access to people and places, which are so ne-

cessary to one who pretends to inform others. But Lady Harris was of opinion that an intelligent Protestant, such as herself, was as good and as efficient an assistant as any man could require; and Mr. Humlove felt that her assurance was infectious, and his modesty gave way. Katherine ought to have seen the packet just prepared. She should have read Mr. Humlove's account, and compared it with her own experience.

"I am credibly informed," wrote Mr. Humlove, "that a class of persons are distributed throughout the earth, who are bound secretly by vows, or by promises as binding on the conscience, never to marry; but not being priests, or in outward circumstances at all differing from persons of family and fortune, they are admitted by the unsuspecting into private houses, where they use their whole influence to win hearts, and bend them to their own superstitions. May you, my fair friends and sisters, be preserved from these, and all other of the vile arts of Popery! We have now arrived at a period of the year, by us how tenderly and piously observed!—I mean, Christmas. Here it is, indeed, the triumphant season of idolatry. Deny what they will, they cannot deny this. Already I have watched their preparations; and in a few days—nay, hours—I shall with my own eyes have seen the fact. In convents and monasteries, in private houses, and even in churches, this dreadful mummary insults the sorrowing eyes of consistent Protestants; and in these things is their faith:—the poor and the rich are all alike."

So wrote Mr. Humlove, and much more in a like strain; and the readers at Sumplebury thanked God that they were not as others. Adolph and Cathcart, and the younger Jonathan—for his father was too busily engaged to look after him—beheld with great delight the manger and the cave of Bethlehem, with Joseph and Mary, and the Infant Jesus, and knelt and blessed God, and prayed; and the merry lads of Sumplebury, and very many and very merry they were, on that same night, made a greater monster of a 'Father Christmas' than they had ever made before, with green eyes, and grinning mouth, and scarlet teeth; and they decked its head with a holly-wreath, and burnt it on the school-room fire, and eat plum-cake, and drank warm beer, and wished 'a merry Christmas to each and all!' Miss Susan Spooner gave five shillings towards the feast. And of five children who were asked at the Sunday-school what Christmas was, one said it was Easter; a second that the law was given to Noah on that day; another that it was Quarter-day; and the fourth that it was a good time for moving bees. At which Miss Susan looked very grave, and the whole of the class began to laugh; for Good Friday was the day for moving bees, and they thought that every body knew that.

CHAPTER XIII.

An adventure in the Colosseum.

PLAYER felt very lonely after the departure of his friends. He had said to Kate that he should miss them, and he felt their absence even more than he had expected. Society was necessary to Player; but Mr. Humlove's society was excruciating to him, and Mr. Freeman was a boring invalid, who had no warmth of feeling towards any one but himself, or those closely connected with him. Miss Freeman was a mere nothing; Player could not tell why such people were born, or to what end they lived. She did not even knit stockings, order dinpers, or scold servants. Her mechanical ways were never interrupted, except to utter short caustic sentences about religion, the very subject which Player could least bear to have introduced before him. As to Newcome, he had never been able to make him out; and as to Lady Harris and her party, there was a something about them all from which he instinctively shrunk; so thus alone among friends, Player felt very much alone indeed. He betook himself to sight-seeing. Till now, his researches had been ecclesiological, and so they would probably have continued, had he not lost Katherine and the Duchess. But he wanted Kate as a listener, and a believer in the theories which he invented and carried out; and surely such "sermons in stones" were never found before; and he wanted in the Duchess just that amount of rallying and dispute which kept zeal alive, and made his pursuit of knowledge all the more pleasant for such animating little difficulties. Now that there was no enthusiasm to feed, and no opposition to combat, he confessed to himself, in the depths of his lonely heart, that the fact of there being galleries in certain ancient churches in Rome, and other equally important circumstances, were not good arguments for the vitality of the Church of England.

"Brick and mortar religion!" had been one of the Duchess's exclamations at his theories; and it had, of late, been ringing unpleasantly in his ears. Recollections also of her laugh, low but irrepressible, when carried beyond the bounds of prudence on the full tide of his ecclesiological taste, and when in the midst of his most recondite symbolism,—recollections again of the brilliant eyes that would not be constrained to good behaviour, but still laughed on, even when the silvery voice was uttering words of apology,—and again recollections of an appeal so fervent as to dim those laughter-loving eyes with tears: "Yes," she had said, "these things are interesting, and the pious ideas of our forefathers should be precious to us. But such interests are *ours*—how are they *yours*, except as an artist or an architect?"

Player had replied, that he believed "all Roman doctrine."

"No, no," the lady had answered.

"Now let me argue the points with you."

"There are some who are beyond argument," had been the reply, "and you are one of them. You do not *believe*, but you *know* every thing. There does not remain any thing to inform you of. Therefore, as I have said before, I cannot—will not—argue with you."

"That is very hard."

"No; your arguments are not proposed to elucidate truth. You say that you believe all that I believe; and your arguments are to shew me that, believing them, you are justified in staying out of the true Church, where alone they can be practised."

"But I believe that I am in a true Church."

"And go beyond her teaching! But I will not argue. You are not like that poor man Humlove. Your head does not want teaching. Would to God that I could touch your heart; that I could convince you that, dress up your church as you will, it can be no better than a whited sepulchre after all. Indeed, it is melancholy to see you so busy in the past, and bringing thence, with so much labour and pains, only externals, and a few romantic sentiments. And then to see you so much in love with the work of your own will, as to prefer the cause of this mockery of life to the cause of your own soul."

Player had said that the causes were the same. The Duchess had not answered; but she shook her head sadly, and turned away her face: Player thought it was to hide her tears. All these things came back to his recollection when he was left alone, and he felt sorry that he had pressed his cause even a little beyond his own convictions. But he was most active in seeing sights, and saw them well, like a man of sense, taste, and reading. His was a mind to dwell on the first sense of the picturesque with great pleasure; but not to rest there very long. He passed on to antiquities, memorials of individuals, and incidents of religion; and then turned to the recollection of the times when such things were new and in familiar use, and to the people who built and preserved them.

It was in some such attitude of mind that he was one morning, at an early hour, in the Colosseum. It is not a place for vain imaginings; and Player thought so, and his ideal re-peopleings were more from truth than fancy.

"Here," soliloquised Player, "here is an atmosphere of reality; and here I surely might take myself to task, and form resolutions for the future, which could not be broken lightly."

He sat on a mutilated capital, a little within one of the broken arches which surround the area, and looked upon the grand interior space, and the wooden cross which stood in the centre of it. We may give the result of his self-examination in a shorter space than that which it actually occupied. He was not, he thought,

shaken in his adherence to his Church, but he did not desire to occupy any prominent position in her; and he very much wondered that it had never occurred to him before, that he had become his father's heir, through the death of his eldest brother, and that therefore his natural position in life was that of a country squire. He accused himself of having been not a little rash, and sometimes obstinate, in his arguments, and perhaps a little insincere in not acknowledging a weak point when he felt that it was one.

"You cannot do a good cause a worse turn than to give it a bad advocate," he repeated. "I certainly have been very foolish sometimes, very romantic."

His cheek grew warm; he was vexed at his former self. He rose up quickly: "We will have reality *now*, however," he said; "I must have done with hopes and speculations. I am not good at such things. They must be left to others. I don't quite see that I am called to it. We want good high-church squires, as well as high-church priests. Suppose it should turn out so, after all. I could be passive and contented, but I really don't think I am fit for active work. I am really puzzled about how some things are to be carried out. Such being the case, I had better follow than lead."

He stretched himself and looked around. It was still early; too soon for breakfast. All was quite quiet; he felt a sense of relief; his meditations had done him good. The thought of an English country life was agreeable to him. Even the positions of magistrate and poor-law guardian were not terrible as they had used to be. There was a sturdiness and a reality about them. He straightened his figure, the lines on his forehead were smoothed; he felt blithe and vigorous, and looked up cheerfully on the morning sky. He could have contemplated being chairman at a turnpike-trust meeting, at that moment with equanimity. Suddenly the expression changed. The marks of the other self appeared once more, and his eager surprised glance was following a group of three persons clad in black dresses and thick veils, which at that moment appeared. They entered the Colosseum, and walked straight to the wooden cross, where they knelt for a moment, and then rising, they retired a few paces towards the spot where Player stood partly concealed, and appeared to be in earnest consultation. Two of the three persons were very tall, the third was much shorter. They still moved in the direction of Player's concealment, and when they were sufficiently near for him to hear their voices, though they spoke not loudly, the veil of one of the tall ones slipped aside, and Player beheld distinctly the beautiful features of the same person who had surprised him as he had stood near Michael Angelo's piece of sculpture in St. Peter's. He knew not what to do. To stand concealed was most disagreeable. To burst out upon them

was impossible. The strange, foreign, but surprising beauty of this interesting person seemed to overpower him. There he stood and gazed; and the lady, in no hurry again to envelope her fair features in the fallen veil, and believing themselves to be alone, stood still, and turned her face upwards, and gazed round upon the stately walls, which seemed to increase in their giant grandeur in the light of the early hour. Player had just convicted himself of being romantic and absurd. What was he now? He could not tell. He placed his hands before his eyes, to shut out the fascinating picture for one moment, and assist him in recovering his self-possession. In that instant the veil was re-arranged, and when Player looked again, the group had changed, the figures stood a little apart, and he saw, and *heard*, for his senses seemed sharpened, and their voices might have been a little raised, that one was to be left there till the other two had fulfilled some errand of mercy on which they were bound, when they would return and fetch her. And then the short figure and one of the tall ones moved away, and the one left advanced close to Player's hiding-place, and, sitting down on a part of the fallen building, took a small book from the folds of her sable garment, and began to read.

A few anxious moments passed, and then Player could bear his position no longer. He stole away a few paces, and returning with a bold tread, he purposely made some slight noise as an indication of his approach, and then passed beneath the arch close to the lady's side. She started, and drew her envelopments more closely round her.

"Let me be forgiven for interrupting you, and causing you, I am afraid, a moment's fear," said Player in Italian, uncovering his head, and throwing an air of the deepest respect into his address; "I believe I startled you."

"Do not apologise," said the lady, in the softest accents; "*we*"—there was a strong emphasis on the word, and Player felt that an allusion was made to the distinction the dress conferred—"we are not subject to fear. A sound startled me: it might have been a falling stone, I thought; for I did not know that I was not alone—except the guards," she added, and glanced towards the entrances, where they paced to and fro.

"Noble and excellent lady," exclaimed Player, scarcely knowing what he said, but approaching a step nearer, and looking hard on the thick veil which so jealously performed its part, "if you are one of those admirable beings—which I cannot doubt—who, in this holy city, give their first hours to deeds of charity and love"—the veil moved as through a deprecating gesture had been made beneath, which Player noticed, and continued with increased fervour—"if you are such, no guards are needful for your safety, and —"

"And if you," said the lady interrupting him in her sweet Tuscan—"if you, as your accent denotes, are not of this holy city, but of a country where our priests have been slain, and our altars destroyed, surely a lonely maiden might be forgiven if she trembled in such company; though in this place, and at this moment, I do not fear."

"It is too much," groaned Player, "always to be confounded with characters contemned and deeds abhorred; never to be understood: is this cruel judgment to follow us for ever?"

He paused, hoping that the lady would reply; but she sat immovable as the stones around; so he went on.

"Yes, madam, I am an Englishman, and I belong to England's Church; but I am like yourself, a Catholic."

"A Catholic! But you are not in union with Rome, and she is the Mother of all Churches."

"But we hope that a proper union may come. We love her."

"Do *you* love her?"

"Yes."

"How can real love and wilful separation go together? If *you* love her, then take shelter in her, and serve her as well as love her."

"That is not my duty. I cannot desert the English cause."

"Your duty is to your own soul. Beware of sacrificing salvation to theories. Learn to look upon Rome as right or wrong, and declare for or against her accordingly."

"It is a great question," began Player.

"It is a personal question," interrupted the lady.

"This is the most extraordinary interview!" exclaimed Player.

"Which I will now ask you to bring to a close," said the lady, in the quiet but rather resolute style which had marked her manner throughout. "I expect my companions every moment, and would prefer your leaving me before they return."

"I will leave you immediately, and am too much obliged by your condescension to impose on it a moment longer than you desire. But forgive me; may I ask, have I not seen you before this day?"

A sudden emotion agitated the veil, which still entirely obscured the face of the lady, and then a voice which betrayed a forced calmness, uttered the words, "You have." Player stooped down pressed the hem of the flowing robe to his lips, and fled away.

Reviews.

MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

The History of England, from the Accession of James II. By Thomas Babington Macaulay. Vols. I. and II. Longmans.

MR. MACAULAY'S qualifications as a historian are precisely those which are calculated to confer a very high degree of popularity in the present state of the popular mind. Were he either a greater or an inferior writer, he could not take that place in the esteem of his contemporaries which will be unquestionably the reward of the great work of which the first instalment is now complete. His history will be emphatically the voice of the age, in all that concerns the past records of the British empire, so far as the age as yet knows its own mind. Of those deeper thoughts and feelings which lie hidden in the soul of our time, Mr. Macaulay's work is as far as possible from being an expression; and it is because he not only abstains from treating upon any thing thus concealed from the superficial observer, but is himself altogether unconscious of its existence, that his writings commend themselves to so wide a range of readers, and are more or less an exponent of the ideas of almost every person of any pretensions to independence and candour of mind.

In politics, in the first place, Mr. Macaulay gives definite shape and language to the current

notions, or, so to call them, the current principles of the day. He is just so much of a Whig as to embody the ideas of those who love freedom and enlightenment, and just so little of a Whig as to be alive to the iniquitous proceedings and the audacious mockeries which have been at times perpetrated by his party, in the sacred names of liberty and religion. This is just what suits us, in our present condition of politics. The great political parties, as such, are prostrate in the land. Toryism lingers only with a few members of the House of Lords, with still fewer members of the House of Commons, with a section of the clergy of the Establishment, and with retired and timid old ladies and gentlemen in general. If Whiggism also be not equally extinct in the state, it is certainly not because the world has any love for its nominal supporters. The reforming portion of the theory survives, but Whigs, as a body, as an opposition, as a *popular* sect of politicians, are gone the way of the rotten boroughs they disfranchised. The nation has *used* the Whigs; and now, when they are, as the representatives of liberal principles, no more, it simply endures them, *faute de mieux*. Radicalism alone is a living thing, while its name is almost passed away. Its leaders, indeed, are forgotten; they are almost nonentities,

as such, in parliament and out of it; but its *root-and-branch* notions of reform are sunk deep into the minds of a host of men who a few years ago were numbered in the ranks of professed Tories and Whigs. We are all rapidly merging into one of the two great *natural* divisions of mankind, those who would stand still, and those who would go on; those who think that the essence of life consists in vegetation, and those who think it consists in growth; those who expect a house to stand because it is old, and those who not only expect it to tumble about their ears unless it is repaired, but would be for ever enlarging it, and beautifying it, and adding to its conveniences and comforts. We do not care for political partisans; we think them all rogues in the lump; so that civilisation, peace, order, wealth, drainage, and the arts, go forward unimpeded, we rejoice to consign all abstract principles and prejudices to the winds, and to take whatever comes to our hands, if only it will accomplish at once what we desire to attain.

Such a man is Mr. Macaulay. We do not mean that he has shuffled off the coil of party when he makes one of his rare speeches in parliament; but when he writes an essay or a history, he is the very impersonation of this spirit of intense candour and contempt for the hero-worship of Whigs and Tories. With equal gusto he shews up the delinquencies of a Walpole and a Strafford, and metes out his faint measure of praise alike to Cavalier and Roundhead, to the republican and the lover of despotism. Like the rest of us, he takes the utmost pride in his impartiality and freedom from bigotry. He is a lover of liberty, an admirer of the English constitution (in whose existence and perfections he devoutly believes), a patron of progress, a scorner of the divine right of kings, an enemy to military power, and a despiser of the opinions of the ignorant mob. He has got just as far in his political creed as the average of Englishmen of moderate income. He has no definite state of things which he aims at accomplishing in futurity; he has little positive political or metaphysical philosophy to guide him upon certain principles, in despite of apparent present contradictions to his ideas; and not the most distant conception that the political, social, and economical condition of a state is in any way bound up with the essential condition of mankind as citizens of an invisible commonwealth, and heirs of an immortal destiny. He takes the world as he finds it; has a moderate and calm belief in the semi-perfectibility of the human race; a due appreciation for what is intellectual and moral, as opposed to what is sensual and vicious; but no more recognises the existence of any thing that is invisible, yet unceasingly connected with what is visible, or of any thing which was in being before mortal politics began, and which will last when they are passed away, than he recognises the politics

of the moon—(if there be people and politics there, which is now doubted)—as intimately affecting the well-being of the English constitution.

Mr. Macaulay's religious views are akin to his political. They are as nearly negative as any views can be, which are held by a man who believes in Christianity and has any notions at all on theological doctrines. He echoes the cry which we now hear in public, in private, in the senate, and on the platform, and which is gradually gaining possession of the whole literature of the country. We cannot look back a quarter of a century without noting the rapid changes which are taking place in the religious notions of the age. Protestantism, as a distinct, complete, and inspired theological creed, is literally gone from the mind of the nation. What remains is a mere religion of benevolence, typified and embodied in a certain hazy dogmatic phraseology. Luther would hardly know his own intellectual progeny. The Calvinist is become a mild and tolerant speculator upon freewill. The sons of the Puritan are building Gothic meeting-houses, and the sounds of the organ delight their listening ears. The Evangelical professes to believe in baptismal regeneration. The High Churchman fraternises with the *habitués* of Exeter Hall. Thousands of Protestants think Pius the Ninth a devout Christian. The Trinitarian admits that Socinianism is, after all, a matter of opinion, like his own doctrines. People are ready to pay for more Bishops, while they laugh at the notion of an Apostolical succession. We are finding out that Englishmen were more free in the 13th century than under "Good Queen Bess," and students of history are struck with the fact that *Magna Charta* was enacted in the middle ages, and that Catholic barons and bishops united to wring it from their reluctant king. Sensible people, as well as enthusiastic antiquarians, are discovering that our cathedrals were often built from a pure love to God, and political economists admit that monasteries are not always destructive of national wealth. Henry the Second proves to have been less pious than A'Becket, and an unmarried clergy are admitted to be sometimes the models of every Christian virtue. If the Reformation was a good thing, Catholicism was not so bad a thing after all. The Church has done a good work in her day. She did not crush all the thought and oppose all the learning of past times. Other people besides Catholics have lighted fires in Smithfield, and made use of the "boot" and the "scavenger's daughter." In short, *all* religions are good, if a man be sincere and benevolent, and say his prayers (in some shape or other); the only really bad things are to have no religion at all, or to insist upon trying to convert others to one's own creed, as a thing necessary to their salvation.

Just such are the opinions which have ani-

mated Mr. Macaulay,—if such ideas have any *animating* power in them,—in the prosecution of all his works, and especially in this his last and greatest. What may be his own private, personal theological creed, we know not. What dogmas he accounts *true*, we cannot tell; and what he would himself substitute for the errors he finds in all religious sects, we have not the slightest idea. Yet he has a word for almost all in turn, save the wildest Ranters, or such monsters as the Anabaptists of Munster. He praises Catholicism and he praises Protestantism; and if he praises Protestantism the most, and calls himself a Protestant, it is because Protestantism rejects certain Catholic dogmas, and not because he upholds the truth of Lutheranism, or Methodism, or Anglicanism, or of any other precise creed whatsoever. He has even a measure of praise for priestcraft. "It is better," he says, "that mankind should be governed by wise laws, well administered, and by an enlightened public opinion, than by priestcraft; but it is better that men should be governed by priestcraft than by brute violence, by such a prelate as Dunstan than by such a warrior as Penda." He awards a meed of honour to the Catholic Church in the dark and middle ages, such as no English Protestant historian has ever yet had the penetration to conceive, or the courage to avow. In his system, the Reformation forms no such a gulf between a period of ignorance and sin, and a period of enlightenment and piety, as it has been accounted in the popular estimation of all ordinary writers and readers. It is his theory, that from the conquest of England by the Saxons to our own time, the progress of civilisation, freedom, and morality has, on the whole, with whatever hindrances, gone forward with a glorious steadiness and all practicable speed; and that as *Magna Charta* was the foundation of the Reform Bill, so the Catholic religion was the natural precursor and commencement of those principles of pure Christianity which he conceives to be now so far advanced among men. If there is any one ecclesiastical institution for which he has no sympathy whatever, and whose influence he accounts more than ordinarily baneful to the happiness of man, it is the genuine Anglican Establishment, when it has assumed a character in any way distinct from mere anti-Catholic Protestantism. "It is an unquestionable and a most instructive fact," he says, "that the years during which the political power of the Anglican hierarchy was in the zenith, were precisely the years during which national virtue was at the lowest point."

We must not look, however, for any rigidly correct statements in regard to the Catholic religion, and the sentiments of its professors, in Mr. Macaulay's pages, comparatively impartial as they are. It is, of course, possible that a man who rejects Catholicism as untrue, may yet be so well informed as to its doctrines

and morality, as to fall into no historical inaccuracies when treating upon them in writing. But this is not Mr. Macaulay's case. He does not know enough of our religion to escape occasional mis-statements of the most unfortunate character; while his ideas of the theological opinions of the primitive Church are perverted to a shameful extent. The contrast is most striking between the ample and minute sources of information from which he has drawn his deductions in all matters of mere secular history, and the second-hand and common-place authorities on which he has been content to pin his faith with respect to Catholic dogmas and discipline. We have seldom met with any thing more ostentatiously superficial than his sketch of Jesuitism, in the commencement of his second volume.

In truth, when he touches on religious topics, he is ever beset with the insurmountable difficulties which attend a purely subjective mode of viewing religious truth. He cannot solve the problems of human life, because he is unable to recognise, *as a reality*, those truths for which men have died a thousand forms of dreadful death. It matters little what may be the class of persons upon whose characters he is speculating. They may be Catholics, they may be Huguenots, they may be Puritans; it is all one to him; he does not grasp the fundamental fact, that there is such a thing as theological truth, eternal, unchangeable, and divine; and that it is in proportion as a man's soul is possessed by *truth*, and not merely in proportion as he *thinks* such and such things to be true, that he attains a supernatural power over mere earthly motives and passions, and lives the life of a saint, or dies the death of a martyr. Accordingly, when he would give a philosophical *rationale* of the conduct of devout and sincere men, he almost invariably fails in his attempt, and adopts some theory or other which is only not trivial and commonplace, because it aims at being fair and charitable. The inner life of the pious Catholic especially, the practical influence of Catholic doctrines, and the meaning and spirit of Catholic morality, are unfathomable mysteries to his understanding; and were it in his nature to own himself unequal to the comprehension of any thing divine or human, he would confess that the phenomena of Catholicism are an inexplicable puzzle, and require for their solution some key of knowledge which, as yet, he has never found.

Setting this blemish aside, we may speak of the general historical value of these volumes in the highest terms. They are not only far more agreeable, as a matter of reading, than ordinary histories, but they are more than ordinarily impartial, and communicate an amount of information upon the times of which they treat, such as is to be found in no other English history. It is impossible not to see that the writer's inclination and abilities are

eminently adapted to the historian's work. Diligent and laborious; comprehensive in his range of thought; superior to the foolish old notion that the province of history is confined to the chronicling of the politics of a nation; gifted with a retentive memory, and, what is far better, with a sound judgment in discriminating between what is important and what is trivial; endowed with a general literary taste, and no mean acquirements in many branches of human study; strengthened in style and in thought by many years' practice in writing; and with his views cleared by a practical parliamentary familiarity with the politics of the day, Mr. Macaulay has brought to his task qualifications at the least as abundant as any previous English writer upon history; and is destined, we cannot but think, to exercise a more powerful influence upon the opinions of his time, than was ever the lot of any of his predecessors. Of the completeness of his work, it is necessarily impossible to speak until it is further advanced; but its characteristics are already sufficiently developed to enable us to form a pretty correct opinion of what the whole history will be, when brought to its termination,—of its system, its style, its range, and its defects.

That it will disappoint the general expectation, we think can hardly be the case; and the almost instantaneous sale of the first edition of three thousand copies has already shewn how eager the reading world is to be pleased.* We should rather anticipate some-

* The *Athenæum* gives the following statement of the comparative trade estimation of Mr. Macaulay's work with that of a few other popular publications:—"The 600*l.* a-year for ten years, to Mr. Macaulay, for ten years' copyright of the first two volumes of his *History of England*, is perhaps the largest sum ever given for a work in two volumes. The largest sums heretofore known to have been paid are: 4,000 guineas to Washington Irving for his *Life of Columbus*, in four volumes, octavo; 2,000 guineas to Moore for his *Life of Byron*, in two volumes, quarto; and 4,500*l.* for ten years to the present Bishop of Oxford and his brother for the *Life of Wilberforce*, in five volumes, octavo. Mr. Roberts is said to have received 3,000 guineas from his *Life of Hannah More*, in five volumes, octavo; Mr. Twiss 2,000 guineas from his *Life of Lord Eldon*; and Mr. Stanley something like 1,500 guineas from his *Life of Dr. Arnold*; but these were receipts upon the sale, not specific sums given by way of speculation, like the payments to Moore, Irving, Wilberforce, and Macaulay. The largest sum ever realised by any one work whilst it continued to be called a new publication was 18,000*l.*, the proceeds of Sir Walter Scott's *Life of Napoleon*,—the work of twelve months, and published in nine volumes, octavo, in 1827. 'The Row' was literally besieged with demands for the *Life of Napoleon*, as Stationers' Hall used to be on 'Almanac Day,' when the exclusive privilege of printing almanacs belonged to the Stationers' Company. Of large sums realised by the sale of new works in a very short period, several of the novels by Sir Walter Scott and the monthly issues of Mr. Dickens might be instanced as probably, both in numbers and profit, exceeding any thing in literature since Satchell's *Trial*, or Dryden's *Hind and Panther*,—the two most remarkable instances of successful publication recorded in the early history of bookselling in this country. The *Life of Columbus* has not yet, we believe, paid its expenses; the *Life of Byron* was a loss till its appearance in one thick volume with double columns; and the *Life of Wilberforce*, it is well known, was a heavy failure."

VOL. III.

thing like a *furor* of applause on the part of the reading public, to be followed by a subsequent degree of coldness and satiety, as much below the deserts of the author as the storm of gratulations with which he was first welcomed was above them. We have already indicated one or two features in Mr. Macaulay's character which will tend to this extensive popularity; but he has other charms for the age, which are perhaps not less fascinating, and not more enduring in their power to please. That they will give equal delight, when carried through a long series of volumes, we entertain a very serious doubt.

Of these charms, the most palpable is the author's peculiar style of composition; his *art*, so to say, as a writer. Every reader of the *Edinburgh Review* is already familiar with its beauties and its faults. In the history the former unquestionably predominate over the latter. In every line we see the accomplished master of his language; the man of ready thought, acute perceptions, versatile powers, and cultivated taste. Nothing is said with tameness; nothing is common-place; nothing is vulgar. Trifles are not made prominent; important things are not slurred over, or slightly touched. Each new topic is introduced naturally and easily; the statesman's or the soldier's character is sketched just at the right moment; the continuous narrative of events is carried forward, or broken in upon with the pleasantest of transitions; and even in the framing of each sentence, and the choice of each word, the united care and cleverness of the writer are evident. On every page we find a trace of the author's mastery over his subject, of the pains he has bestowed in its investigation, of the abundant sources of his information, and of the soundness of his general view of the historian's province. In every incidental remark, as in his most elaborate portraits and disquisitions, we recognise the man of candour and impartiality, the lover of liberal principles, and the honest man who can do justice both to the conduct and the motives of men of a party opposed to his own. Nor does the animation of the story ever flag, or the writer seem tired of what he is writing. From the preliminary sketch of mediæval times, till the completion of the Revolution in 1688, with which the second volume closes, the spirit of the narrative is kept up with equal vigour and equal brilliancy. And besides this, Mr. Macaulay is an eminently intelligible historian. He has the art of communicating information in just such a shape as is both palatable and comprehensible to his readers. He neither presupposes too much previous knowledge on their part, nor taxes their powers of perception and emotion too heavily. They who can read no other histories, can read this; and they who, while they read others, learn nothing from them, will be surprised to find how much definite, valuable, and interesting instruction they

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have gathered from this most agreeable of historians.

Yet is Mr. Macaulay's style not without its serious faults. As one much given to reviewing, he is too prone to amplifying and rhetorical discoursing. At times, though but for a brief space, he forgets that he is writing a history, and not an essay. He enlarges upon people's motives and characters long after he has completed the impression which he seeks to make, weakening the effect of his first two or three sentences by a dozen more, which merely remind the reader of what he knows already, and of what no man of decent capacities desires to be told more than once. Now and then, though more rarely, these amplifications are altogether impertinent, and ought to be banished without scruple, being simply *mal-à-propos* reflections, admirably good in themselves, but having little or nothing to do with the course of the narration, or with the conduct of its personages. Nor has Mr. Macaulay kept quite clear of the vice of the periodical reviewer in overstating his points and aiming at a rhetorical flourish of words, savouring considerably of clap-trap. Calm and judicial as are his feelings, and unbiassed as is his judgment, he occasionally lays on his epithets a little too thick; and in his efforts to paint his portraits in broad and glowing tints, oversteps the limits of his actual knowledge, and presents us with features not a little out of drawing, and with colouring far too glaring and obtrusive to be accepted as the truth of nature.

Still less satisfactory is the excessive monotony of his modes of expression and tenor of thought. If he never sinks below one level, so he never rises above another. If he never degenerates into mediocrity, he never mounts up to grandeur. When we have read a score of his pages, we are as familiar with every turn of his sentences as when we have read a whole volume. Whatever he does he does well; but there are certain excellences which are beyond his reach, not only because he does not wish to attain them, but because he has not the faculty to attain them. The great secret of this is, that Mr. Macaulay is a cold man, and that, with all his powers, his imagination is dull, and his style of composition not of the very highest order. Hence we discern his *art* in almost every paragraph he pens. He cannot conceal it. He is himself visible in every character he portrays and every fact he relates. He is the most painfully self-conscious of historians. He does not make us forget the author in his subject, or carry us away to the scenes he describes. We still sit calmly in our chair, applauding the writer of the book, and thinking what a clever man he must be, and what pains he has taken. Never is he thoroughly natural. He lacks that honest, inartificial simplicity with which those who are intensely in earnest will narrate what is sim-

ple, and the warm, energetic, noble greatness with which they would tell of what is truly great and glorious. His history therefore has as little that is of the highest class of historical composition as it has of the most worthless. It is guiltless alike of trash and of eloquence. If it has more vigour than Hume's, it has less purity. If it is in better taste than Gibbon's, it can boast of nothing like Gibbon's most splendid passages. If it is more rich than Thucydides, it has not his masculine power and commanding simplicity of language.

Coldness, indeed, is the pervading tone of feeling in Mr. Macaulay's history. If he ever seems to glow, it is when he lays bare the follies and vices of some one to whose conduct he has himself a special aversion, or who has been hitherto hidden under a mask of virtue and patriotism. That this is an important defect in a writer of history, no man who values truth and purity will deny. It is true that the superficial critic will call this frigidity by the name of impartiality and candour, and tell us that it is most unbecoming in a historian to write passionately or with the zeal of a partisan. And doubtless it is so. What we desiderate in Mr. Macaulay is something far different from party spirit or an advocate's zeal. We do not want to see him taking one side, upholding one class of men alone as virtuous and patriotic, or mistaking his own opinions and theories for infallible and eternal truths. What we desire is a little more warmth and affection for what he *does* decide to be great, and noble, and praiseworthy. We cannot endure a tone of feeling, which, when truth and honour *are* ascertained to exist in certain persons or certain principles, is not roused to some degree of generous enthusiasm and ardent veneration. We do not expect a historian to submit his judgment to his feelings, but we do expect him to submit his feelings to his judgment; and when his judgment approves, we desire to behold his heart glowing with honest sympathy, and to hear the voice of cordial applause from his lips. Never was there a more shallow prejudice than that which identifies coldness with impartiality, and expects a historian to write with no more emotion than a mathematician. Let his first duty be to separate the excellent from the vile; but when that is done, it is an outrage upon the judgment, as well as a tyranny over the heart, to narrate with an equally icy calmness the most worthless and the most heroic actions.

It is this sensible and reasonable enthusiasm which we miss in Mr. Macaulay's narrative. He would fain be superior to any thing that is human. He would be as Adam in Paradise, when all the beasts of the field passed before him, and he gave them names according to the diversities of their nature. The impression which his remarks leave upon us is, that there are many bad men and many good men, many fools and many geniuses, upon the earth;

but that it has been reserved for the Right Honourable Thomas Babington Macaulay to sit in judgment upon them by a sort of divine right or law of nature, himself unconscious of the infirmities of humanity.

If there is any one point in which our author feels a little more warmly than on others, it is in a certain blustering John-Bullism, which is but too much in accordance with the vulgar feeling of Englishmen. It is a great defect in his work, indeed, that while he enlarges to a considerable extent upon the progress of the material and benevolent civilisation of the country, and upon its comparative political, social, and economical position in the scale of European nations, he has not thought of shewing us what was the actual national character which resulted from all the influences whose existence he details. While he loses no opportunity of drawing the portrait of a statesman or a soldier, it has not occurred to him that what should be the portrait in a history of England was still wanting. *The Englishman* is a character whose likeness we do not find in this elaborate gallery. There is nothing to tell us in what he differed from the Frenchman, the Spaniard, or the Hollander. We are told of his political constitution, of his wealth, of his cities, of his roads, of his ships, of his soldiers, of his literature, of his amusements, of his religion; but that one truth, which it is of such vast importance that we should see detected and enforced upon the minds of a self-adoring generation, it has not been Mr. Macaulay's fortune to discern, nor his aim to expound. In its place we perceive an ever-present spirit of glorification of the great people whose history Mr. Macaulay delights to write, and a fostering of the vulgar idea that the perfection of every thing, divine and human, is to be found in the Great Britain of the year eighteen hundred and forty-nine.

Such is the general character of this remarkable work; it remains that we examine its chapters a little more in detail.

It opens with a retrospect of this progress of the nation from its earliest known times, brief and rapid at the commencement, but gradually expanding into fulness as the great struggle under Charles the First draws near. This struggle itself is narrated at tolerable length; not, indeed, with all the *minutiae* of professed history, but without the omission of any thing that was necessary to put the reader in possession of the state of affairs at the Restoration. Charles the Second's reign is given with still greater completeness, and extends nearly to the middle of the second volume. It is followed by a chapter whose contents will be novel to most readers, and which possesses very considerable interest even to those who are already familiar with the social state of their ancestors. It details every thing that is most important in the progress of physical civilisation and of the spirit of refinement and

morality, as they existed at the death of Charles the Second, and unfolds a state of things which will be not a little surprising to those whose historical reading has been confined to the records of battles and sieges, of political intrigues and royal delinquencies. With the accession of James the history properly commences. His reign presents two sections, each with its own especial interest; the first including the rebellion of Monmouth, and the cruelties in which the infamous Jeffreys was the tool of the King's revenge; the second comprising the steps taken by James for the establishment of the Catholic religion, and his consequent downfall. The preliminary chapters, as well as the reign of James, contain so much of which our readers would be glad to see a portion, while they will feel so deeply on that peculiar question on which James staked and lost his crown, that we shall now content ourselves with the first volume alone, and in our next shall exhibit Mr. Macaulay's view of the King's efforts for the advancement of the true faith.

In the retrospective chapters there is nothing more striking than Mr. Macaulay's superiority to the ignorant Protestantism of his predecessors, and the courage with which he does homage to the creed of the men who laid the foundations of England's greatness. Mixed up as his remarks are with misconception, error, and irreligious ideas, they will tend powerfully to disabuse the popular mind of some few of its most rampant follies, and at least prepare it to look a little deeper than Mr. Macaulay is competent to lead the way. Take the following as an instance of his modes of viewing the mediæval Church:

"At length the darkness begins to break; and the country, which had been lost to view as Britain, reappears as England. The conversion of the Anglo-Saxons to Christianity was the first of a long series of salutary revolutions. It is true that the Church had been deeply corrupted both by that superstition and by that philosophy against which she had long contended, and over which she had at last triumphed. She had given a too easy admission to doctrines borrowed from the ancient schools, and to rites borrowed from the ancient temples. Roman policy and Gothic ignorance, Grecian ingenuity and Syrian asceticism, had contributed to deprave her. Yet she retained enough of the sublime theology and benevolent morality of her earlier days to elevate many intellects and to purify many hearts. Some things also, which at a later period were justly regarded as among her chief blemishes, were, in the seventh century, and long afterwards, among her chief merits. That the sacerdotal order should encroach on the functions of the civil magistrate would in our time be a great evil. But that which in an age of good government is an evil, may in an age of grossly bad government be a blessing. It is better that mankind should be governed by wise laws well administered and by an enlightened public opinion, than by priestcraft: but it is better that men should be governed by priestcraft than by brute violence, by such a prelate as Dunstan than by such a warrior as Penda. A society sunk in ignorance and ruled by mere physical force has great reason to rejoice when a class, of which the influence is intellectual and moral, rises to ascendancy. Such a class will doubtless abuse its power; but mental

power, even when abused, is still a nobler and better power than that which consists merely in corporeal strength. We read in the Anglo-Saxon chronicles of tyrants who, when at the height of greatness, were smitten with remorse—who abhorred the pleasures and dignities which they had purchased by guilt—who abdicated their crowns,—and who sought to atone for their offences by cruel penances and incessant prayers. These stories have drawn forth bitter expressions of contempt from some writers, who, while they boasted of liberality, were in truth as narrow-minded as any monk of the dark ages; and whose habit was to apply to all events in the history of the world the standard received in the Parisian society of the eighteenth century. Yet surely a system which, however deformed by superstition, introduced strong moral restraints into communities, previously governed only by vigour of muscle and by audacity of spirit;—a system which taught the fiercest and mightiest ruler that he was, like his meanest bondman, a responsible being, might have seemed to deserve a more respectful mention from philosophers and philanthropists.

“The same observations will apply to the contempt with which, in the last century, it was fashionable to speak of the pilgrimages, the sanctuaries, the crusades, and the monastic institutions of the middle ages. In times when men were scarcely ever induced to travel by liberal curiosity, or by the pursuit of gain, it was better that the rude inhabitant of the North should visit Italy and the East as a pilgrim, than that he should never see any thing but those squalid cabins and uncleared woods amidst which he was born. In times when life and when female honour were exposed to daily risk from tyrants and marauders, it was better that the precinct of a shrine should be regarded with an irrational awe, than that there should be no refuge inaccessible to cruelty and licentiousness. In times when statesmen were incapable of forming extensive political combinations, it was better that the Christian nations should be roused and united for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre, than that they should, one by one, be overwhelmed by the Mahometan power. Whatever reproach may at a later period have been justly thrown on the indolence and luxury of religious orders, it was surely good that in an age of ignorance and violence there should be quiet cloisters and gardens in which the arts of peace could be safely cultivated; in which gentle and contemplative natures could find an asylum; in which one brother could employ himself in transcribing the *Æneid* of Virgil, and another in meditating the *Analytics* of Aristotle; in which he who had a genius for art might illuminate a martyrology, or carve a crucifix; and in which he who had a turn for natural philosophy might make experiments on the properties of plants and minerals. Had not such retreats been scattered here and there among the huts of a miserable peasantry, and the castles of a ferocious aristocracy, European society would have consisted merely of beasts of burden and beasts of prey. The Church has, many times, been compared by divines to that ark of which we read in the Book of Genesis; but never was the resemblance more perfect, than during that evil time when she alone rode, amidst darkness and tempest, on the deluge beneath which all the great works of ancient power and wisdom lay entombed, bearing within her that feeble germ from which a second and more glorious civilisation was to spring.

“Even the spiritual supremacy arrogated by the Pope was in the dark ages productive of far more good than evil. Its effect was to unite the nations of Western Europe in one great commonwealth. What the Olympian chariot-course and the Pythian oracle were to all the Greek cities, from Trebizond to Marseilles, Rome and her Bishop were to all Christians of the Latin communion, from Calabria to the Hebrides. Thus grew up sentiments of enlarged benevolence. Races separated from each other by seas and mountains acknowledged a fraternal tie and a common code of public law. Even in war, the cruelty of the conqueror was

not seldom mitigated by the recollection that he and his vanquished enemies were all members of one great federation.”

And again, on the subject of the extinction of the ancient slavery:

“It is remarkable that the two greatest and most salutary social revolutions which have taken place in England—that revolution which, in the thirteenth century, put an end to the tyranny of nation over nation, and that revolution which, a few generations later, put an end to the property of man in man—were silently and imperceptibly effected. They struck contemporary observers with no surprise, and have received from historians a very scanty measure of attention. They were brought about neither by legislative regulation, nor by physical force. Moral causes noiselessly effaced, first, the distinction between Norman and Saxon, and then, the distinction between master and slave. None can venture to fix the precise moment at which either distinction ceased. Some faint traces of the old Norman feeling might perhaps have been found late in the fourteenth century. Some faint traces of the institution of villenage were detected by the curious so late as the days of the Stuarts, nor has that institution ever to this hour been abolished by statute.

“It would be most unjust not to acknowledge that the chief agent in these two great deliverances was religion; and it may, perhaps, be doubted whether a purer religion might not have been found a less efficient agent. The benevolent spirit of the Christian morality is undoubtedly adverse to distinctions of caste. But to the Church of Rome such distinctions are peculiarly odious; for they are incompatible with other distinctions which are essential to her system. She ascribes to every priest a mysterious dignity, which entitles him to the reverence of every layman; and she does not consider any man as disqualified by reason of his nation or of his family for the priesthood. Her doctrines respecting the sacerdotal character, however erroneous they may be, have repeatedly mitigated some of the worst evils which can afflict society. That superstition cannot be regarded as unmixedly noxious which, in regions cursed by the tyranny of race over race, creates an aristocracy altogether independent of race, inverts the relation between the oppressor and the oppressed, and compels the hereditary master to kneel before the spiritual tribunal of the hereditary bondman. To this day, in some countries, where negro slavery exists, Popery appears in advantageous contrast to other forms of Christianity. It is notorious that the antipathy between the European and African races is by no means so strong at Rio Janeiro as at Washington. In our own country this peculiarity of the Roman Catholic system produced, during the middle ages, many salutary effects. It is true that, shortly after the battle of Hastings, Saxon prelates and abbots were violently deposed, and that ecclesiastical adventurers from the Continent were intruded, by hundreds, into lucrative benefices. Yet even then, pious divines of Norman blood raised their voices against such a violation of the constitution of the Church, refused to accept mitres from the hands of the Conqueror, and charged him, on the peril of his soul, not to forget that the vanquished islanders were his fellow-Christians. The first protector whom the English found among the dominant caste was Archbishop Anselm. At a time when the English name was a reproach, and when all the civil and military dignities of the kingdom were supposed to belong exclusively to the countrymen of the Conqueror, the despised race learned with transports of delight that one of themselves, Nicholas Breakspear, had been elevated to the papal throne, and had held out his foot to be kissed by ambassadors sprung from the noblest houses of Normandy. It was a national as well as a religious feeling that drew great multitudes to the shrine of Becket, the first Englishman who, since the Conquest, had been terrible to the foreign tyrants. A successor of Becket was foremost among those who obtained that charter which

secured at once the privileges of the Norman barons and of the Saxon yeomanry. How great a part the Catholic ecclesiastics subsequently had in the abolition of villenage, we learn from the unexceptionable testimony of Sir Thomas Smith, one of the ablest Protestant councillors of Elizabeth. When the dying slaveholder asked for the last sacraments, his spiritual attendants regularly adjured him, as he loved his soul, to emancipate his brethren for whom Christ had died. So successfully had the Church used her formidable machinery, that, before the Reformation came, she had enfranchised almost all the bondmen in the kingdom, except her own, who, to do her justice, seem to have been very tenderly treated.

"There can be no doubt that, when these two great revolutions had been effected, our forefathers were by far the best-governed people in Europe. During three hundred years the social system had been in a constant course of improvement. Under the first Plantagenets there had been barons able to bid defiance to the sovereign, and peasants degraded to the level of the swine and oxen which they tended. The exorbitant power of the baron had been gradually reduced. The condition of the peasant had been gradually elevated. Between the aristocracy and the working people had sprung up a middle class, agricultural and commercial. There was still, it may be, more inequality than is favourable to the happiness and virtue of our species; but no man was altogether above the restraints of law, and no man was altogether below its protection."

Mr. Macaulay's theories upon the origin and progress of the political and personal liberty of Englishmen are singularly fair and well considered. His account of the old constitution of the country, and its gradual development upon its ancient principles, is among the best-reasoned passages in his whole book. He states clearly, and with a sufficiency of detail, the truth, that the different stories which have been put forward on both sides by party writers have been unquestionably authorised by facts, and that their falsehood has consisted in their gross unfairness in the *selection* of those facts. Without the invention of a single untruth, it is possible to represent the constitution of England for some hundreds of years either as a rigid despotism or as a practical democracy. The events which took place five centuries ago were so radically different in their circumstances and in their results from any similar circumstances of our own day, that, taken alone, and without a knowledge of the times when they happened, they will justify the most absurd of deductions. The Star Chamber, and the High Court of Justice; the Parliamentary opposition, and the decapitation of Charles; the dispensing power assumed by James, and the election of William in his stead; these, and every other extreme which more modern times beheld, found their undeniable precedents in the past records of the kingdom. If there was any one dogma which did *not* exist in older epochs, it was the High Church Anglican doctrine of the divine right of kings in connexion with an hereditary succession to the throne. Mr. Macaulay thus writes upon the ancient system of England:

"The old English government was one of a class of limited monarchies which sprang up in Western Europe during the middle ages, and which, notwithstand-

ing many diversities, bore to one another a strong family likeness. That there should have been such a likeness is not strange. The countries in which those monarchies arose had been provinces of the same great civilised empire, and had been overrun and conquered about the same time by tribes of the same rude and warlike nation. They were members of the same great coalition against Islam. They were in communion with the same superb and ambitious Church. Their polity naturally took the same form. They had institutions derived, partly from imperial Rome, partly from papal Rome, partly from the old Germany. All had kings; and in all the kingly office became, by degrees, strictly hereditary. All had nobles bearing titles which had originally indicated military rank. The dignity of knighthood, the rules of heraldry, were common to all. All had richly endowed ecclesiastical establishments, municipal corporations enjoying large franchises, and senates, whose consent was necessary to the validity of some public acts.

"Of these kindred constitutions the English was, from an early period, justly reputed the best. The prerogatives of the sovereign were undoubtedly extensive. The spirit of religion, and the spirit of chivalry, concurred to exalt his dignity. The sacred oil had been poured on his head. It was no disparagement to the bravest and noblest knights to kneel at his feet. His person was inviolable. He alone was entitled to convoke the estates of the realm. He could at his pleasure dismiss them; and his assent was necessary to all their legislative acts. He was the chief of the executive administration, the sole organ of communication with foreign powers, the captain of the military and naval forces of the state, the fountain of justice, of mercy, and of honour. He had large powers for the regulation of trade. It was by him that money was coined, that weights and measures were fixed, that marts and havens were appointed. His ecclesiastical patronage was immense. His hereditary revenues, economically administered, sufficed to meet the ordinary charges of government. His own domains were of vast extent. He was also feudal lord paramount of the whole soil of his kingdom; and, in that capacity, possessed many lucrative and many formidable rights, which enabled him to annoy and depress those who thwarted him, and to enrich and aggrandise, without any cost to himself, those who enjoyed his favour.

"But his power, though ample, was limited by three great constitutional principles, so ancient that none can say when they began to exist, so potent that their natural development, continued through many generations, has produced the order of things under which we now live. First, the king could not legislate without the consent of his parliament. Secondly, he could impose no taxes without the consent of his parliament. Thirdly, he was bound to conduct the executive administration according to the laws of the land; and, if he broke those laws, his advisers and his agents were responsible.

"No candid Tory will deny that these principles had, five hundred years ago, acquired the authority of fundamental rules. On the other hand, no candid Whig will affirm that they were, till a later period, cleared from all ambiguity, or followed out to all their consequences. A constitution of the middle ages was not, like a constitution of the eighteenth or nineteenth century, created entire by a single act, and fully set forth in a single document. It is only in a refined and speculative age that a polity is constructed on system. In rude societies the progress of government resembles the progress of language and of versification. Rude societies have language, and often copious and energetic language; but they have no scientific grammar, no definitions of nouns and verbs, no names for declensions, moods, tenses, and voices. Rude societies have versification, and often versification of great power and sweetness, but they have no metrical canons; and the minstrel whose numbers, regulated solely by his ear, are the delight of his audience, would himself be unable to say of how many dactyls and trochees each of his lines consists. As eloquence

exists before syntax, and song before prosody, so government may exist in a high degree of excellence long before the limits of legislative, executive, and judicial power have been traced with precision."

In three distinct points the relative powers of the sovereign and the people were thus undefined. No English king ever claimed the general legislative power; the most overbearing Plantagenet never ventured to enact by his own authority alone that a jury should consist of ten men instead of twelve; yet the king could remit penalties and pardon offenders without limit by law, and often practically without limit in fact; and thus could virtually annul any existing statute. That he could not impose taxes without the consent of Parliament is admitted to have ever been a fundamental principle of the constitution; yet he could practically beg and borrow in a tone which repeatedly gave the force of a parliamentary law to his despotic exactions. That he must conduct the administration according to law, and that his advisers must be responsible for its infringement, was another principle universally recognised; yet, as a matter of fact, the sovereign often did break the laws, even to the extent of the introduction of torture, a thing unknown to our earlier jurisprudence.

The absence of any thing like a standing army was one of the most efficacious checks which ever existed upon the royal prerogative, and its influence in the progress of the settlement of the constitution is traced by Mr. Macaulay even up to the Revolution of 1688. We must hasten onwards, however, to a later period, for other illustrations of our author's peculiar merits. The two following characters will be read with great interest; they are among the most successful and unexaggerated in the entire work. The first is the sketch of King Charles the Second:

"The restored king was at this time more loved by the people than any of his predecessors had ever been. The calamities of his house, the heroic death of his father, his own long sufferings and romantic adventures, made him an object of tender interest. His return had delivered the country from an intolerable bondage. Recalled by the voice of both the contending factions, he was the very man to arbitrate between them; and in some respects he was well qualified for the task. He had received from nature excellent parts, and a happy temper. His education had been such as might have been expected to develop his understanding, and to form him to the practice of every public and private virtue. He had passed through all varieties of fortune, and had seen both sides of human nature. He had, while very young, been driven forth from a palace to a life of exile, penury, and danger. He had, at the age when the mind and body are in their highest perfection, and when the first effervescence of boyish passions should have subsided, been recalled from his wanderings to wear a crown. He had been taught by bitter experience how much baseness, perfidy, and ingratitude may lie hid under the obsequious demeanour of courtiers. He had found, on the other hand, in the huts of the poorest, true nobility of soul. When wealth was offered to any who would betray him, when death was denounced against all who should shelter him, cottagers and serving-men had kept his secret truly, and had kissed his hand under his mean disguises with as much

reverence as if he had been seated on his ancestral throne. From such a school it might have been expected that a young man who wanted neither abilities nor amiable qualities would have come forth a great and good king. Charles came forth from that school with social habits, with polite and engaging manners, and with some talent for lively conversation, addicted beyond measure to sensual indulgence, fond of sauntering and of frivolous amusements, incapable of self-denial and of exertion, without faith in human virtue or in human attachment, without desire of renown, and without sensibility to reproach. According to him, every person was to be bought. But some people haggled more about their price than others; and when this haggling was very obstinate and very skilful it was called by some fine name. The chief trick by which clever men kept up the price of their abilities was called integrity. The chief trick by which handsome women kept up the price of their beauty was called modesty. The love of God, the love of country, the love of family, the love of friends, were phrases of the same sort, delicate and convenient synonyms for the love of self. Thinking thus of mankind, Charles naturally cared very little what they thought of him. Honour and shame were scarcely more to him than light and darkness to the blind. His contempt of flattery has been highly commended, but seems, when viewed in connexion with the rest of his character, to deserve no commendation. It is possible to be below flattery as well as above it. One who trusts nobody will not trust sycophants. One who does not value real glory will not value its counterfeit.

"It is creditable to Charles's temper that, ill as he thought of his species, he never became a misanthrope. He saw little in men but what was hateful. Yet he did not hate them. Nay, he was so far humane that it was highly disagreeable to him to see their sufferings or to hear their complaints. This, however, is a sort of humanity which, though amiable and laudable in a private man, whose power to help or hurt is bounded by a narrow circle, has in princes often been rather a vice than a virtue. More than one well-disposed ruler has given up whole provinces to rapine and oppression, merely from a wish to see none but happy faces round his own board, and in his own walks. No man is fit to govern great societies who hesitates about disobliging the few who have access to him for the sake of the many whom he will never see. The facility of Charles was such as has perhaps never been found in any man of equal sense. He was a slave without being a dupe. Worthless men and women, to the very bottom of whose hearts he saw, and whom he knew to be destitute of affection for him, and undeserving of his confidence, could easily wheedle him out of titles, places, domains, state-secrets, and pardons. He bestowed much; yet he neither enjoyed the pleasure nor acquired the fame of beneficence. He never gave spontaneously; but it was painful to him to refuse. The consequence was, that his bounty generally went, not to those who deserved it best, nor even to those whom he liked best, but to the most shameless and importunate suitor who could obtain an audience."

The great Duke of his time comes out under Mr. Macaulay's pen in a character little known to those who have hitherto worshipped the name of Marlborough; but we prefer the picture of one whose name is already blackened beyond the possibility of increase. It is an excellent example of our author's genius for the utter demolition of a bad man's name. Judge Jeffreys has never received a more rigid measure of justice.

"The depravity of this man has passed into a proverb. Both the great English parties have attacked his memory with emulous violence: for the Whigs considered him as their most barbarous enemy; and the Tories found it con-

venient to throw on him the blame of all the crimes which had sullied their triumph. A diligent and candid inquiry will shew that some frightful stories which have been told concerning him are false or exaggerated. Yet the dispassionate historian will be able to make very little deduction from the vast mass of infamy with which the memory of the wicked judge has been loaded.

"He was a man of quick and vigorous parts, but constitutionally prone to insolence and to the angry passions. When just emerging from boyhood he had risen into practice at the Old Bailey bar, a bar where advocates have always used a license of tongue unknown in Westminster Hall. Here, during many years, his chief business was to examine and cross-examine the most hardened miscreants of a great capital. Daily conflicts with prostitutes and thieves called out and exercised his powers so effectually, that he became the most consummate bully ever known in his profession. All tenderness for the feelings of others, all self-respect, all sense of the becoming, were obliterated from his mind. He acquired a boundless command of the rhetoric in which the vulgar express hatred and contempt. The profusion of maledictions and vituperative epithets which composed his vocabulary could hardly have been rivalled in the fish-market or the bear-garden. His countenance and his voice must always have been unamiable. But these natural advantages,—for such he seems to have thought them,—he had improved to such a degree, that there were few who, in his paroxysms of rage, could see or hear him without emotion. Impudence and ferocity sate upon his brow. The glare of his eyes had a fascination for the unhappy victim on whom they were fixed. Yet his brow and eye were said to be less terrible than the savage lines of his mouth. His yell of fury, as was said by one who had often heard it, sounded like the thunder of the judgment-day. These qualifications he carried, while still a young man, from the bar to the bench. He early became common serjeant and then recorder of London. As a judge at the city sessions he exhibited the same propensities which afterwards, in a higher post, gained for him an unenviable immortality. Already might be remarked in him the most odious vice which is incident to human nature, a delight in misery merely as misery. There was a fiendish exultation in the way in which he pronounced sentence on offenders. Their weeping and imploring seemed to titillate him voluptuously; and he loved to scare them into fits by dilating with luxuriant amplification on all the details of what they were to suffer. Thus, when he had an opportunity of ordering an unlucky adventuress to be whipped at the cart's tail, 'Hangman,' he would exclaim, 'I charge you to pay particular attention to this lady! Scourge her soundly, man! Scourge her till the blood runs down! It is Christmas, a cold time for madam to strip in! See that you warm her shoulders thoroughly!' He was hardly less facetious when he passed judgment on poor Ludowick Muggleton, the drunken tailor who fancied himself a prophet. 'Impudent rogue!' roared Jeffreys, 'thou shalt have an easy, easy, easy punishment!' One part of this easy punishment was the pillory, in which the wretched fanatic was almost killed with brickbats.

"By this time the nature of Jeffreys had been hardened to that temper which tyrants require in their worst implements. He had hitherto looked for professional advancement to the corporation of London. He had, therefore, professed himself a Roundhead, and had always appeared to be in a higher state of exhilaration when he explained to Popish priests that they were to be cut down alive, and were to see their own bowels burned, than when he passed ordinary sentences of death. But, as soon as he had got all that the city could give, he made haste to sell his forehead of brass and his tongue of venom to the court. Chiffinch, who was accustomed to act as broker in infamous contracts of more than one kind, lent his aid. He had conducted many amorous and many political intrigues; but he assuredly never rendered a more scandalous service to his masters than when he introduced Jeffreys to Whitehall. The renegade soon found a patron in the obdurate and revenge-

ful James, but was always regarded with scorn and disgust by Charles, whose faults, great as they were, had no affinity with insolence and cruelty. 'That man,' said the king, 'has no learning, no sense, no manners, and more impudence than ten carted street-walkers.' Work was to be done, however, which could be trusted to no man who revered law or was sensible of shame; and thus Jeffreys, at an age at which a barrister thinks himself fortunate if he is employed to lead an important cause, was made Chief Justice of the King's Bench.

"His enemies could not deny that he possessed some of the qualities of a great judge. His legal knowledge, indeed, was merely such as he had picked up in practice of no very high kind. But he had one of those happily constituted intellects which, across labyrinths of sophistry, and through masses of immaterial facts, go straight to the true point. Of his intellect, however, he seldom had the full use. Even in civil causes his malevolent and despotic temper perpetually disordered his judgment. To enter his court was to enter the den of a wild beast, which none could tame, and which was as likely to be roused to rage by caresses as by attacks. He frequently poured forth on plaintiffs and defendants, barristers and attorneys, witnesses and jurymen, torrents of frantic abuse, intermixed with oaths and curses. His looks and tones had inspired terror when he was merely a young advocate struggling into practice. Now that he was at the head of the most formidable tribunal in the realm, there were few indeed who did not tremble before him. Even when he was sober, his violence was sufficiently frightful. But in general his reason was overclouded, and his evil passions stimulated, by the fumes of intoxication. His evenings were ordinarily given to revelry. People who saw him only over his bottle would have supposed him to be a man gross indeed, sottish, and addicted to low company and low merriment, but social and good humoured. He was constantly surrounded on such occasions by buffoons, selected, for the most part, from among the vilest pettifoggers who practised before him. These men bantered and abused each other for his entertainment. He joined in their ribald talk, sang catches with them, and, when his head grew hot, hugged and kissed them in an ecstasy of drunken fondness. But though wine at first seemed to soften his heart, the effect a few hours later was very different. He often came to the judgment-seat, having kept the court waiting long, and yet having but half slept off his debauch, his cheeks on fire, his eyes staring like those of a maniac. When he was in this state, his boon companions of the preceding night, if they were wise, kept out of his way: for the recollection of the familiarity to which he had admitted them inflamed his malignity; and he was sure to take every opportunity of overwhelming them with execration and invective. Not the least odious of his many odious peculiarities was the pleasure which he took in publicly browbeating and mortifying those whom, in his fits of maudlin tenderness, he had encouraged to presume on his favour."

The hideous ferocities displayed by Jeffreys in "The Bloody Assizes," which followed upon Monmouth's rebellion, confirm this account of his diabolical disposition, if any proof were wanting. The whole history of that abortive insurrection is, indeed, the most sickening story which Mr. Macaulay's volumes record. He has taken especial pains in searching out every detail, whether of personal history or local peculiarity, which might give life and completeness to his chronicle; and the battle of Sedgemoor, with all its miserable results, was never before presented to the reader with so much vividness and truth. Of the character of the King himself, whose instrument Jeffreys was, we shall have to speak more at length hereafter. It is enough now to add, that

Mr. Macaulay's view of James's mind and principles bears at least this mark of truth, that from the beginning to the end it is thoroughly consistent with itself. For the present we must pass him by, and turn to the chapter which details the condition of England at the death of Charles.

The population of that period, the revenue, the agriculture, the rental, the clergy, the gentry, the towns, the places of amusement, the lighting, the police, the coffee-houses, the travelling, the post-office, the newspapers, the literature, the state of the poor, are here all examined, with a perpetual reference to facts and a fulness of detail, which confer the greatest value on the result of Mr. Macaulay's researches. Here and there his deductions are overstrained, and his eagerness to prove the immense advance of later times betrays him into false conclusions and into the omission of very important qualifications to his statements. His perpetual reference to the mere increase of *quantity* in the national wealth, without reference to the corresponding increase in the population, is also little worthy of a historian whose claims to impartiality are ordinarily so well founded. The reader who takes Mr. Macaulay's statements just as they stand, will sometimes estimate the *real* advance of the productions of the kingdom at about three times their actual progress. We shall confine our extracts to the more trustworthy of his sketches. Of these the fine old country gentleman is one of the most characteristic.

"We should be much mistaken if we pictured to ourselves the squires of the seventeenth century as men bearing a close resemblance to their descendants, the county members and chairmen of quarter sessions with whom we are familiar. The modern country gentleman generally receives a liberal education, passes from a distinguished school to a distinguished college, and has every opportunity to become an excellent scholar. He has generally seen something of foreign countries. A considerable part of his life has generally been passed in the capital; and the refinements of the capital follow him into the country. There is perhaps no class of dwellings so pleasing as the rural seats of the English gentry. In the parks and pleasure-grounds, nature, dressed yet not disguised by art, wears her most alluring form. In the buildings, good sense and good taste combine to produce a happy union of the comfortable and the graceful. The pictures, the musical instruments, the library, would in any other country be considered as proving the owner to be an eminently polished and accomplished man. A country gentleman who witnessed the Revolution was probably in receipt of a fourth part of the rent which his acres now yield to his posterity. He was, therefore, as compared with his posterity, a poor man, and was generally under the necessity of residing, with little interruption, on his estate. To travel on the Continent, to maintain an establishment in London, or even to visit London frequently, were pleasures in which only the great proprietors could indulge. It may be confidently affirmed, that of the squires whose names were in King Charles's commissions of peace and lieutenancy not one in twenty went to town once in five years, or had ever in his life wandered so far as Paris. Many lords of manors had received an education differing little from that of their menial servants. The heir of an estate often passed his boyhood and youth at the seat of his family with no better tutors than grooms and gamekeepers, and scarce

attained learning enough to sign his name to a mittimus. If he went to school and to college, he generally returned before he was twenty to the seclusion of the old hall, and there, unless his mind were very happily constituted by nature, soon forgot his academical pursuits in rural business and pleasures. His chief serious employment was the care of his property. He examined samples of grain, handled pigs, and on market-days made bargains over a tankard with drovers and hop-merchants. His chief pleasures were commonly derived from field-sports and from an unrefined sensuality. His language and pronunciation were such as we should now expect to hear only from the most ignorant clowns. His oaths, coarse jests, and scurrilous terms of abuse, were uttered with the broadest accent of his province. It was easy to discern, from the first words which he spoke, whether he came from Somersetshire or Yorkshire. He troubled himself little about decorating his abode, and, if he attempted decoration, seldom produced any thing but deformity. The litter of a farm-yard gathered under the windows of his bedchamber, and the cabbages and gooseberry-bushes grew close to his hall-door. His table was loaded with coarse plenty; and guests were cordially welcomed to it. But, as the habit of drinking to excess was general in the class to which he belonged, and as his fortune did not enable him to intoxicate large assemblies daily with claret or canary, strong beer was the ordinary beverage. The quantity of beer consumed in those days was indeed enormous. For beer then was, to the middle and lower classes, not only all that beer now is, but all that wine, tea, and ardent spirits now are. It was only at great houses, or on great occasions, that foreign drink was placed on the board. The ladies of the house, whose business it had commonly been to cook the repast, retired as soon as the dishes had been devoured, and left the gentlemen to their ale and tobacco. The coarse jollity of the afternoon was often prolonged till the revellers were laid under the table.

"It was very seldom that the country gentleman caught glimpses of the great world; and what he saw of it tended rather to confuse than to enlighten his understanding. His opinions respecting religion, government, foreign countries, and former times, having been derived, not from study, from observation, or from conversation with enlightened companions, but from such traditions as were current in his own small circle, were the opinions of a child. He adhered to them, however, with the obstinacy which is generally found in ignorant men accustomed to be fed with flattery. His animosities were numerous and bitter. He hated Frenchmen and Italians, Scotchmen and Irishmen, Papists and Presbyterians, Independents and Baptists, Quakers and Jews. Towards London and Londoners he felt an aversion which more than once produced important political effects. His wife and daughter were in tastes and acquirements below a housekeeper or a stillroom-maid of the present day. They stitched and spun, brewed gooseberry-wine, cured marigolds, and made the crust for the venison pasty. * * *

"The gross, uneducated, untravelled country gentleman was commonly a Tory: but, though devotedly attached to hereditary monarchy, he had no partiality for courtiers and ministers. He thought, not without reason, that Whitehall was filled with the most corrupt of mankind; that of the great sums which the House of Commons had voted to the crown since the Restoration, part had been embezzled by cunning politicians, and part squandered on buffoons and foreign courtesans. His stout English heart swelled with indignation at the thought that the government of his country should be subject to French dictation. Being himself generally an old Cavalier, or the son of an old Cavalier, he reflected with bitter resentment on the ingratitude with which the Stuarts had requited their best friends. Those who heard him grumble at the neglect with which he was treated, and at the profusion with which wealth was lavished on the bastards of Nell Gwynn and Madam Carwell, would have supposed him ripe for rebellion.

But all this ill humour lasted only till the throne was really in danger. It was precisely when those whom the sovereign had loaded with wealth and honours shrank from his side, that the country gentlemen, so surly and mutinous in the season of his prosperity, rallied round him in a body. Thus, after murmuring twenty years at the misgovernment of Charles the Second, they came to his rescue in his extremity, when his own secretaries of state and lords of the Treasury had deserted him, and enabled him to gain a complete victory over the opposition; nor can there be any doubt that they would have shewn equal loyalty to his brother James, if James would, even at the moment, have refrained from outraging their strongest feeling. For there was one institution, and one only, which they prized even more than hereditary monarchy; and that institution was the Church of England. Their love of the Church was not, indeed, the effect of study or meditation. Few among them could have given any reason, drawn from Scripture or ecclesiastical history, for adhering to her doctrines, her ritual, and her polity; nor were they, as a class, by any means strict observers of that code of morality which is common to all Christian sects. But the experience of many ages proves that men may be ready to fight to the death, and to persecute without pity, for a religion whose creed they do not understand, and whose precepts they habitually disobey."

Singularly curious is the account of the great body of the clergy of the Establishment.

"The clergy were regarded as, on the whole, a plebeian class. And, indeed, for one who made the figure of a gentleman, ten were mere menial servants. A large proportion of those divines who had no benefices, or whose benefices were too small to afford a comfortable revenue, lived in the houses of laymen. It had long been evident that this practice tended to degrade the priestly character. Laud had exerted himself to effect a change; and Charles the First had repeatedly issued positive orders that none but men of high rank should presume to keep domestic chaplains. But these injunctions had become obsolete. Indeed, during the domination of the Puritans, many of the ejected ministers of the Church of England could obtain bread and shelter only by attaching themselves to the households of royalist gentlemen; and the habits which had been formed in those times of trouble continued long after the re-establishment of monarchy and episcopacy. In the mansions of men of liberal sentiments and cultivated understandings, the chaplain was doubtless treated with urbanity and kindness. His conversation, his literary assistance, his spiritual advice, were considered as an ample return for his food, his lodging, and his stipend. But this was not the general feeling of the country gentlemen. The coarse and ignorant squire, who thought that it belonged to his dignity to have grace said every day at his table by an ecclesiastic in full canonicals, found means to reconcile dignity with economy. A young Levite—such was the phrase then in use—might be had for his board, a small garret, and ten pounds a year; and might not only perform his own professional functions, might not only be the most patient of butts and of listeners, might not only be always ready in fine weather for bowls, and in rainy weather for shovelboard, but might also save the expense of a gardener, or of a groom. Sometimes the reverend man nailed up the apricots, and sometimes he curried the coach-horses. He cast up the farrier's bills. He walked ten miles with a message or a parcel. If he was permitted to dine with the family, he was expected to content himself with the plainest fare. He might fill himself with the corned beef and the carrots; but, as soon as the tarts and cheesecakes made their appearance, he quitted his seat, and stood aloof till he was summoned to return thanks for the repast, from a great part of which he had been excluded.

"Perhaps after some years of service he was presented to a living sufficient to support him: but he often found it necessary to purchase his preferment by a species of simony, which furnished an inexhaustible subject of plea-

santry to three or four generations of scoffers. With his cure he was expected to take a wife. The wife had ordinarily been in the patron's service; and it was well if she was not suspected of standing too high in the patron's favour. Indeed, the nature of the matrimonial connexions which the clergymen of that age were in the habit of forming is the most certain indication of the place which the order held in the social system. An Oxonian, writing a few months after the death of Charles the Second, complained bitterly, not only that the country attorney and the country apothecary looked down with disdain on the country clergyman, but that one of the lessons most earnestly inculcated on every girl of honourable family was to give no encouragement to a lover in orders, and that, if any young lady forgot this precept, she was almost as much disgraced as by an illicit amour. Clarendon, who assuredly bore no ill will to the Church, mentions it as a sign of the confusion of ranks which the great rebellion had produced, that some damsels of noble families had bestowed themselves on divines. A waiting-woman was generally considered as the most suitable helpmate for a parson. Queen Elizabeth, as head of the Church, had given what seemed to be a formal sanction to this prejudice, by issuing special orders that no clergyman should presume to marry a servant-girl without the consent of her master or mistress. During several generations accordingly the relation between priests and handmaidens was a theme for endless jest; nor would it be easy to find, in the comedy of the seventeenth century, a single instance of a clergyman who wins a spouse above the rank of a cook. Even so late as the time of George the Second, the keenest of all observers of life and manners, himself a priest, remarked that, in a great household, the chaplain was the resource of a lady's maid whose character had been blown upon, and who was therefore forced to give up hopes of catching the steward."

We have already quoted sufficiently largely from Mr. Macaulay's pages, but there yet remains one more subject on which we cannot forbear a further extract. If there is any one social question of overwhelming importance to the country, it is the relative position of the rich and poor. On this depends not only the future prosperity of the kingdom, but almost its very corporate existence. Yet there are few points on which it is so difficult to ascertain the precise truth, as the condition of the labouring man of to-day in comparison with his condition one, two, five, or six hundred years back. One class of politicians and philosophers would have us believe that in former days there was scarcely any pauperism; another, that our present ills are as nothing to those of bygone epochs. A thoroughly candid and minute examination of this question, including the three periods of the 13th and 14th centuries, the reign of Elizabeth, and the reign of Charles the Second, would be one of the greatest boons in the way of knowledge which could be conferred upon those who toil for the safety of their fellow-countrymen. Mr. Macaulay confines his remarks to the last of these three periods, and even upon this he necessarily touches but slightly. His statements are nevertheless of so much importance that our readers will be glad to see a portion of them.

"The great criterion of the state of the common people is the amount of their wages; and, as four-fifths of the common people were, in the seventeenth century, employed in agriculture, it is especially important to

ascertain what were then the wages of agricultural industry. On this subject we have the means of arriving at conclusions sufficiently exact for our purpose.

"Sir William Petty, whose mere assertion carries great weight, informs us that a labourer was by no means in the lowest state who received for a day's work fourpence with food, or eightpence without food. Four shillings a week, therefore, were, according to Petty's calculation, fair agricultural wages.

"That this calculation was not remote from the truth we have abundant proof. About the beginning of the year 1685 the justices of Warwickshire, in the exercise of a power entrusted to them by an act of Elizabeth, fixed, at their quarter-sessions, a scale of wages for their county, and notified that every employer who gave more than the authorised sum, and every working-man who received more, would be liable to punishment. The wages of the common agricultural labourer, from March to September, they fixed at the precise sum mentioned by Petty, namely, four shillings a week without food. From September to March the wages were to be only three and sixpence a week. But in that age, as in ours, the earnings of the peasant were very different in different parts of the kingdom. The wages of Warwickshire were probably about the average, and those of the counties near the Scottish border below it. But there were more favoured districts. In the same year, 1685, a gentleman of Devonshire, named Richard Dunning, published a small tract, in which he described the condition of the poor of that county. That he understood his subject well it is impossible to doubt; for, a few months later, his work was reprinted, and was, by the magistrates assembled in quarter-sessions at Exeter, strongly recommended to the attention of all parochial officers. According to him, the wages of the Devonshire peasant were, without food, about five shillings a week.

"Still better was the condition of the labourer in the neighbourhood of Bury St. Edmund's. The magistrates of Suffolk met there in the spring of 1682 to fix a rate of wages, and resolved that, where the labourer was not boarded, he should have five shillings a week in winter, and six in summer.

"In 1661 the justices at Chelmsford had fixed the wages of the Essex labourer, who was not boarded, at six shillings in winter and seven in summer. This seems to have been the highest remuneration given in the kingdom for agricultural labour between the Restoration and the Revolution; and it is to be observed that, in the year in which this order was made, the necessities of life were immoderately dear. Wheat was at seventy shillings the quarter, which would even now be considered as almost a famine price. * * *

"The remuneration of workmen employed in manufactures has always been higher than that of the tillers of the soil. In the year 1680 a member of the House of Commons remarked that the high wages paid in this country made it impossible for our textures to maintain a competition with the produce of the Indian looms. An English mechanic, he said, instead of slaving like a native of Bengal for a piece of copper, exacted a shilling a day. Other evidence is extant, which proves that a shilling a day was the pay to which the English manufacturer then thought himself entitled, but that he was often forced to work for less. The common people of that age were not in the habit of meeting for public discussion, of haranguing, or of petitioning parliament. No newspaper pleaded their cause. It was in rude rhyme that their love and hatred, their exultation and their distress, found utterance. A great part of their history is to be learned only from their ballads. One of the most remarkable of the popular lays chanted about the streets of Norwich and Leeds in the time of Charles the Second may still be read on the original broadside. It is the vehement and bitter cry of labour against capital. It describes the good old times when every artisan employed in the woollen manufacture lived as well as a farmer. But those times were past. Sixpence a day now was all that could be earned by hard labour at the loom. If the poor complained that they

could not live on such a pittance, they were told that they were free to take it or leave it. For so miserable a recompense were the producers of wealth compelled to toil, rising early and lying down late, while the master-clothier, eating, sleeping, and idling, became rich by their exertions. A shilling a day, the poet declares, is what the weaver would have, if justice were done. We may therefore conclude that, in the generation which preceded the revolution, a workman employed in the great staple manufacture of England thought himself fairly paid if he gained six shillings a week.

"It may here be noticed, that the practice of setting children prematurely to work, a practice which the state, the legitimate protector of those who cannot protect themselves, has, in our time, wisely and humanely interdicted, prevailed in the seventeenth century to an extent which, when compared with the extent of the manufacturing system, seems almost incredible. At Norwich, the chief seat of the clothing trade, a little creature of six years old was thought fit for labour. Several writers of that time, and among them some who were considered as eminently benevolent, mention, with exultation, the fact, that in that single city boys and girls of tender age created wealth exceeding what was necessary for their own subsistence by twelve thousand pounds a year. The more carefully we examine the history of the past, the more reason shall we find to dissent from those who imagine that our age has been fruitful of new social evils. The truth is, that the evils are, with scarcely an exception, old. That which is new is the intelligence which discerns and the humanity which remedies them.

"When we pass from the weavers of cloth to a different class of artisans, our inquiries will still lead us to nearly the same conclusions. During several generations, the Commissioners of Greenwich Hospital have kept a register of the wages paid to different classes of workmen who have been employed in the repairs of the building. From this valuable record it appears that, in the course of a hundred and twenty years, the daily earnings of the bricklayer have risen from half a crown to four and tenpence, those of the mason from half a crown to five and threepence, those of the carpenter from half a crown to five and fivepence, and those of the plumber from three shillings to five and sixpence. It seems clear, therefore, that the wages of labour, estimated in money, were, in 1685, not more than half of what they now are; and there were few articles important to the working man of which the price was not, in 1685, more than half of what it now is. Beer was undoubtedly much cheaper in that age than at present. Meat was also cheaper, but was still so dear that there were hundreds of thousands of families who scarcely knew the taste of it. In the cost of wheat there has been very little change. The average price of the quarter, during the last twelve years of Charles the Second, was fifty shillings. Bread, therefore, such as is now given to the inmates of a workhouse, was then seldom seen, even on the trencher of a yeoman or of a shopkeeper. The great majority of the nation lived almost entirely on rye, barley, and oats.

"The produce of tropical countries, the produce of the mines, the produce of machinery, was positively dearer than at present. Among the commodities for which the labourer would have had to pay higher in 1685 than his posterity pay in 1848, were sugar, salt, coals, candles, soap, shoes, stockings, and generally all articles of clothing, and all articles of bedding. It may be added, that the old coats and blankets would have been, not only more costly, but less serviceable than the modern fabrics.

"It must be remembered that those labourers who were able to maintain themselves and their families by means of wages, were not the most necessitous members of the community. Beneath them lay a large class which could not subsist without some aid from the parish. There can hardly be a more important test of the condition of the common people than the ratio which this class bears to the whole society. At present the men, women, and children who receive relief are, in bad years, one tenth of the inhabitants of England, and, in good years, one thirteenth. Gregory King estimated

them in his time at more than a fifth; and this estimate, which all our respect for his authority will scarcely prevent us from calling extravagant, was pronounced by Davenant eminently judicious.

"We are not quite without the means of forming an estimate for ourselves. The poor-rate was undoubtedly the heaviest tax borne by our ancestors in those days. It was computed, in the reign of Charles the Second, at near seven hundred thousand pounds a year, much more than the produce either of the excise or of the customs, and little less than half the entire revenue of the crown. The poor-rate went on increasing rapidly, and appears to have risen in a short time to between eight and nine hundred thousand a year, that is to say, to one-sixth of what it now is. The population was

then less than a third of what it now is. The minimum of wages, estimated in money, was half of what it now is; and we can therefore hardly suppose that the average allowance made to a pauper can have been more than half of what it now is. It seems to follow, that the proportion of the English people which received parochial relief then must have been larger than the proportion which receives relief now. It is good to speak on such questions with diffidence: but it has certainly never yet been proved that pauperism was a less heavy burden or a less serious social evil during the last quarter of the seventeenth century than it has been in our own time."

With this somewhat lengthy quotation we for the present conclude.

SACRED AND LEGENDARY ART.—CREDULITY AND INCREDULITY.

Sacred and Legendary Art. By Mrs. Jameson. Longmans.

WE shall hail the day when such books as that which Mrs. Jameson has here presented to us are given to the world by Catholic pens. That the spirit of the art of Catholics can be adequately conceived by any but those whose faith is Catholic, we account almost an impossibility. Holding that there is such a thing as truth in the world, and that certain definite religious doctrines have been, as a matter of fact, made known by God to man, we account it to be a law of our being, that those who are to any extent in the dark as to the truth or the practical influence of these doctrines are so far incapacitated from comprehending the full meaning, the beauties and the faults, of those works of art which are their visible embodiment and expression. We cannot, therefore, hope to be thoroughly satisfied with the writings upon religious art of any but Catholics, and of any but enlightened and devout Catholics. We can but look for the forced and repulsive unrealities of a Romanising school of theologians, or the clever and good-tempered, but superficial and half-ignorant, theories of the latitudinarian school of which Mrs. Jameson is a distinguished member.

Her present work is, however, as valuable a book of its kind as we may expect to see from one who looks upon the religion even of the fourth and fifth centuries as *polytheistic*, though essentially Christian. We shall hardly say too much when we call it a manual for the artist who would trace with his pencil, or chisel from the marble, the heroic and pious deeds of the Saints of the Church of Christ. Nothing else of the kind exists in our language, either as a guide to the professed painter or sculptor, or as a source of information for the general lover of Christian art. In truth, such a publication has never been called for in England, since the period when art began to revive amongst us. The connoisseur has simply turned up his nose at every suggestion, that it would be well for

him to understand the *meaning* of the works which he frigidly admired, and has been content to know infinitely less of the manner in which Christians represented Christian Saints and martyrs than of the rules according to which Pagans sculptured the gods and goddesses of Paganism.

"It is curious," writes Mrs. Jameson, "this general ignorance with regard to the subjects of Mediæval Art, more particularly now that it has become a reigning fashion among us. We find no such ignorance with regard to the subjects of Classical Art, because the associations connected with them form a part of every liberal education. Do we hear any one say, in looking at Annibal Caracci's picture in the National Gallery, 'Which is Silenus, and which is Apollo?' Who ever confounds a Venus with a Minerva, or a Vestal with an Amazon; or would endure an undraped Juno, or a headless Jupiter? Even the gardener in *Zeluco* knew Neptune by his 'fork,' and Vulcan by his 'lame leg.' We are, indeed, so accustomed, in visiting the churches and the galleries abroad, and the collections at home, to the predominance of sacred subjects, that it has become a mere matter of course, and excites no particular interest and attention. We have heard it all accounted for by the fact that the Church and churchmen were the first, and for a long time the only, patrons of art. In every sacred edifice, and in every public or private collection enriched from the plunder of sacred edifices, we look for the usual proportion of melancholy martyrdoms and fictitious miracles,—for the predominance of Madonnas and Magdalenes, St. Catherines and St. Jeromes; but why these should predominate, why certain events and characters from the Old and the New Testament should be continually repeated, and others comparatively neglected; whence the predilection for certain legendary personages, who seem to be multiplied to infinity, and the rarity of others:—of this we know nothing. We have learned, perhaps, after running through half the galleries and churches in Europe, to distinguish a few of the attributes and characteristic figures which meet us at every turn, yet without any clear idea of their meaning, derivation, or relative propriety. The palm of victory, we know, designates the martyr, triumphant in death. We so far emulate the critical sagacity of the gardener in *Zeluco*, that we have learned to distinguish St. Laurence by his gridiron, and St. Catherine by her wheel. We are not at a loss to recognise the Magdalene's 'loose hair and lifted eye,' even when without her skull and her vase of ointment. We learn to know St. Francis by his brown habit, and shaven crown, and wasted ardent features; but how do we distinguish him from St. Anthony, or St. Dominick? As for St. George and the dragon—from the St. George of the Louvre,—Raphael's,—who sits his horse with the elegant tranquillity of one assured of celestial aid, down to him 'who

swings on a sign-post at mine hostess's door,—he is our familiar acquaintance. But who is that lovely being in the first blush of youth, who, bearing aloft the symbolic cross, stands with one foot on the vanquished dragon? 'That is a copy after Raphael.' And who is that majestic creature holding her palm-branch, while the unicorn crouches at her feet? 'That is the famous Moretto at Vienna.' Are we satisfied?—not in the least! but we try to look wiser, and pass on.

"In the old times the painters of these legendary scenes and subjects could always reckon securely on certain associations and certain sympathies in the minds of the spectators. We have outgrown these associations, we repudiate these sympathies. We have taken these works from their consecrated localities, in which they once held each their dedicated place, and we have hung them in our drawing-rooms and our dressing-rooms, over our pianos and our sideboards—and now what do they say to us? That Magdalene, weeping amid her hair, who once spoke comfort to the soul of the fallen sinner—that Sebastian, arrow-pierced, whose upward ardent glance spoke of courage and hope to the tyrant-ridden serf—that poor tortured slave, to whose aid St. Mark comes sweeping down from above—can they speak to us of nothing save flowing lines and correct drawing and gorgeous colour? must we be told that one is a Titian, the other a Guido, the third a Tintoret, before we dare to melt in compassion or admiration?—or the moment we refer to their ancient religious signification and influence, must it be with disdain or with pity? This, as it appears to me, is to take not a rational, but rather a most irrational, as well as a most irreverent, view of the question; it is to confine the pleasure and improvement to be derived from works of art within very narrow bounds; it is to seal up a fountain of the richest poetry, and to shut out a thousand ennobling and inspiring thoughts. Happily there is a growing appreciation of these larger principles of criticism as applied to the study of art. People look at the pictures which hang round their walls, and have an awakening suspicion that there is more in them than meets the eye—more than mere connoisseurship can interpret; and that they have another, a deeper significance than has been dreamed of by picture dealers and picture collectors, or even picture critics."

It is the aim of these two substantial volumes to furnish the more intelligent amateur with sketches of the lives and acts of the chief saints and martyrs of the Church; with especial regard to the particular aspects under which they appear in the works of ancient and mediæval artists. The authorities to which Mrs. Jameson has had recourse are, the *Legenda Aurea* of Voragine; the *Flos Sanctorum* of Ribadeneira; the *Perfetto Leggendario*; the *Legende delle Sante Vergini*; Baillet's *Vies des Saints*; and Alban Butler's *Lives of the Saints*. Her first volume contains the "legends" of the personages mentioned in holy Scripture and of the primitive Fathers; the second treats of those whom the authoress describes as those "sainted personages who lived, or are supposed to have lived, in the first ages of Christianity; and whose real history, founded on fact or tradition, has been so disguised by poetical embroidery, that they have, in some sort, the air of ideal beings." The legends of the monastic orders, and the history of the Franciscans and Dominicans, are to form the subject of a third volume.

Mrs. Jameson relates all that she records with considerable spirit and grace, and rarely

obtrudes any thing upon the reader which will remind him of her peculiar religious views. Her critical remarks upon the innumerable pictures, statues, and mosaics, to which she refers, are ever marked with discrimination, and with an acute perception both of the true office of art and of the distinctive merits of the different schools of Italy and other lands. She has already vindicated her claim to a high rank among contemporary writers upon art, and her present work will materially strengthen her claim. Her volumes abound with delightful woodcuts, and with etchings of groups and of single figures; a large proportion of them being made from her own drawings from the originals. On the whole, the work is of solid value, and exhibits a more than ordinary research into its subject.

What may be Mrs. Jameson's theological creed we cannot well say. She is, unfortunately, as meagrely informed in religious, as she is well informed in artistic subjects. She clearly knows nothing of the history and theology of Christendom from its earliest times, except at second hand; and even so her studies have manifestly been singularly limited. Mr. Milman would seem to be her great authority on the faith and practices of the primitive Church; and if she has any positive creed at all, it is of the most misty kind, and probably would scarcely bear to be put into words. She belongs to that large class who think that the essence of Christianity consists in a certain "spirit;" and that dogmatic statements are valuable, not so much as being true or false, but as being more or less pure *modes* of embodying that spirit. She is even so absurd as to give it as her opinion, that "the bitter disputes in the early Church relative to the nature of the Godhead, the subtle distinctions and incomprehensible arguments of the theologians, the dread entertained by the predominant Church of any heterodox opinions concerning the divinity of the Redeemer, had all conspired to remove Him, in his personal character of teacher and Saviour, far away from the hearts of the benighted and miserable people,—far, far away into regions speculative, mysterious, spiritual, whither they could not, dared not, follow Him." Mrs. Jameson will pardon us, we trust, if we suggest to her, that in this sentence she has achieved the very sublime of nonsense. Does she really mean that the essence of the Gospel consists in something not *spiritual*, but carnal?

We turn with pleasure to her more sensible remarks. Such, with certain drawbacks, is the following:

"If we go back to the authentic histories of the sufferings and heroism of the early martyrs, we shall find enough there, both of the wonderful and the affecting, to justify the credulity and enthusiasm of the unlettered

people, who saw no reason why they should not believe in one miracle as well as in another. In these universally diffused legends, we may recognise the means, at least one of the means, by which a merciful Providence, working through its own immutable laws, had provided against the utter depravation, almost extinction, of society. Of the 'dark ages,' emphatically so called, the period to which I allude was perhaps the darkest; it was 'of Night's black arch the key-stone.' At a time when men were given over to the direst evils that can afflict humanity,—ignorance, idleness, wickedness, misery; at a time when the every-day incidents of life were a violation of all the moral instincts of mankind; at a time when all things seemed abandoned to a blind chance, or the brutal law of force; when there was no repose, no refuge, no safety anywhere; when the powerful inflicted, and the weak endured, whatever we can conceive of most revolting and intolerable; when slavery was recognised by law throughout Europe; when men fled to cloisters, to shut themselves from oppression, and women to shield themselves from outrage; when the manners were harsh, the language gross; when all the softer social sentiments, as pity, reverence, tenderness, found no resting-place in the actual relations of life; when, for the higher ranks, there was only the fierce excitement of war, and on the humbler classes lay the weary, dreary monotony of a stagnant existence, poor in pleasures of every kind, without aim, without hope; then—wondrous reaction of the ineffaceable instincts of good implanted within us!—arose a literature which reversed the outward order of things, which asserted and kept alive in the hearts of men those pure principles of Christianity which were outraged in their daily actions; a literature in which peace was represented as better than war, and sufferance more dignified than resistance; which exhibited poverty and toil as honourable, and charity as the first of virtues; which held up to imitation and emulation, self-sacrifice in the cause of good, and contempt of death for conscience' sake: a literature, in which the tenderness, the chastity, the heroism of woman, played a conspicuous part; which distinctly protested against slavery, against violence, against impurity in word and deed; which refreshed the fevered and darkened spirit with images of moral beauty and truth; revealed bright glimpses of a better land, where 'the wicked cease from troubling,' and brought down the angels of God with shining wings and bearing crowns of glory, to do battle with the demons of darkness, to catch the fleeting soul of the triumphant martyr, and carry it at once into a paradise of eternal blessedness and peace!

"Now the Legendary Art of the three centuries which comprise the revival of learning was, as I have said, the reflection of this literature, of this teaching. Considered in this point of view, can we easily overrate its interest and importance?"

"When, after the long period of darkness which followed upon the decline of the Roman Empire, the Fine Arts began to revive, the first, and for several ages the only impress they received, was that of the religious spirit of the time. Painting, Sculpture, Music, and Architecture, as they emerged one after another from the 'formless void,' were pressed into the service of the Church. But it is a mistake to suppose that in adroitly adapting the reviving Arts to her purposes, in that magnificent spirit of calculation which at all times characterised her, the Church from the beginning selected the subjects, or dictated the use that was to be made of them. We find, on the contrary, edicts and councils repressing the popular extravagances in this respect, and denouncing those apocryphal versions of sacred events and traditions which had become the delight of the people. But vain were councils and edicts; the tide was too strong to be so checked. The Church found herself obliged to accept and mould to her own objects the exotic elements she could not eradicate. She absorbed, so to speak, the evils and errors she could not expel. There seems to have been at this time a sort of compromise between the popular legends, with all their wild mixture of northern and classical superstitions, and the Church legends properly so called. The first great object to which reviving

Art was destined, was to render the Christian places of worship a theatre of instruction and improvement for the people, to attract and to interest them by representations of scenes, events, and personages, already so familiar as to require no explanation, appealing at once to their intelligence and their sympathies; embodying in beautiful shapes (beautiful at least in their eyes) associations and feelings and memories deep rooted in their very hearts, and which had influenced, in no slight degree, the progress of civilisation, the development of mind."

Still better is that which follows:

"It is about a hundred years since the passion, or the fashion, for collecting works of Art began to be generally diffused among the rich and the noble of this land; and it is amusing to look back and to consider the perversions and affectations of the would-be connoisseurship during this period;—the very small stock of ideas on which people set up a pretension to taste—the false notions, the mixture of pedantry and ignorance, which every where prevailed. The publication of Richardson's book, and Sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourses, had this advantage, that they, to a certain degree, diffused a more elevated idea of Art as Art—and that they placed connoisseurship on a better and truer basis. In those days we had Inquiries into the Principles of Taste, Treatises on the Sublime and Beautiful, Anecdotes of Painting, and we abounded in Antiquarian Essays on disputed Pictures and mutilated Statues: but then, and up to a late period, any inquiry into the true spirit and significance of works of Art, as connected with the history of Religion and Civilisation, would have appeared ridiculous—or perhaps dangerous;—we should have had another cry of 'No Popery,' and acts of parliament forbidding the importation of Saints and Madonnas. It was fortunate, perhaps, that connoisseurs meddled not with such high matters. They talked volubly and harmlessly of 'hands,' and 'masters,' and 'schools,'—of 'draperies,' of 'tints,' of 'handling,'—of 'fine heads,' 'fine compositions,'—of the 'grace of Raphael,' and of the 'Correggiosity of Correggio.' The very manner in which the names of the painters were pedantically used instead of the name of the subject, is indicative of this factitious feeling; the only question at issue was, whether such a picture was a genuine 'Raphael?' such another a genuine 'Titian?' The spirit of the work—whether *that* was genuine; how far it was influenced by the faith and the condition of the age which produced it; whether the conception was properly characteristic, and of *what* it was characteristic—of the subject? or of the school? or of the time?—whether the treatment corresponded to the idea within our own souls, or was modified by the individuality of the artist, or by received conventionalisms of all kinds—these were questions which had not then occurred to any one; and I am not sure that we are much wiser even now; yet, setting aside all higher considerations, how can we do common justice to the artist, unless we can bring his work to the test of truth? and how can we do this, unless we know what to look for, what was *intended* as to incident, expression, character? One result of our ignorance has been the admiration wasted on the flimsy mannerists of the later ages of Art; men who apparently had no definite *intention* in anything they did, except a dashing outline, or a delicate finish, or a striking and attractive management of colour."

Taken historically, the grand fallacy which is involved in the ideas of those who think with Mrs. Jameson on the subject of Catholic legends is the notion of the absolute antecedent impossibility of all miracles since the apostolic age. This notion, we grieve to say, is not confined to those whose religion is the same as that of our accomplished authoress; there are not a few Catholics whose opinions are vague and wavering to a perilous extent on the general question of miraculous inter-

ferences. We are ourselves as far as possible removed from all open-mouthed credulity, and from any preference of a supernatural story to a natural one, apart from its evidence and from the circumstances of the case. We are slow to believe *any thing* without proof. We know perfectly well the application of the law of chances, so to call it, to every account we hear of any event, whether professedly supernatural or the reverse. Knowing that where one miraculous fact exists, there are millions of non-miraculous facts which exist at the same moment, we are perfectly aware that when any seemingly supernatural story is mentioned, without evidence on either side, the probabilities against its being really miraculous are as millions to one. But knowing it to be a fact that the possession of miraculous powers was promised by our Lord to his Church, without a hint of limitation as to time or place, we are as fully convinced that *some* miracles are now wrought as that our Blessed Lord once made the promise. Hence, while we regard a miraculous story as almost overwhelmingly improbable, viewed simply as *one* out of the countless myriads of events which happen on the earth, we see no improbability in it whatsoever, viewed *in itself*. All we ask is a reasonable amount of evidence in its favour; and we no more think it impossible that any miracles should be true, because the antecedent improbability against the miraculous character of any one act is so immense, than we think it impossible that any one human being upon earth should be a sovereign prince, because when any individual man is mentioned, simply as a man, the chances are about twenty millions to one that he is nothing but a private individual.

Accordingly as a person realises this view, he will regard a book which contains miraculous statements with aversion, or with the reverse. No man pretends to say that *all* the legends about the Saints are true; or that of those which are true, many which seem supernatural are not to be attributed to natural causes ill understood. No man asserts that the reader of any particular Saint's life is bound to accept the statements of the biographer as undoubtedly historically accurate. It were ludicrous, or worse than ludicrous, to attempt such a violation of the elementary laws of biography and criticism. The authors of these lives would often have been the very first to repudiate every such notion. But yet there is the Catholic and there is the unbelieving mode of reading such histories. The ordinary Protestant, and the half-enlightened Catholic, commences with the idea, that because all that he reads is not necessarily true, or because some portion of it is very probably false, therefore there is a cloud of suspicion hanging over the whole mass of statements, and the biography is a mere fool-

ish *myth*, to be rejected by every man of sense and penetration. He tests the truth of each anecdote he reads, not by the amount of evidence in its favour, but by its degree of variation from the ordinary laws of nature, or by his own private opinion as to whether a supernatural interference was warranted by the circumstances of the case. He overlooks the fact, that the actual truth of every incident that is detailed, whether wondrously miraculous or eminently trivial and commonplace, depends upon the critical skill and candour of the biographer alone; and that the simplest dates and names, and the most trifling occurrences of every-day life, are less worthy of belief when resting upon the authority of an ignorant or prejudiced writer, than the most astoundingly marvellous portent which is vouched for by a dispassionate and sensible man.

Hence it is, that Mrs. Jameson and similar writers accept, with the simplest credulity, every historical statement which is similar to the daily events of their own lives, on testimony little better than worthless, while they close their whole minds to the record of a saintly miracle, though supported by an amount of proof little short of mathematical demonstration. They are prepared to admit, as unquestionably true, the interpretation of the faith of the primitive Church which is given by such speculators as Mr. Milman, without a thought of inquiry as to his capability as an ecclesiastical historian; while the testimony of a host of eyewitnesses to the reality of the *stigmata* received by St. Francis is thrust aside with an ill-concealed sneer of derision.

The truly philosophical spirit in which the believing Christian will view such records of marvellous incidents as are here presented to us as being so many graceful poetic fictions, is as far removed from vain credulity as from presumptuous unbelief. He never pretends to give credence to all that he reads; but he never pretends to pick here and there an incident or a detail as too preposterous for his common sense to believe. He asks for nothing but evidence; and according to the amount of evidence so is his confidence in the truth of what is related. Apart from all critical examination of individual miracles, also, he reads with delight and edification; while the sceptical mind is tormented by the perpetual intrusion of the supernatural, and even if convinced that *some* portions of the supernatural narrative are true, yet cannot rest until all that may *by any possibility* be erroneous is rigorously banished away. The wise Christian knows that in every Saint's life the supernatural is positively the probable; and that if one or even many of the stories before him are purely fictitious, yet the narrative is by its very nature an essen-

tially supernatural narrative, and its substantial truth is no more affected by the addition of a few unproved miraculous incidents, than by the addition of a few unproved natural occurrences. The presence of a false legend

no more upsets the general truth of the miraculous history, than the presence of a false date, or an error as to the words of a common conversation.

GOETHE, HIS LIFE AND HIS WORKS.

1. *Heinrich Viehoff. Goethe's Leben (Goethe's Life).* Vol. I. Stuttgart. London, Franz Thimm.
2. *K. Rosenkranz. Goethe und seine Werke (Goethe and his Works).* Königsberg.
3. *Campaign in France in the Year 1792.* Translated from the German of Goethe, by Robert Farie, Barrister-at-law. Chapman and Hall.

Two new books on Goethe! Have we not already enough concerning him, in the shape of biographies, commentaries, philosophical disquisitions, table-talk, letters? Perhaps not. The literature that moves around the remarkable mind of Goethe may be comprehensive, but yet there are many deficiencies left still undiscovered, which we are always glad to see filled up; more particularly as his contemporaries during the eventful period from 1780 to 1830 are rapidly disappearing from this world.

Several biographies of this singular man have been given to the world, and there is even one written by himself; but we must remember that he termed his autobiography "Truth and Poetry" (*Dichtung und Wahrheit*), and it becomes frequently a matter of difficulty to separate with accuracy his fiction from truth; indeed, this work ought not to be read before the student is so intimately acquainted with Goethe's life as to distinguish the one from the other. He will thus be able to comprehend the poet's mind, and value the beautiful lights and shades of description, either of true simple scenes or of imaginative fiction, or those characters who have moved and rested around him during his eventful career.

The words from *Faust*:

"Gleich einer alten, halbverklungenen Sage,
Kommt erste Lieb' und Freundschaft mit herauf,"

were floating around him when he was composing his autobiography, in which the descriptions of his youth, of his early love, particularly of "Friederike von Sesenheim," are masterpieces of simplicity and beauty, not to be surpassed. Even in such instances, however, as these, we want more real truth than Goethe offers; nor can he be expected to be the faithful historian of himself. He wrote as the poet, and as such he writes and rejects whatever is opposed to his imagination. A life of the poet is, indeed, still to be supplied. True, there

is already a biography by Döring, but it is a heavy, spiritless book. Viehoff, on the other hand, has distinguished himself as a careful collector, and as clever in arranging and working existing materials. His literary labours have been such as to make him a fit man for a task which requires an intimate knowledge of German literature, German life, and German character. Viehoff's book has a freshness and a liveliness about it, which shew that it is not a task-book, but a labour of love.

The first volume, now published, contains the history of Goethe's ancestors, his youth, his University life at Leipzig, and closes with the "Strassburger Leben." These parts of Goethe's life are replete with the greatest interest, and the tale is well told in the book before us, to the contents of which we must refer our readers, and can promise that they will find, if not many new things, yet many incidents more clearly developed and in better proportion and harmony than heretofore. The whole biography is to be completed in four volumes, and we shall take occasion to refer again to it, when the entire work is before us.

Professor Rosenkranz's book is a work of higher pretensions. Its author is a celebrated philosopher of Königsberg, occupying the first post in expounding the Hegelian philosophy, and is besides an æsthetic writer, and a poet of no common order. There has been great need of such a book, in order to develop the internal, spiritual life of Goethe in all its forms. If we glance over the praiseworthy catalogue of *Lancizotte* of what has been written on Goethe, we find that, with all the care he has taken to produce a complete list, it contains only about one-third of what has been actually done. Varnhagen von Ense is the only man who can complete the list, and we should select him as the only person who might do thorough justice to a biography of Goethe. Varnhagen von Ense, who has been termed the Plutarch of Germany, in style the most elegant and pure, a contemporary of Goethe, with all the friends of the latter in intimate relation, either through his literary labours or his position in life, has unhappily an exclusive taste for the lives of military heroes. Why, let us ask, can he not cherish enthusiasm enough to make the great Coryphæus of German literature his theme?

Rosenkranz's book is to be recommended

on account of its general tone, its historical fairness, and its conciliatory spirit. It will also acquaint the reader with the precise position in which Goethe has been placed by critical literature. Professor Rosenkranz develops all the writings of Goethe historically, and places them within the sphere of their proper periods, whence they appear in their true and real light, while he has many interesting pages on Goethe's merits with regard to his discoveries in natural philosophy. The philosophical professor is, we cannot avoid confessing, frequently too philosophical in his style, without any decided necessity, and delights in hard metaphysical phrases, without any positive illustrative meaning; we must, however, attribute this fault to his Hegelian spirit, and the occasional defects of repetition and seriousness of style, to the fact that his pages were originally lectures delivered at the University at Königsberg to crowded audiences. His book supplies, notwithstanding, a desideratum in the Goethean (if we may coin a word) literature, and must be welcomed by every one who makes Goethe his study.

The third book on our list is a version of a work of Goethe's, not hitherto translated into English. On the invasion of France in the year 1792, by the allied army, under the command of the King of Prussia and the Duke of Brunswick, he went in the suite of his patron, the Duke of Weimar, who held a command in the Prussian service. The poet has here recorded his impressions of what he saw during a campaign, which, if not absolutely disastrous in its results, was yet doomed to utter failure. It exhibits many of the striking peculiarities of Goethe's mind, under circumstances not ordinarily the lot of men of letters and study. As in every thing to which he ever put his hand, the union of strength, simplicity, and scepticism, which was the great feature of his character, is sufficiently apparent, and produces those quiet, yet vivid and living pictures of realities which enchain the attention of his readers with so remarkable a power. Compared with many of his other writings, the *Campaign in France* is indeed a slight and trifling production; but apart from any such contrast, it is in itself a true and touching record of the sober truths of war in its less dazzling aspects, and shews us what glory is when stripped of her tinsel trappings. Calm and self-possessed as was the writer himself, or rather calmly and with self-possession as he writes, he suggests enough to shew the dismal wretchedness of the scenes he portrays, to those more susceptible or less fortunately circumstanced than the *attaché* of the Duke of Weimar. His descriptions lose much of their force when extracted from the context, but we must give two or three instances of the discomforts and miseries of the "path of glory." Here is one of the most trivial:

"On our return to our first quarters, we found a distinguished emigrant formerly known to us. He was saluted kindly, and did not despise our frugal meal; but some inward commotion was visible in him; he had evidently something on his heart, of which he sought to rid himself by means of exclamations. When we, for old acquaintanceship's sake, tried to inspire him with some confidence in us, he complained bitterly of the cruelty which the King of Prussia inflicted on the French princes. Startled, almost confounded by this, we demanded some further explanation. Then we learnt that the king had, on leaving Glorieux, in spite of the drenching rain, put on no greatcoat, had wrapped no cloak about him, and consequently the royal princes had also been obliged to deny themselves these weather-proof garments; our marquis, however, could not behold these illustrious persons lightly clad, wet through and through, and dripping with rain, without the greatest distress; indeed, if it would have served, he would have laid down his life to see them riding in a dry carriage,—they upon whom rested the hopes and happiness of the whole country, who were accustomed to a quite different way of life. We had, indeed, nothing to reply to this; for the reflection would have been no consolation to him, that war, as a foretaste of death, makes all men equal, abolishes all property, and threatens even the most exalted persons with pain and danger."

Here, again, is a description of sensations less familiar to men of peace. The poet was riding close to some outworks, while the cannon-balls poured around him a frightful storm of iron.

"I had now arrived quite in the region where the balls were playing across me: the sound of them is curious enough, as if it were composed of the humming of tops, the gurgling of water, and the whistling of birds. They were less dangerous by reason of the wetness of the ground; wherever one fell, it stuck fast. And thus my foolish experimental ride was secured against the danger at least of the balls rebounding. In the midst of these circumstances, I was soon able to remark that something unusual was taking place within me: I paid close attention to it, and still the sensation can be described only by similitude. It appeared as if you were in some extremely hot place, and at the same time quite penetrated by the heat of it, so that you feel yourself, as it were, quite one with the element in which you are. The eyes lose nothing of their strength or clearness; but it is as if the world had a kind of brown-red tint, which makes the situation, as well as the objects, more impressive. I was unable to perceive any agitation of the blood; but every thing seemed rather to be swallowed up in the glow of which I speak. From this, then, it is clear in what sense this condition can be called a fever. It is remarkable, however, that the horrible uneasy feeling arising from it is produced in us solely through the ears. For the cannon thunder, the howling, whistling, crashing of the balls through the air, is the real cause of these sensations. After I had ridden back, and was in perfect security, I remarked with surprise that the glow was completely extinguished, and not the slightest feverish agitation was left behind. On the whole, this condition is one of the least desirable, as indeed, among my dear and noble comrades, I found scarcely one who expressed a really passionate desire to try it."

Repeated anecdotes occur to shew the miserable frivolity and pride of the unfortunate French emigrants who had joined the invading army in hope of being borne in triumph to their former homes. We have them in the next extract, side by side with a glimpse of the horrors of mortal struggles.

"To-day's march was even more melancholy than yesterday's; the horses, knocked up, fell more fre-

quently, and lay in greater numbers among the overturned carriages in the fields near the road. Some very smart portmanteaux, belonging to the emigrant corps, fell through the torn coverings from the roofs of the wagons; the ornamental, decorated appearance of these abandoned, unclaimed articles, tempted the passers-by to appropriate them, and some of them picked them up, — a load which they were very soon obliged to throw down again. From this probably arose the accusation which was made against the Prussians of having plundered the emigrants on the retreat. Some good stories were told of occurrences of this sort; a heavy-laden emigrant wagon had stuck fast ascending a hill, and had been abandoned. The troops coming up behind search it; find some boxes of moderate dimensions, but of a weight that surprises them; uniting together, they carry them with unspeakable difficulty to the top. They then proceed to make a division of the booty and the burden. But what a sight! out of each of the boxes, when broken open, tumble innumerable packs of cards, and the money-seekers have to console themselves with bantering and laughing at each other. We proceeded on our march through Longuion to Longwy; and here I must observe, that it is most fortunate for us that, as many important joyful occurrences of our lives vanish from the memory, so scenes of horror likewise become

blunted in the imagination. Why, then, should I repeat that the roads became no better; that now, as before, we shuddered, again and again, at the sight of horses flayed, with the flesh freshly cut from their bones, strewed about on all sides among the overturned wagons? The naked bodies of men, from which the clothes had been plundered, were frequently seen, badly concealed under the bushes, and at last lay quite open to the view, close to the road. Rest and refreshment, nevertheless, again awaited us, in a place removed from the common route; but we had occasion also for sad reflections on the condition of substantial worthy citizens, amidst the fearful horrors of war, which, this time, were quite unlooked for."

These few paragraphs may serve as specimens of the more anecdotal parts of Goethe's journal. They are, however, frequently mixed up with the singular and often profound reflections in which he was ever indulging, and for which we must refer the reader to the volume itself. Those who like a quiet, unexciting, yet original and informing book, will not be disappointed in its pages.

KELLY'S PLAIN-CHANT MANUAL.

The Complete Gregorian Plain-Chant Manual, &c. &c. By the Rev. W. Kelly, M.Ap.L.D. Richardson.

THIS is a large book; indeed, the author assures us in his preface (the latter portion of which will amply repay perusal), that "this book is the most comprehensive now extant, and perhaps the most comprehensive ever published." The title-page proclaims the same fact; and the contents of the volume faithfully correspond to the title-page. But it is generally dangerous to attempt too much: where we gain in quantity, we are too apt to lose in quality.

In the present movement in favour of Plain Chant, two things should never be lost sight of: first, correct principles in the study of it; and second, unanimity in the use of a correct text. The present *Complete Plain-Chant Manual* will, we fear, not contribute much to the attainment of either of these two objects.

The introduction contains the usual amount of information about the Plain-Chant notation, &c.; but can scarcely be considered to give even the elements of Gregorian music in a "complete" manner. The nature of the modes, the means of distinguishing them, the connexion between the Antiphons and the tones that follow them, and other points necessary for a true knowledge of the Gregorian Chant, are either not at all touched upon, or not sufficiently brought out. We remark this because we are convinced that there is a great lack of scientific knowledge in the matter of Plain Chant. Too many are ignorant that it possesses rules and scientific arrangement.

In Mr. Kelly's introduction we fancy we at times recognise the manner of writing used by an author who is not really certain of his own principles. Thus, in the notice of "the

flat," in p. 21, it is said, that the effect of that sign "is to lower, by half a tone, the sound of the note *si*." Here it seems to be hinted, that its influence is confined to that note. But as if not quite certain whether this was the rule or not, the author in the next sentence but one tells us, that "the flat is sometimes, though rarely, used in Gregorian music to lower similarly the note *mi*." No doubt there are editions of the *Graduale*, &c. in which such use occurs; but this does not prove its lawfulness. Any one who has made a study of Plain Chant knows that the reason for the use of the flat before *si* does not hold good for its insertion before *mi*. The latter portion of the rules for the use of the flat and sharp is also incorrect. Here, again, we are not told whether the sharp be really allowed; and if so, on what note or notes. The nature of Plain Chant clearly points out *fa* as the only note on which it can possibly be allowed. M. Fetis is of opinion that it is allowable, the Abbé Janssens that it is not. The arguments on both sides may be seen in Danjou's *Revue de la Musique*. Allowing Mr. Kelly the benefit of the probable opinion in favour of the use of the sharp, we still find his practice faulty in many cases.

In many of the pieces of Plain Chant which the volume contains, we perceive the same want of precise knowledge, and the same consequent incorrectness. Thus, in p. 100, *Ave Regina*, p. 148; p. 200, *Christum*; 204, *Maria, et homo*; 205, *et sepultus, vivos, spiritum*; 206, *adoratur*, &c., sharps and flats are used in positions where they are unjustifiable. The first of the examples at p. 205 is, we sincerely hope, a misprint. As it stands, the passage would sorely puzzle "the labouring

classes," for whose benefit partly (*vide* dedication) the book is intended. The whole of the *Credo*, No. V. is not at all to our liking; nor do we think No. IV. possesses many claims to be considered in the light of a model Gregorian symbol. The *Sanctus* and *Agnus*, No. II. pp. 212, 217, are marked "fourth tone," though bearing decided marks which limit our choice to the seventh or eighth. The same *Agnus* (allowing for a few variations) is given again, No. VI., p. 220, as in the sixth tone. Let the reader compare the two with the respective tonics and dominants of the sixth, seventh, and eighth modes, and he will see what confusion may be caused by arbitrary transposition. The sharps in the *Benedicamus Domino*, p. 221, are, of course, the result of a misprint. At p. 312, *Aspectus ejus*, we have a transition from *za* to *si*. The bare mention of this is sufficient. P. 313 affords six examples of the wrong use of the flat. But whilst we are on the subject of flats and sharps, what shall we say of the Litany given at p. 129? There we have *fa*-sharp, *sol*-sharp, *la*-sharp, *do*-sharp, and *re*-sharp! Let Mr. Kelly in his second volume not forget *mi* and *si* sharp. But more of this afterwards. What we have remarked is sufficient to shew that this Manual is not at all "complete" on the score of correct principles, either in their exposition or their application.

We have remarked that the *Complete Manual* will contribute but little to the promotion of unanimity in the use of one authorised version of the Plain Chant. Were the book intended to shew the student the various modes in which Plain Chant may be altered and corrupted, we could understand the different methods given of singing the prayers, Gospel, &c. But if intended (as a complete Gregorian manual should be) to promote unity in the practice of the Roman or Gregorian Chant, we cannot comprehend either its necessity or its utility. The Rev. Mr. Jones's valuable little book pursues the right plan; *here*, on the contrary, we have truth and error printed side by side. For the Epistle, &c. we have the Roman mode, the French mode (mark the gradual descent), the Irish mode, and (oh! bathos!) the Old Hall Green mode! Mr. Kelly may, perhaps, plead example; but there is such a thing as bad example. Mr. A. L. Philipps, in his beautifully printed *Little Gradual*, gives us another mode of singing the *Et cum spiritu tuo* and Gospel, and sprinkles sharps on his *sols* and *dos* with un-Gregorian abundance.

But let us see what our author makes of the Psalm tones. The first is given with the mangled mediation; the true mediation is inserted afterwards, at p. 41, with the notice, that "the inflection at the middle of the verse varies a little for some of the tones in different churches." In the cadences we miss the most magnificent of all, *sol fa sol la sol fa mi re*. And yet this is published in Jones's Manual,

and is given by all grammars of Plain Chant. The mediation of the third tone is a misprint, *do* being incorrectly put for *si* on the first syllable of *meo*, and the words are incorrectly placed below the fourth ending. Compare the fifth tone as given here with another form of it at p. 615, where it is given with a wrong final and dominant, and consequent falsified cadence. We should rather have seen the true mediation of the sixth tone inserted in its proper place, instead of meeting with it amongst the "variations in different churches." The practice of Rome, however, is in favour of both mediations. The intonation is wanting to the *In exitu*; nor is the true tone given at p. 40, but afterwards, at p. 45. It is more than annoying to find this confusion in a book which might have been made a useful one. The method of singing the *Pas-*
sio given at p. 187, *seqq.* ought to be expunged wherever it is met with. With the magnificent sound of the real chant so easily and so vividly remembered, we felt absolute pain in looking over these pages. The tones jarred in our minds, and created a horrible discord.

The sources whence the pieces printed in this work are derived, have been used, we are afraid, with but little critical discrimination. We have also, carried to its full extent, a system of transposition, which destroys the simplicity and facility of Plain Chant. The whole of the music of the Mass for the Dead has clearly been taken from Novello's edition, and so servilely copied out, as to preserve the very sharps and flats which, though necessary in the musical key in which Novello has published it, are not only unnecessary in the proper Plain-Chant form, but increase more than twofold the difficulty of singing it. Thus we have the Tract, p. 567, with three flats after the clef, and two more accidental flats during the course of the piece! The *Dies Iræ* begins on *sol*, with the *fa*, *re*, *do*, and *la* sharpened! The offertory unites the charms of flats and sharps in the same piece! And so of the rest. Surely it would have been just as easy to let the public have this beautiful Mass in its true Gregorian tonality. The Response *Libera me Domine* is given (from two different editions, however) in both ways, pp. 553, 593. The very first look at the two pages is sufficient to decide which is written in the true method. The *Requiescant in pace* is given in two ways, pp. 583, 597, both differing from the Roman; and with three different *amens* attached! A book that gives such examples cannot surely be said to do much towards the encouragement of unanimity.

As regards Mr. Kelly's system of transposition, we have little to say. The motetts occupy nearly 200 pages of a book already uselessly lengthened out. Any one who knows that *do* is C, and *fa* is F, will be able to write out the Gregorian Chant on the modern musi-

cal stave, and will as easily transpose the key. As for transposing modern pieces (even choruses) into Plain-Chant notation, with the exception of a few simple pieces where time is not much cared for, it will result in nothing but supererogatory trouble. In Mr. Kelly's book, Webbe's motetts have a new and untranslateable appearance. As written there, they are neither music nor Plain Chant, but a third monstrous production, arising from the destruction of the essences of both. It is a novel application of the *crude-form* system of a modern grammarian.

One word more, and we have done. The author of the *Complete Manual* informs us in a note to his dedication, that "whilst he eschews not honest criticism, he trusts that until

it shall have been shewn that any other large work on the subject contains fewer inaccuracies, he shall not be held responsible for what others, accustomed to such compilations for centuries, have not been able to avoid." What he eschews not, that, we hope, he has now received; for though we have omitted touching upon many points, yet as far as we have gone we have written honestly and frankly. But we cannot admit that the excuse given in the after-portion of the sentence is either valid in itself, or applicable to the present case. With good intentions we have but little to do; we are not their proper rewarders: what we want in books on Plain Chant is, authorised version and correct principles. Are we unreasonable?

SHORT NOTICES.

A Little Book of the Love of God. Translated from the German of Count Stolberg, by the Rev. John Dalton. London, Burns.

MR. DALTON has here presented us with a good translation of a masterpiece of practical divinity. We do not like exaggerated praise, or needless comparisons, but we may venture to say that it is entitled to a place among the very best books of the kind of any age or country. Its author was one of the earliest and most distinguished of that remarkable band of converts to the Church, who, about half a century ago, exercised so powerful an influence in elevating both the intellectual and spiritual character of the Catholics of Germany. A brief but interesting sketch of his life and writings is prefixed to the volume before us, from the competent pen of Mr. Robertson, whose memoir of Frederick Schlegel is well known to the world. The *Little Book of the Love of God* was the last work of the illustrious Count, and was completed but a short time before his death. It is the expression of that spirit of fervent love, of devout contemplation, and of deep attachment to the treasures of holy Scripture, which were the striking characteristics of its author's mind. The title-page of the present edition also bears one of the most touching little symbolical pictures we know of.

The Life of the Venerable Father Claver, S.J., Apostle of the West Indies; and Memoirs of the Religious Life of Cardinal Odescalchi, S.J. Richardson.

IN another part of the *Rambler* our readers will learn that this excellent series of Lives is now to be continued; and the present is the first instalment of the continuation. An almost universal feeling has been expressed in favour of their continuance, and the author of the article in *Dolman's Magazine*, which was directed against one or more of the Lives, has made ample retraction of the errors of every kind into which he had fallen—we are sure, most unwittingly—in his attack upon them.

An Essay on the Filial Duties. By W. S. Gibson, Esq., F.S.A. London, Pickering.

THERE is much that is pleasing and devout in Mr. Gibson's *Essay*; but he is more at home as an antiquarian than as a writer on ethics or ca-

suistry. We anticipate much more pleasure from his life of the great lover and collector of books of the fourteenth century.

Catholic Hymns for Youthful and Infant Minds. By M. A. P. London, Jones.

THE intention of these hymns is excellent; but the author's, or authoress's, ear is hardly sufficiently attuned to the laws of verse to make it safe for him or her to venture on publication. To those who can get over the defects in the versification, these hymns may be found useful and interesting.

The Cousins; or Pride and Vanity. By Agnes M. Stewart. Dolman.

A LITTLE Catholic tale, pointing out not only the general moral, but the difference between "a proud and haughty spirit" and "gross and silly vanity."

The Dublin Review (for January.) Richardson.

WE are anxious to call the particular attention of our readers to a very valuable article on "Measures for Ireland" in the last number of the *Dublin Review*. It is as interesting as it is important.

Cocks' Musical Almanac for 1849. Cocks and Co. NOVEL in idea, and useful in execution. The list of musical societies in London will be acceptable to many amateurs. Besides the musical information, the almanac contains all the usual almanac intelligence. The publication is also interesting as a sign of the rapid spread of the cultivation of music which is going on throughout the country. A similar sign is to be found in Mr. J. A. Novello's large reduction in the prices of the music he has published, which he announces in a miniature pamphlet to the musical world.

MR. CASWALL'S *Lyra Catholica*, containing translations of all the hymns in the Breviary and Missal, is now published; but is too valuable to be dismissed with the brief notice we now can give it.

Mr. Chambers (an Anglican barrister) has put forth a reply to Mr. Soames' ultra-Protestant statements respecting the Anglo-Saxon Church, which is also too late for notice this month.

A very useful book, *The Good Mother of a Family occupied with her Children in the practice of Christian Piety*, just translated from the Italian of F. Ratti, must also be similarly postponed.

Correspondence.

THE EXCOMMUNICATION IN ROME.

[From our own Correspondent.]

Rome, Jan. 14, 1849.

IT is a long time since Rome has seen so sad a Christmas as that which has just ended; nor has the new year brought with it as yet a single ray of comfort to cheer us with the hope of something better by and by. Indeed, the whole aspect of affairs, whether viewed politically or religiously, is so intensely gloomy at present, that I can scarcely make up my mind to send you any bulletin at all this month. Nevertheless, the events which have taken place since I wrote last are too important to be passed over in silence; and if the temporal dominion of the Popedom be really passed away for ever, as some are almost disposed to believe, it will be at least interesting to trace the progress of those events which have brought about so momentous a change in the world's history.

I think, when I last wrote to you, the Chambers had already nominated a *Suprema Giunta di Stato* (consisting of the Senators of Rome and Bologna and the Gonfaloniere of Ancona), to supply the place of the Pope during his absence, and to cease from all exercise of their functions as soon as the Pope should return, or should nominate, in what they were pleased to call a *legal and constitutional* manner, some other deputies in their stead. Towards the end of the week, it was officially known—what every body had from the first confidently anticipated—that the Senator of Bologna would not accept the proffered dignity; so that the commission was imperfect. The clubs took advantage of this circumstance to agitate for a Provisional Government of a different kind—one which should be appointed, not in the name and on behalf of the Pope, but in the name of the people, to whom (as they said), by the Pope's voluntary abdication, the sovereignty naturally reverted—with whom, indeed, it had always legitimately resided, though its exercise had for a time been entrusted to the Supreme Pontiffs. The purpose for which this Provisional Government was to be created was, to dissolve the Chambers, and to summon another more popular assembly, to be elected by universal suffrage, and to be called the *Costituente Romana*. In short, it was but a flimsy disguise for the long-talked-of Republic; and the Civic Guard, therefore, were decidedly opposed to it. Accordingly, when a petition of the *Circolo Popolare* to this effect had been referred by the Ministry to the Chambers, and there was a rumour of an imposing "demonstration" to be made at the Chambers the following day, when the petition was to be presented, the Civics turned out in great force, and occupied the whole Piazza della Cancel-

leria, and all the streets leading to it, so that no three persons could pass together; and the Chambers, without any disturbance or difficulty, elected Galletti to supply the Senator of Bologna's place.

The *Circolo Popolare* was much annoyed at this anti-democratic movement on the part of the National Guard, and published a deprecatory address both to them and to the troops of the line, insinuating that it was not their duty to interfere with the liberty of the people, to suppress the free expression of opinion, and so forth. Meanwhile, they set about to compass their object by craft; and in this they were more successful. A report was spread abroad the next morning, that the popular demonstration which had been hindered on the previous day would take place on that evening instead. The *générale* was beaten, and the Civics rushed to their post; the troops of the line also were called out, and cannon planted on the most important Piazzes; so that there was every appearance that at length some sort of collision was really about to take place. When the Guards came to their respective quarters, they found some of their brothers in arms demanding their signature to an address to be immediately presented to the Ministry. I am assured that many gave their signatures in entire ignorance of its contents; others under the impression that it only demanded the removal from Rome of the principal disturbers of the public peace, who were said to be foreigners from the North of Italy; others, again, were conscious that there was something else in the petition, yet were afraid to protest, or to appear to be less liberal than those who had signed before them; and lastly, some were, of course, in full possession of the secret. However, be this as it may, large numbers signed their names, and then took their arms and proceeded to the appointed places. By and by, shortly before dusk, a beggarly procession of some eighty or a hundred men came down the Corso, shouting *Viva il Governo democratico*, and bearing a flag with the same inscription. As soon as they met the troops in the Piazza di Venezia, they dispersed in all directions; and a wretched remnant, who attempted to return through the Corso, were soon intercepted in the Piazza Colonna by another portion of the military. Nothing could be more satisfactory: not a drop of blood had been spilt, and the Civic Guard had "put down" Republicanism. What was their astonishment, then, on returning to their quarters, to find Sterbini awaiting them, *in propria persona*, to thank them in the name of the Government for their exertions in behalf of public order, and to assure them that their demands should be immediately complied with; the disturbers of the public peace should be

forthwith removed, and the *Costituente* should be summoned at the earliest possible opportunity.

The first of these two measures, which alone the majority of the Civics had demanded, was the bribe by which the second, which alone Sterbini cared for, was to be made palatable, and orders were issued therefore for its immediate execution. A body of the Civic Guard, with ten or twelve mounted dragoons, was despatched at a late hour that evening to apprehend all the obnoxious individuals,—amongst them General Garibaldi, who had been haranguing the people in favour of republicanism, and who, up to that moment, had had a guard of honour at the door of his hotel. But it was necessary that no time should be lost in the execution of the second measure, otherwise the golden opportunity might slip. Accordingly, the very next morning the *Suprema Giunta di Stato* published their first proclamation, in which they announced their acceptance of office, and at the same time declared their intention of holding it only until the “universally desired” *Costituente* could be proclaimed. Here, then, was the very Provisional Government, to rule in the name of the people, which the clubs had demanded, and which the Civics imagined they had successfully resisted; and the first act of the Giunta, which had been appointed by the Chambers temporarily to supply the place of the Pope, was virtually to destroy those Chambers and to renounce the Pope. A more impudent trick can scarcely be imagined, yet hitherto it seems to have prospered. At first, indeed, there appeared to be some difficulties in the way of its success; the Chambers manifested a decided objection to this summary method of procedure, and ventured to whisper that the Giunta had exceeded its powers, and had given a promise which it could not fulfil. On the other hand, the Giunta, which had been trepanned into this promise, against their real wishes, by the devices of Sterbini and his clique, was unwilling to act without the authority of the Chambers; and lastly, the Ministers, who certainly were not unanimous in desiring it, excused themselves from meddling with such important matters, on the plea that they were only holding office provisionally: in a word, no body seemed willing or able to carry on the business to its completion. It was impossible that this state of things could continue long; and in the course of a few days, the more moderate deputies, seeing how matters were likely to terminate, resigned their seats, thus reducing the Chambers below their legal number, and rendering them unable to act. Prince Corsini also, for some reason which has not been fully explained, withdrew from the *Giunta di Stato*; Mamiani, on the excuse of ill health, had already withdrawn from the Ministry, and been succeeded by Galeotti; lastly, the *Avvocato Armellini* had taken the place of Galletti, who had been promoted to a seat in the Giunta.

Thus every thing was in a state of transition; such continual changes seemed only to forbode a dissolution of the whole fabric; and some persons began to think it not altogether impossible that the Commission originally appointed by the Pope might be allowed to come forward and fill up the gap. On the evening of the 29th December, however, the discharge of 100 cannon from the fort of St. Angelo, and (as usual) of a quantity of smaller firearms within the city, and the tolling of the great bell at the Capitol, announced another and a very different termination to this state of suspense. Rome was now under a self-constituted Provisional Government, who had taken this means of proclaiming the *Costituente*. The decree, which appeared the following morning, was signed by all the Ministers and by the two remaining members of the Giunta; and it appoints the 21st of this month for the election, and the 4th of February for the first *réunion* of this National Assembly. Two hundred deputies are to be chosen, by universal suffrage, from the whole body of citizens above the age of twenty-five; and they are to receive an obligatory pension of two crowns per day during the session: their first business is to discuss and decide the future political condition of the Roman States. This announcement seemed to be received by the great majority almost with stolid indifference; there was a most impotent attempt, for two or three successive evenings, to get up some popular demonstration in its favour; but the failure was signal. Of course the public offices illuminated, but of the private houses scarcely any; and those who took part in the procession were taken chiefly, if not entirely, from among the men employed on the public works of charity. The *Circolo Popolare*, who had long since published a vote of thanks to the Civics and to the regular troops for their powerful co-operation in demanding this measure, now published another congratulatory address, in which they spoke of the Pope as being always and every where an object of reverence, as head of the Catholic Church, but that he could no longer be recognised as the temporal head of the States; and that they trusted that Rome would shew herself, in this critical moment, worthy of her high reputation, and lay the foundation of a new political system, which should once more render her the glory and admiration of the world.

Matters remained in the same dull repose until the arrival of the Pope's proclamation, dated on the 1st instant, in which he forbids, on pain of excommunication, any body whatever from taking part in the proposed elections, and declares those to be already excommunicated who have drawn up the plan of this *Costituente*, as well as all others who either openly or secretly have usurped and violated his sovereign authority. This document was known to be in Rome on Saturday, the 6th instant; and, at a late hour that evening, a number of persons

visited the houses of the parish priests of St. John Lateran and of St. Mary Major, defying them at their peril to publish the said excommunication, or to allow it to be affixed to the doors of their churches; and, by way of shewing that they were in earnest, they pelted the doors and windows with a good volley of stones before they dispersed.

Ciceruacchio and others visited the viceroy at his own house on a similar embassy, but not finding the Bishop at home, they contented themselves with threatening his servants instead. Their violence, however, was to no purpose; copies of the excommunication had been already posted against many of the church-doors and elsewhere throughout the city; moreover, they had been very liberally distributed in private. Many of the Civic Guard destroyed them wherever they could be found, tearing them down from the walls, and even snatching them out of the hands of individuals who were seen reading them in public. In one instance, this unjustifiable conduct received a very appropriate punishment. A priest, well known in Rome for his zeal and active charity (Don Besiaco), was reading it, with three or four others, at the door of the Chiesa Nuova, when two Civic Guardsmen came up and tore it in pieces; the Guards passed on, but the priest immediately mounted the steps, and began to expound its contents to all who chose to listen, and many of whom would certainly have been unable to read it; his sermon had lasted well-nigh ten minutes, and attracted a considerable crowd, before the Civics were made aware of it, and hastened to arrest him. They took him into custody, and were actually proceeding to conduct him to the Castle of St. Angelo, but they seem to have connived at his escape into a church on the road.

I cannot possibly tell you of all the scandalous ways in which this excommunication has been publicly derided by some: three or four hundred persons went down the Corso one night in a mock funeral procession, bearing before them a Cardinal's hat in metal (such as is generally suspended over the hatters' shops in Rome), on which they had pasted a copy of the proclamation, and, after parading a great part of the town, they threw it into the river at the bridge of S. Sisto. Other copies have been treated even worse than this. Still there is the *fact* of the excommunication, which they cannot get rid of; and, it has not been without its effects. All the Municipio Romano has refused to lend its aid to the carrying out of the elections, and the Provisional Government has been obliged to create an extraordinary Commission in its place. And, indeed, one need only look at the continued efforts of the press, to see how powerful an obstacle it is felt to have raised against the forthcoming Assembly. One journal declares that it is not genuine, and forges a letter from Gaeta to prove the asser-

tion; another says, that it is a political document and, as such, has no authority without the counter-signature of a responsible minister; a third labours to prove that it is null, because it has been issued under an entire misapprehension of the true facts of the case; and one and all use their best exertions to weaken its force, or to set it aside altogether. Some of the most mischievous articles which have appeared upon the subject have been written in a popular and catechetical form, being intended for the *basso ceto*, among whom they are industriously circulated. Meanwhile it is impossible to publish any thing on the opposite side; Ciceruacchio and his crew visited the printing-office where it was supposed that the second edition of the Pope's proclamation had been published (the first had been brought from Naples), and threatened to destroy every thing: the printer was obliged to post an *Avviso* throughout the whole city, clearing himself from so heinous a charge; and I see it is asserted in one of this morning's journals, that they have now detected the real offender, and have broken his press and destroyed his types, that he may not have the opportunity of repeating the offence. Such is the liberty of the press which we enjoy; and the liberty of opinion is not much greater. For instance, an honest shoemaker trying to dissuade his neighbour, the grocer, from taking part in that nocturnal procession which I have mentioned, received a very short, but significant answer, "Signor G——, are you tired of this life?" The danger of the stiletto is undoubtedly an important element, which must not be lost sight of, in judging of any political matters here; but the excessive fear in which the Italians live of it, both increases the danger, and gives them up almost a helpless prey to the designs of the most bold and unprincipled. The majority of the Civics were said to be decidedly opposed to the *Costituente*, yet they have tamely submitted to it, and have not publicly disowned the credit of having themselves demanded it. An officer in the Trastevere Battalion assured me only yesterday, that they were determined to have nothing to do with it; but I shall be much surprised if this determination is ever manifested by any public act; if rather it be not, passively at least, contradicted. At the present moment, the Civics are electing by private suffrage their new General; six names have been posted against the walls for the last few days, as of those who are most worthy to be elected; and the one who is said to have the best chance of success is Don Luigi Principe Spada; the only Roman prince, excepting Bonaparte, who is a member of the committee for conducting these condemned elections.

How far the provinces will consent to take part in them appears to be very doubtful; the magistrates of Bologna have declined; indeed, they had formally separated from Rome, even before the receipt of the Pope's proclamation;

and it is thought that other cities will follow their example; but there are every where *Circoli Popolari*, and it will be strange if these cannot muster, either amongst their own members, or by purchase from amongst the poor, five hundred votes, which is all that is required for the valid election of a deputy. The Provisional Government has thrown out a bait to the provinces in the shape of the abolition of a very obnoxious tax—the *macinato*, or tax upon grinding corn—from which they are declared to be exempt after to-morrow; in Rome it is still retained, for here they rule by intimidation. And this is not the only law which this Provisional Government has published, under the pretext of the extreme importance of the subject-matter, which does not admit of delay. Some of these decrees are likely to give occupation to gentlemen of the long robe, for they introduce changes into the common law of the land, as regards the transfer of property, wills, and other matters of daily life; and cases may very probably arise for the decision of the courts of justice, long before peace and order are restored to this political Babylon. Perhaps, however, the courts of justice may be themselves re-modelled in the course of a week or two; for the Provisional Government seem disposed to meddle with every thing whilst they have time: they have removed Prince Massimo from his station at the Post-office, and changed the officers in almost every other department. They seem to intend to starve out the Swiss, for they have given them no pay since the Pope's departure; they have taken possession of the one establishment which had been left to the Jesuits (that is, S. Andrea on the Quirinal, left for the old and infirm), and destine it for a military school, setting aside a few apartments only for its present occupants; and they threaten the same treatment to the monasteries of Santa Croce, S. Maria del Popolo, and others; they are making a regular visitation of the churches, ordering the restoration of this or that picture, at the expense of the clergy, by artists chosen by the Government, and at prices, fixed by whom? The walls are covered with new decrees, laws, proclamations, provisional arrangements, instructions, and I know not what besides, which issue every day from this self-constituted Government. On Saturday alone, literally *yards* of paper were affixed to the walls—"Provisional Laws for the reform of the mode of procedure in civil and criminal causes," "Decree upon the pensions and other rewards of the soldiers," "Decree for the enrolment of a University Battalion," &c. &c.

Meanwhile the misery of the people increases daily, and every body is weary of asking, What is to be the end of these things? There has been much talk of foreign intervention, and there is much talk still, but nothing more; and really, if it does not take place right

speedily, it may just as well never take place at all. A hundred acres in the deserts of Arabia would be a present better worth acceptance than the sovereignty of the Roman States; there would be barrenness, and nothing more; here, there is a discontented and unsettled population, a daily-increasing debt, and "confusion worse confounded" in every branch of the administration. This consideration, while it reconciles many to the prospect of the Pope's deliverance from such embarrassments, only fills them with the greater dismay at the thoughts of any other form of government which is likely to be adopted; for although there are not wanting clever writers among the Revolutionary party, their genius does not seem to be very practical; certainly nobody has yet appeared with an extraordinary capacity for governing.

Jan. 15.—Another proclamation has appeared, denouncing as traitors to their country all who dare to put any hindrance in the way of the elections on Sunday next; as well as all those who, either directly or indirectly, attempt to dissuade either the people or the soldiers from obeying any decree of the Provisional Government. Every such person is to be punished with the utmost rigour of the law; but forasmuch as there is no law by which they can be punished at all, they have appointed a Giunta of the Public Safety, with extraordinary powers to judge of this offence, and to punish it. This is probably aimed against the clergy, who, of course, cannot help warning every body against having any thing to do with the elections, and thereby incurring excommunication. It is also taken as a sign of weakness on the part of the Government, who fear that, without these measures of intimidation, they shall not be able to carry on the business to the end. An invitation has just been issued for a public meeting this evening, at half-past six, in one of the theatres, where every body who attends is to receive a list of the candidates proposed by the Electoral Committee; not a word is said about any public discussion of the merits of these candidates, or, indeed, of any subject of debate at all; and the natural inquiry is, What is the object of this preliminary meeting? Why not publish the names to the world? The answer seems to be, first, that they wish to see how general an interest is felt in the matter, how many will come; and secondly, that it is a trap for the unwary, who may be led by curiosity to attend this *unpractical* meeting, having no intention whatever of taking part in the elections themselves; but when once they have gone so far, they will be told that they have already transgressed the literal command of the Pope, and having incurred the excommunication, need not fear to go further.

P.S.—It is stated confidently that an *interdict* has arrived from the Pope! A popular device is also talked of, for establishing a *ma-*

rine school in the Pontifical States; they say, this is to enable them to recover Malta from England!

THE NECESSITIES OF CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

DEAR SIR,—I feel extremely grateful to you, as I know do several Catholics, for having opened in your pages a controversy on the unspeakably important subject of Catholic education. I most cordially agree with your observation, that a quiet and temperate discussion of the question is the one surest way of eliciting the truth; especially if we who take part in it endeavour to free ourselves, as far as may be, from all dogmatism and prejudice; if we bear in mind how liable we are to serious error, and how small a portion of so vast a subject can be practically familiar to us; and if, accordingly, we regard the opinions of those who may in various degrees differ from us, not with any hostile prepossession, but with a sincere desire of correcting and modifying, by their help, our own previous judgment. I shall make no apology, therefore, my dear sir, for following the example set by yourself and by Mr. Oakeley, in giving expression to such opinions as I have been led to entertain on the subject; and I shall endeavour to do so as nearly as possible in the spirit above described. If, in the warmth of argument, any greater positiveness of expression should appear than is fitting and natural in the mere expression of my own individual and private opinion, I here beforehand express my regret for it; and beg to assure your readers it will be, if I at all know myself, a fault of *expression* and not of feeling.

On a question like the present, which must be decided of course not by individual character but by *argument*, I should not have thought of obtruding my *name* on the public, had it not been for a remark which has fallen from a very high quarter. It has been said, that writers avail themselves of the shelter of the anonymous to express more confident opinions, or in a more decided tone, than they would otherwise venture to do. But with the deepest reverence for the high and sacred office held by the individual who has made this observation, I would most humbly submit for his consideration the real facts of the case. Your own name, sir, is as readily and easily known to all who care to make the inquiry as though it were printed in full in every number. For my humble self, also, I have never been in the habit of making any secret of my authorship; and, for example, myself sent both to Mr. Marshall and Mr. Pugin, to mention that I was responsible for the letters, in your journal, on Rood-Screens, signed "H.," with no kind of injunction to secrecy. My only reason for not putting my name was, as I have mentioned, my fear of personal obtrusiveness. But I trust, after what has been said, that your readers will now bear with such obtrusiveness; as it seemed necessary to shew clearly how ready and anxious I am to take on myself full responsibility for whatever I may write.

In one respect, sir, I confess I have been a good deal pained and surprised by the manner in which your valuable article has been received. It seems to have been the impression of many, that converts

are criticising old Catholic institutions from a sort of external position, as though not feeling themselves personally bound up with those institutions. Whereas I am sure I can answer for you and all other converts of my acquaintance, as well as for myself, that nothing is more painful and distressing to our mind than any such idea; that it is, on the contrary, precisely *because* we feel ourselves as fully part and parcel of the existing system as are the older Catholics themselves, as fully privileged to rejoice in its excellences, as fully obliged to grieve over its defects—it is precisely for this reason that we are so constrained to speak. A comparative stranger may lie under some serious mistake, and there may be a thousand previous obligations which prevent our stirring. But when our brother, or our dear familiar companion, in whose joys and sorrows we deeply sympathise, whose warmth and uprightness of heart are well and intimately known to us—when *he* is encumbered by some grievous misapprehension, which deprives his energies of their due scope, and gives even his efforts after good a partly mischievous direction, then it is that we cannot rest in peace, unless, with whatever sacrifice of personal ease and comfort, we hasten to his assistance. I confess, sir, I should have thought that any suspicion of your coldness of affection towards the Church and the Church's system must have been fully averted by your fervent and earnest eloquence on the high and unrivalled nobleness of the Catholic Priest's vocation. How any one can have read your articles as a whole, and carried away the impression that you are lukewarm and eclectic in your love of Catholicism, or cold in your appreciation of its highest and most characteristic doctrines, is to me an enigma. And, for my own part, to avoid all possible misapprehension, I will take the opportunity of making, in the strongest terms, a similar avowal. Firm as my conviction had long been of the incomparable superiority of the Catholic religious system over the Anglican, until I *became* a Catholic I had no conception how vast, how infinite, was the superiority. It is impossible, I am quite sure, for any one not a Catholic to dream what Catholicism is, and how startlingly different from the most careful imitation external to its pale. Great as is my admiration for Oxford (and I cannot but remember that to Oxford influences, under God, I owe the happiness I enjoy of being a Catholic), warmly as I admire the many instances of individual piety there to be found, and the tone of sincere respect and reverence towards religion which was, and I doubt not is, the widely extended and admirable characteristic of the younger there no less than of the older, yet I feel, with Mr. Oakeley (see his letter in your Jan. No.), that the very "*idea* of an ecclesiastical education was quite strange to me till I became a Catholic." In my very imaginings I never conceived of such a picture as I find *realised* in a Catholic college. Few persons were more attached than I was to my college at Oxford; but I feel already a far warmer affection than I ever there felt, towards that influential seminary in the close neighbourhood of which I am allowed, by the great kindness of ecclesiastical superiors, to reside; though I have no other connexion with it whatever than the privilege of living so near, and profiting, if I have the grace to profit, by the opportunities of worship and the most admirable and edifying examples I there witness.

Nor, again, as you truly say, is any *moral*

blame imputed to any one in your remarks. On the contrary, I should have thought all must have been struck with the care you took to avoid all possible appearance of such imputation. You have attributed what you lament to "the overwhelming demands of an imperious necessity;" to "grinding, pinching, remorseless poverty;" to any thing rather than culpable neglect of duty. You wish to bring no accusation or charges against any one whatever, lay or clerical; but feeling the progress of the Catholic Church in England the dearest to you of all earthly objects, you wish to draw attention to what appears an important defect in its organisation.

For myself, I feel the more any defect there may be in the ideas of education prevalent among us, because (as you most truly observe) Catholics possess "many unrivalled advantages" for the very highest order of intellectual training. Thus, to mention only one or two particulars, the "admirable system of religious discipline," which, as you mention, is "utterly unknown to the best conducted of Protestant seminaries," and which indeed far exceeds in *reality* their very highest aspirings and imaginations in *idea*; this admirable system gives the teachers, if they choose to make use of it, a peculiar power of commanding regularity, attention, and mental exertion. In a Protestant school or college, you may take for granted that large numbers of the students will derive little or no benefit from the system there pursued. This is the fault, not of their intellectual, but of their moral system; they have no resources for conquering the obduracy of a resolutely idle youth. But then, in fairness, we must not conceal from ourselves the opposite side of the picture. If the intellectual fruits of Catholic education are no more than on a par with those of Protestant, then the more highly you rate the great superiority of our moral discipline, in precisely the same degree you must admit the great inferiority of our intellectual. And still more strongly does this consideration press, if Catholic education be not equal but inferior in its results to Protestant. Not that I wish to discuss this question, though I confess my own impression, sir, is altogether in accordance with yours; but surely it is of little importance. That both in Catholic and in Protestant education there are most serious defects, appears to me indubitable; on which side they preponderate matters but little; whether we shall become aware of our own defects, and anxious to apply a remedy, matters *every thing*.

Another great intellectual advantage we possess over all others is one also mentioned by yourself. You observe most justly, that the influence of our faith "imparts to the Catholic intellect, when otherwise cultivated, a peculiar measure of healthy elasticity and independence." Nor is it difficult to discover the reason of this. The Catholic is in possession of that Truth which alone will enable him fearlessly to confront and contemplate *all* the phenomena both of the moral and the physical world, as being their true key and interpretation. I consider that all denominations of Protestants, except the Unitarians, are (more or less unconsciously) afraid of disciplining their youth in habits of accurate and consecutive thought on moral and religious matters, from a latent misgiving as to how far their religious system will stand such a test; and that students are more or less led, in consequence, either to expend their intellectual energies on mathematics and physics,

or else to cultivate the province of mere literature and taste. On the other hand, the Unitarians and professed unbelievers, though their very boast is free and independent inquiry, are yet, in fact, bound down by their creed to a system which ignores the very deepest and most all-important facts of the human mind. Hence, their youthful disciples are either in bondage to a shallow and one-sided philosophy, or else, if they have clearness and depth of mind enough to reject such philosophy, are embarked in a course of inquiry which, conducted on right intellectual principles, has no legitimate issue short of Catholic Truth itself.

And yet, possessed as we are of these great advantages, it is my strong opinion that, until there is a very extensive change in our present educational maxims, we have no hope of obtaining our fit intellectual position here in England. At all events, in order to arrive at a fair conclusion on this subject, the main thing to be considered is the *standard* at which we ought to aim. It is out of place to discuss elaborately the question of *means*, until there is some fair agreement as to *ends*. It is for this reason that I shall confine myself in the present letter to stating some of the principal objects at which, as appears to me, Catholic education in this age and country ought to aim.

And the very first subject of remark is that on which you have also laid the greatest stress, the absolute necessity of a different system as to the professorships. This is a consideration which equally bears on every kind of education, whether of youths destined for early entrance into active life, or belonging to the more leisured class. That there shall be a certain body of professors, chosen with the most careful reference to their special powers and qualifications for the particular studies they are to teach—of years sufficiently mature to have acquired a real and sufficient mastery and comprehension of their respective subjects—endued with a real taste and zeal for their vocation—with so much leisure from the labours of practical teaching as to have the fullest opportunity (and I may add, such reasonable assurance as to the permanence of their office as to give them sufficient inclination) to continue the habits of *students*, and thoroughly to keep pace with the general progress of thought and intelligence in their respective provinces; and again, to make these provinces the centre of thought, as it were, round which the rest of their knowledge and information gathers and locates itself;—this is the very first and most indispensable condition for any really efficient system of intellectual education.

I need not say, that I am far from deeming it either desirable or practicable that the whole routine of instruction shall be carried on by such teachers as these. There will ever be a vast amount of ordinary and every-day work, which will fitly be done by more ordinary or more youthful minds. Nor, I confess, can I see myself any objection in principle to the employment of the older students in this subordinate capacity, where anxious care is taken not to encroach on the time necessary for their own extended course of study. But it is, in my judgment, of the utmost importance that those branches of education on which it is professed to afford competent instruction, should be placed under the *direction and superintendence* of such professors as I have described. In any study worthy of systematic pursuit, the

beginnings and endings, the more ordinary and more recondite truths, are bound together by an indissoluble chain; so that the whole method of communicating the former, the whole colouring and shape they receive as placed before the pupil's mind, are to an incalculable degree affected by the teacher's real proficiency in, and love for, the study as a whole. It is no exaggeration to say, that from the moment when the pupil passes beyond the driest elements, the alphabet (as we may call it) of his subject, his whole habits of thought are most deeply and fundamentally influenced for (intellectual) good or evil, accordingly as he is or is not brought into contact with a real and deep proficient. Moreover, such a teacher imparts intellectual ardour by the contagion of his own living and breathing example; he encourages his pupils to the freest and most independent exercise of thought, as being haunted with no latent misgiving lest their researches should lead them to particulars on which he does not feel sure of his ground; he excites them to make all manner of inquiries, from the obvious interest which he takes in the subject; he is able to discern the various divergencies of individual taste, and lead each one by the hand into that peculiar course of reading towards which his inquiries seem unconsciously to point, and which may probably draw forth in him an intellectual eagerness and interest that otherwise would have lain dormant; he impresses on all a sense of the deference and respect due to the claims of superior instruction.

Were I to enlarge on the extreme importance of these respective particulars, I should occupy, sir, a whole number of your journal. I will confine myself to saying a very few words on only one of them, the last I mentioned. There is not, I suppose, any one more important result, nor any more infallible test, of a really good intellectual education, than that we should be well acquainted with the limits of our own knowledge; that we should have deeply impressed on us a perception, what those subjects are on which we are entitled to have an opinion, what those on which our only true wisdom is to accept the concurrent testimony of those competent to form a judgment. Were it not for the action of this principle, no general intellectual progress of any kind would be attainable; we should, in every branch of study, be the slaves of ignorance and empiricism, the true voice of knowledge being drowned amid the conflicting cries of quacks and pretenders. Nor, again, does it need a word to shew how precisely the practical influence of a person endued with real depth of attainment is the very fittest atmosphere wherein to imbibe this habit. We learn practically, from his teaching and his conversation, how widely the realms of his science extend; how unspeakably precious are the truths whose full understanding (if so be) we feel to be far beyond our grasp; how merely shallow and superficial our own attainments. Whether, and how far, our existing system in England tends to foster a habit of mind precisely the reverse of this, is a question on the true answer to which I cannot but have a certain general impression: still I am well aware that I know far too little of the English Catholic mind to form a decided opinion; and I submit the question, therefore, to those who are fit to answer it, with an earnest request that they will give it their best consideration.

What has now been said will explain one particular which, I suppose, those generally have in

their mind who speak of the superiority possessed by Protestant over Catholic intellectual education. For this inestimable advantage of profoundly learned and leisured teachers is, in fact, possessed, *e.g.* in the best colleges at Cambridge, and at London University College. Oxford, it is true, is differently ordered, but here it emphatically holds that the exception proves the rule; for I well remember, that all the more zealous tutors in my time, who were continually lamenting the Oxford deficiencies in the way of intellectual education and devising means for their remedy, spoke of this one evil as so plainly at the root of the rest, that, until it were redressed, no radical amelioration could be expected. Accordingly, various plans for combining (as it was there called) the professorial with the tutorial system, from time to time made their appearance. And yet, if the circumstances of an Oxford tutor be compared with those of a professor at one of our colleges, the result is contrast rather than resemblance. The Oxford tutor had, as nearly as possible, half the year for vacation; and of the remaining half year, nearly half of each day, for his occupations seldom exceeded four hours in duration. It was a fixed principle with all the more zealous tutors, that it was their duty to occupy great part of this time in study of one kind or other, that they might be the less unfit for their duties; and how much time really could be devoted to such objects will be apparent from the one fact, that that most laborious work, Liddell and Scott's *Lexicon*, was compiled *entirely* during a period when both the learned authors were Oxford tutors in full employment. That these two gentlemen had far greater power and taste for mental application than most persons, I readily admit; still I can testify, by personal knowledge in one case, and from general report in the other, that there were no tutors in the University who were more careful in attending to their professional duties, or exercised more influence over the intellectual habits of their pupils. Look, again—to take almost the first example that occurs, and certainly far from an extreme or exceptional one—to a work which has quite lately appeared by Mr. Chrétien, tutor of Oriel College, called *An Essay on Logical Method*, as a proof for how much reading and thought, bearing on his peculiar province, many an Oxford tutor finds time, in the midst of his professional labours. Our own professors, if I may judge from what falls under my own observation, are among the most indefatigable and laborious of men, and often possessed of talents especially fitting them for their work; but what respite are they afforded by our system from the labours of teaching, which can give them the opportunity for deep thought and study?

I am far from wishing to imply that the instances I have mentioned come fully up to the standard I laid down. Of course all practice falls far below theory, and no doubt the practice in the cases in question falls much more below theory than it need. Still there is the theory, and some considerable amount of practice in accordance with it. And here, sir, I may be allowed to say, that I am not quite prepared to concur with your disparaging judgment on Oxford and Cambridge education. I am well aware of the danger to which converts are exposed, of magnifying unduly the importance of the extremely little world to which they have formerly belonged; and, moreover, that Oxford and Cam-

bridge are in different ways very defective as places of intellectual education, I would be the last to deny; still they have, in my judgment, great excellences also, from which we might advantageously learn; and, at least, I should like specifically to know which are some of the other "thousand ways" whereby the "non-Catholic youths of England" receive a still better education. Again, in recounting the periodicals which represent the Established Church, you have made one or two important omissions. The *Guardian*, for instance, is a paper of very conspicuous ability. I dislike it extremely, and a certain malignant impertinence which characterises its comments on the Catholic Church is most trying to one's patience; and I think that of late it has fallen off in talent. But, in its past days, I do not think it could be fairly said to fall short either of the *Spectator* or the *Examiner*. The *Christian Remembrancer*, again, contains at times articles of very great power; inferior, I think, in no respect to the usual staple of the *Edinburgh* or *Quarterly*. However, it is quite unnecessary to pursue this subject further.

Leaving now this general question of teachers, I come to the particular details of English Catholic education; and here one is struck at once with a very remarkable circumstance. The Oxford or Cambridge system is carried on to the age of twenty-two or twenty-three; and then immediately the great majority of learners proceed, not to rest from their studies, but to start on again in some new field. Many begin to read for Protestant ordination; many for the bar; while those whose intention it is to devote their life mainly to study, proceed to follow up more profoundly that particular line of research which they may have chosen as their main province. And it is from this class that the chief teachers of various kinds are to be chosen. Whether the English University system be one really well fitted to prepare minds for these various pursuits, is a subject on which I shall presently speak; but if it be, it is plainly an admirable arrangement, that the *leisured classes* are trained on this system: for it is one most especial object in *their* education, that they may be led as much as possible to continue a life-long cultivation of science or literature. Now, the remarkable circumstance to which I have alluded is this, that *we* have no parallel system whatever of lay education. Our colleges are mainly adapted, if I mistake not, for those lay students who, at the age of sixteen or thereabouts, expect to be called into active life in the way of commercial or other pursuits. It is true that several stay till a later age, say nineteen or twenty, and take, perhaps, their B.A. degree at the London University; still, so far from this being an age at which a liberal education can close, it is the very age at which it is beginning to bear its most precious fruits, as I shall presently shew; and, as a matter of fact, no parent among the leisured classes would be content with his son's education closing at that age: yet nothing is taught beyond that age in our colleges, except to theological students as such. Let this be carefully observed. *There is no recognised system whatever among us which so much as professes to train the noble or the wealthy for their high and responsible positions; there is no recognised system whatever which so much as*

professes to train lay students disposed and qualified to engage in intellectual pursuits; there is no recognised system whatever which so much as professes to train up persons who may be really fitted to teach the secular branches of education in our colleges. How can there be so much as room for doubt that Protestant lay education is superior to ours, when it is a plain, broad, undeniable matter of fact, that the highest branch of that education is altogether absent from our system?

Let us now pass briefly in review some particulars of which this education would reasonably be expected to consist; and it will be an obvious convenience to begin by considering the method adopted at the schools and colleges of the Establishment. There are, of course, two main elements of intellectual education—the one storing the mind with those facts which will be found useful in after-life; the other cultivating and invigorating the mind itself, drawing forth its faculties into active and (as one may say) painful exertion, and teaching it to employ aright those faculties so strengthened and developed. And of these two elements, a moment's thought will shew that the latter is beyond any possible comparison the more important. A vigorous, perspicacious, philosophical intellect is, in itself, a most valuable possession, even where the knowledge of facts is most scanty; but, on the other hand, the most extensive information is literally worthless, if received into a sterile, inactive, uncultivated mind. Supposing a man knew by heart the names of all the stokers and engine-drivers, guards and policemen, on all English railways, and were to think of enlarging his information by acquiring a similar knowledge of those in France, Belgium, and the United States, no one would consider such labour well bestowed. Yet, why is it so absurdly useless? Simply because such information supplies no materials on which the active faculties of the mind can exert themselves. And, in like manner, if the active faculties of the mind *do* not exert themselves, the most extensive collection of facts of *any kind* is as thoroughly worthless as these railway statistics, and the recipient might just as well be without them; except, indeed, that, by his knowledge of them, he may dazzle the eyes of others as shallow as himself, and appear to be, what he is not, an educated man. And yet, though it is most important that this should not be forgotten, we must not shut our eyes to the opposite side also of the truth. If information, where found alone, is valueless, on the other hand, where great intellectual activity is found alone, it can confer little real benefit on mankind, nay, and not impossibly may lead to much mischievous error; and it becomes therefore of extreme importance that it be fully supplied with materials on which to act. It is only, therefore, in proportion as these two great requisites are *jointly* imparted, that the intellectual education can be deemed in any sense sufficient.

Now it is a most important observation of Dr. Whewell's, that, for the purpose of securing a real exertion and invigoration of the intellectual faculties, classical and mathematical studies have quite a peculiar and characteristic value. In these studies the learner is absolutely compelled to be "an actor, not a mere spectator, in the intellectual scene." It is a matter of simple impossibility, that he can content himself with a mere barren and passive remembrance of facts communicated to him, because he is compelled to

* See *Rambler* for January, p. 374.

acquire and exhibit new *powers* of mind. A student who has learned to solve equations which he never before saw, or to translate accurately at first sight a passage of Euripides, or to render Burke into Ciceronian Latin, must necessarily have had his mind actively employed; for he has distinctly acquired a new *power*, a new *habit*. On the other hand, he may know by heart innumerable names and properties of plants, or facts in history, or systems of philosophy, without having exerted a single intellectual faculty except memory. Nay, and if these be his principal studies, it is a moral certainty that he will *not* exert his faculties; for, even at a much later age, and after great intellectual cultivation, we all know how naturally, and as it were instinctively, the mind shrinks from active exertion, and takes refuge (unless most special pains be taken to prevent it) in the mere mechanical repetition of facts or principles communicated by another.* It is, of course, hardly necessary to add, that our mental, like all our other faculties, are strengthened and cultivated by practical and active exertion, and cannot, by possibility, be strengthened in any other way.

So far, then, as the English school and University system proceeds on the foundation of classics and mathematics, it deserves great praise, as really setting itself to *educate* the mind, and not merely to fill it with information. I am not of course forgetting, what I fully admitted above, that the Protestant system has far less *hold* on students than the Catholic, so that a much greater proportion rebel against their teachers' efforts. I speak of the effect of the system, not on those who will *not* act upon it, but on those who *will*. Nor yet am I deciding (which is beside my purpose) how far other subjects might or might not be conceived, which would have an equally good effect with classics and mathematics in compelling the mind to activity. Still less am I wishing to institute a comparison, *e. g.* of the Oxford and Cambridge system with each other; though I may express by the way my bias in favour of the plan pursued both at Cambridge and, for an earlier stage, at our Catholic colleges, of making mathematical studies *indispensable*. But leaving these questions, which do not directly bear on the subject of my letter, I will enter briefly upon one which does. For, as will appear hereafter, it will throw much light on one or two matters on which I wish to speak, if I explain what appears to me the peculiar value of the *classical* system as presupposed, and as carried on, in Oxford.

The study of a language, as Mr. John Mill has observed with great justice, is a philosophical and logical exercise of the most valuable kind, and all the more valuable from its unconsciousness. And, as he proceeds to remark, the Latin and Greek are far better adapted for this purpose than any modern language, for a great number of reasons, which, however, it is not necessary here to specify. Nor does the benefit in this respect at all diminish as the study proceeds. Every ascent from an easier to a more difficult author, the sentences becoming longer and more involved, the connexion of part with part more difficult to trace,—all this gives a constantly renewed and ever higher exercise to habits of active

thought. Then comes the rendering of English into Latin and Greek. That complete and masterly grasp of an English author's meaning, which is the necessary pre-requisite to this task; that practical, and habitual, and most intimate acquaintance with the general language and mental character of the Latin and Greek author into whose style you are to translate the passage, which is another pre-requisite; the power of transfusing as far as may be the thoughts of one author into the *spirit* of the other (for a merely literal version is always regarded as an infallible mark of poor scholarship); the process of acquiring such a faculty as this, is plainly a philosophical exercise of a very high order. I am not saying that it is not also *more* than this; for so intimate an acquaintance with the beauties of different styles as is implied in the power of imitating them, must exercise a most powerful influence also over the taste and perceptions. But it is no less a high philosophy.

Now, such as I have described is the standard of acquirement *presupposed* by the Oxford system. I repeat, that of course the great majority of those who are there have not attained this sort of faculty in any very high degree; but one and all have no lower idea of what is *meant* by being a good scholar than precisely this. A student who felt himself unequal to *translation*, and that, as I have said, not merely into the language, but into the spirit of the ancients, would call himself, and would be called by others, a poor scholar. On this I can speak at first hand; for my position as fellow of Balliol College involved me in the duty of yearly examination for our scholarships. Now the candidates for these were of necessity below the age of nineteen; and were universally either young men just come up to college, or (as was more common) in the highest classes of the public schools. The examinations given were mainly laid out for the purpose of testing exactly such qualities as I have described. Passages of English, as idiomatic as could easily be found, to be translated into Latin and Greek of different styles; English verse in like manner into Greek verse, after the manner of this or that poet; and an original Latin essay, expected to be in the Ciceronian style, were invariably included in the examination; and the candidates were also tested in their power of translating *at sight* Greek or Latin passages of fair difficulty, which, while they were in a dialect familiar to the candidates, were so chosen that they were pretty sure never to have met with them before; for instance, from the less known tragedies of Euripides. When to this is added an English essay, for the purpose of giving those who might have any original power of thought an opportunity of shewing it, and also a certain number of critical and other questions, you have pretty well the whole examination. And certainly, after making every reasonable admission as to the comparative paucity of those who made an appearance quite satisfactory, year after year we found that no very small proportion of the candidates *did* go through the examination in no very insufficient way. Let any criticism be made which may appear just on what persons may consider the *narrowness* of this system, but let it be at least understood what the system was.

But the mere activity and vigour of the intellectual faculties is only one part of their rightful education: I am still speaking, be it observed, not of *information*, but of direct improvement of

* The whole of Dr. Whewell's remarks on these two kinds of instruction, "On English University Education," pp. 5-45, should be carefully read by any one interested in the subject, though he makes several incidental remarks in which I cannot concur.

the faculties; and, in regard to the latter alone, I say it is absolutely necessary for a good education, not only that they should be developed and strengthened (which is the subject on which I have hitherto been speaking), but also that they should be trained to act *healthfully and rightly*. One-sidedness and narrowness of mind, in its many various shapes, is no less an enemy to all intellectual excellence than is sleep and inactivity itself; this, no less than the other, deprives us of the power of using our information to any purpose, and tends to make our knowledge, however extensive, worse than useless. Such a person, at the very best, "becomes a helot of literature, toiling that others may enjoy,"—"a dealer in ill-sorted anecdotes and ill-digested propositions;"* while, at the worst, he becomes the arrogant, self-satisfied, narrow-minded pedant, more ignorant than those whose mind he most despises, because ignorant of his own ignorance. It is of the very utmost importance, then, to give our disciple a power which may enable him to wield aright whatever armory of knowledge he may obtain. It is of the very utmost importance (1), to impress practically and habitually upon him such particular kinds of knowledge as may prevent him from being a slave to superficial appearances, from mistaking accidentals for essentials, from raising a superstructure of argument on doubtful premisses; and, (2), to cultivate a habit of locating and systematising his whole knowledge, whatever it may be, and bringing it to bear on all pertinent occasions; of making each part assume its true place in his mind, and produce its fitting effect on his view of things as a whole; of grasping "the connexion of fact with fact, and truth with truth,—the bearing of fact upon truth, and truth upon fact;" of so "communicating the image of the whole body of his knowledge to each separate member," that there shall be no oscillation of judgment, no swaying forward and back under the influence of partial or momentary phenomena, but a steady, consistent progress towards the possession of full truth. Let this invaluable quality of mind be in any fair measure secured, then it is that we see knowledge of all kinds producing its true and appropriate fruits; then it is that we begin to see the real value and utility, whether of the profoundest learning, or the most extensive and general information.

Wishing, as far as possible, to divest myself of undue partiality, I really think that the classical system, as built up at Oxford upon the foundations laid at school, was in many respects peculiarly fitted to supply the mind with this essential training. I still speak of those who *did* pursue their classical studies and aim at University honours, not of those who did not. In the former, to catch the living and breathing spirit, *e.g.* of the Greek mind, to become familiar with its habits and ways of thought, to appreciate the peculiar phenomena of its civilisation, to have a deep and intelligent sympathy with its poetry and its philosophy, and to apprehend the mutual relations of the two,—such were the objects proposed in classical study at Oxford. Here, also, I can speak at first hand; because, while on the one hand I did not myself pursue classical studies there with any eagerness (a fact which I have since never ceased to lament), I never had any different idea as to what was *meant* by pursuing classical studies than such as I have laid down. Here,

again, all the classical exercises of school, which in their immediate effects were so admirable, derived altogether a new value and meaning, both as furnishing materials, and as having unconsciously trained and prepared the mind, for this higher research. The conversation, again, of a number of youths who were engaged in such pursuits tended likewise to diffuse around a classical atmosphere, if I may so express myself, which was of most powerful assistance to the formation of a classical mind, and could not but influence considerably even those who were not themselves students; the great desideratum in this respect, as I have already observed, being a sufficient body of deeply learned professors. I may also here add, that whatever is true of Oxford in this respect is undoubtedly still more true of Cambridge; for we always understood that they were as superior to us in classics as in mathematics: the intellectual peculiarity of Oxford being mainly the attention there given to Aristotle and moral studies generally.

This, then, being the general idea of classical education, surely it has a peculiar value in dissipating the narrow-mindedness and one-sidedness of which I just now spoke. The being intellectually enslaved to the mere routine of life, so as not to dream of man or of society in any greatly different circumstances from those we see—the confusing accidentals with essentials—the acquiescing in a merely superficial view of phenomena, without any suspicion of what is below the surface,—these, which are among the most virulent diseases of the intellect, find surely an efficacious medicine in classical study so conceived. It is impossible for a youth to study deeply more than one such past period; and the alternative of necessity is between a deep study of one and a general knowledge of many. Indeed, at Oxford there was accordingly a great tendency, and one much remarked, to make *Greece* the one centre in which their knowledge and reading converged, and dwell less habitually on the Roman language and history. Now, I say that it is precisely a deep study of—a practical, familiar, habitual acquaintance with—*one period*, and no amount of general knowledge, which will have the desired effect of checking unconsciously, at every turn, the narrow, pusillanimous, shallow, intellectual habit of which I have been speaking; and a civilisation like that of Greece, so teeming with activity and thought, and yet presenting so broad a contrast to our own times, is an especially valuable phenomenon for the purpose. The further effect of such training on the judgment, taste, imagination; on the perception of beauty, and on the discrimination of character; is also a matter to be carefully pondered.

Much might also, I think, be said on the favourable effect produced by the study of Aristotle and Plato, a study so much recommended in the Oxford system. This study, while, on the one hand, springing out so naturally from the classical course, and both receiving from it and reflecting on it so much illustration, on the other hand seems to me eminently conducive to the object of placing the mind in its fitting position in regard to the high and noble themes of moral philosophy. The student goes forth from his undergraduate course, fettered and enslaved, indeed, by no preconceived system, but yet fully aware how unspeakably great and momentous are the questions which agitate the human mind in that region, and with an ardent thirst (if such be his disposition) to explore the truth. To train the mind on any other

* Chrétien's "Essay on Logical Method," p. 9.

principle—I mean, of course, the Protestant mind—to allow young men to imagine that at the early age of twenty-two or twenty-three they are able to form for themselves a judgment worth one straw on these transcendently important controversies, must necessarily lead them either to assume an attitude of questioning and criticism towards their instructors (an attitude of mind so eminently hostile to real growth in knowledge), or else it will plunge them in that very delusion which it is the one great object of education to remove—the delusion of mistaking mere words and stereotyped notions for ideas and realities; and will introduce, moreover, into these lofty regions a spirit of shallow dogmatism and party-spirit, instead of that humble and philosophical temper which alone can arrive at intellectual truth.

It is plain that the state of mind I have been here praising is another powerful preservative from that narrow-mindedness and one-sidedness which is so grievous an intellectual evil. But how as to that other quality which I above mentioned, that crowning intellectual virtue of all, as it may well be called—I mean, the power of fully grasping all our knowledge, and moulding it into one consistent and harmonious whole? I doubt whether the Oxford system, in itself, gives sufficient cultivation to this power. I am in the habit of partly ascribing this deficiency to the undue disparagement of mathematical studies,—studies which, in my judgment, should from the very first proceed *pari passu* with classical. At all events, this deficiency (if I be right in thinking there is one) in the Oxford discipline affords a curious illustration of a remark which I made towards the beginning of my letter, that Protestants in general are afraid of disciplining their youth in habits of accurate and consecutive thought on moral and religious matters. At Oxford, where moral and religious studies are greatly valued, accurate and consecutive thought is less cultivated; at Cambridge, where more is done (though far from enough) in the latter way, the subject of morals and religion is far less brought before the mind.

Another cause to which I still more attribute this Oxford defect is (what I have so often mentioned), the absence of a body of highly-instructed teachers. This high and choice excellence of mind of which I am speaking is in an eminent and peculiar way fostered by *personal influence and example*; there seems hardly any way possible to secure it, except active intercourse with minds which possess it. And thus it has not unfrequently happened at Oxford, that what the system did not effect, accidental circumstances did. The presence among the undergraduates of one or two minds unusually manly and mature, diffuses around, as it were, an atmosphere of active and humble inquiry, of constant search into the reasons and relations of things, of an almost impatient desire to harmonise and view in their mutual bearings the various phenomena of which they were cognisant. Still more, the influence of great minds which might, in one way or other, be able to act on the students, though holding no recognised position in the University, would produce a similar effect. Or, again, it may sometimes be the case that the college-tutors themselves may be such as have the power of thus affecting those with whom they are most in contact. And the classical system itself is not without a very valuable effect in this way also, in guarding against lax and desultory habits of mind, through

its great consistency of parts and its harmonious evolution from first to last.

Of course there were very great defects in company with the good I have mentioned. For example, the absence from the appointed course of a knowledge in outline of the facts of modern history was a most crying evil; and generally very much more information might have been given, which would have been invaluable in after life, and yet need not have encroached on the *essential* course. Still more flagrant was the evil arising from the vast number of students whom the authorities could not induce to pursue the course with any diligence or attention, and who, if they would not become scholars, might at least have been recipients of much valuable intellectual discipline, instead of wasting their time. Still I confess I should have regarded with the utmost dislike, and even dismay, any proposal for changing the essential character of the education, and for making the mental discipline in any respect less exacting, for the sake of conveying more *information* of whatever species. No one can read even a little of what goes on, without observing how wonderfully the outcry has died away, which was in full strength some ten or fifteen years ago, against the place given to classical instruction; and how generally experience seems to have combined with theory in impressing on men's minds a sense of the preposterous absurdity of an educational system which shall make it its principal object to communicate information and general knowledge.

If any of your readers is disposed to think that I have digressed from my main subject in this analysis of Oxford studies, let him at least suspend his judgment; for he will find before the close of this letter how directly what I have said bears on some observations which I wish to make. I have not, however, be it observed, professed any opinion whether some other class of studies might or might not be equally available for intellectual culture; I have but expressed what appears to me the object to be aimed at in all good education, and the degree and manner in which, as I think, the Oxford system attains that object. And at least no one will deny, that if we Catholics desire to take our due place among English intelligence, it is most desirable that those of our youths who have leisure and inclination should have full opportunity for pressing their classical studies to the furthest point. Nor yet will it be questioned, that under our existing arrangements all such opportunity is broken off long before these studies have had time to produce their due and appropriate fruits.

It has often struck me, that until some Catholic organisation for the purpose be completed, it would be a very great advantage if some priest in London were to take boarders, who might profit by the admirable instruction of University College, and so prepare for their M.A. degree; the examination for which seems on the whole pretty accurately to correspond with the Oxford B.A. examination.* There would be thus opportunity for a student to pursue at the same time a systematic study of his religion under the guidance and direction of this priest; an arrangement which I venture to consider as of the very utmost importance. It has been seen, even by a Protestant writer, that "religion demands its tithe of intellectual culture;"

* The B.A. examination at Oxford is the *concluding* one; the M.A. degree following, as a matter of course, after the due interval of time.

though in adopting the sentiment, I should mean by "tithe" a good deal more than the tenth part. There is surely the utmost danger lest religion should cease to have the main and principal hold on the heart and affections, if intellectual activity be strongly called forth in the direction of classics and mathematics, while it has no proportional and concomitant stimulus in the region of Divine truth. A first-rate scholar or mathematician, instead of a humble, devout, and believing Catholic, is an exchange of mental condition by which Satan would alone be the gainer.

It is hardly necessary to remind your readers, that in attending the lectures at University College there is no evil in the least parallel to those fearful snares and perils which, under all conceivable circumstances, must beset the Catholic youth at Cambridge. No intimacies whatever are formed with the companions of their studies, who are hardly so much as seen out of the lecture-room: the student does but leave in the morning the house which is as his home to attend the college-lecture; and lecture being over, he straightway returns. And I think in many instances such a plan as this would be more suitable than those other alternatives mentioned by Mr. Oakeley: "letting them travel under the eye of a tutor on the continent, or keeping them at home, or putting them at a foreign college."

On mathematical studies it is not necessary to add any thing to what has fallen incidentally in the preceding remarks. Mathematical habits, no less than classical, are felt by him who attains them to convey something quite different in *kind* from mere knowledge and information: a new *faculty*, as it were, which gives him a sort of dominion over the various fields of science, such as nothing else can possibly confer. And in these studies also, as in classical, much assistance may be derived from non-Catholic institutions, during the unfortunate absence of Catholic ones. But there are many other subjects of thought, and those of incomparably higher importance in *themselves** than classics or mathematics, on which it is impossible to derive any benefit from non-Catholic institutions, because these of necessity impart such studies in a spirit and on principles essentially contradictory with our own. I am far from having even so much of *general* acquaintance with the encyclopedia of literature and science as to profess to give any enumeration of such studies; I will but mention two or three which immediately occur to one's mind.

Consider, for instance, that noble and most important science, moral philosophy; a science which is, by special right, the property of Catholics, because, owing to its indissoluble connexion with theology, we alone are in possession of a body of truths on the subject, on which we may rely with the utmost confidence, and from which we may start in our reasonings as from first principles. Now it is evident, that precisely for this very reason it is impossible for a Catholic to pursue this study one step under Protestant guidance without the greatest danger of imbibing some principle at variance with Catholic truth. Merely as one out of a thousand instances which may serve to bring this home to our mind, consider the bearing on this science of the whole body of Catholic teaching concerning *sanctity*. It is no

* By 'in themselves,' I mean to distinguish from their value as an instrument of culture and mental discipline; in the latter sense, as I have already said, I think classics and mathematics of much greater value.

minor and subordinate point, but among the very most cardinal and fundamental questions in the whole science, "wherein lies the true *perfection* of the human mind?" And the Catholic is absolutely *bound* to answer this question in a manner directly and sharply at variance with every Protestant or infidel teacher in the world, when he considers the fearful bodily austerities, the love of solitude, the hatred of all worldly goods, the love of contempt, the fervent admiration of celibacy, the readiness to believe in the supernatural, and numberless other like traits of character, which most pre-eminently and universally distinguish those high and holy Creatures, for whom the Church requires our reverence as for the very patterns of human perfection. What resource have we, then, when the Catholic student burns to explore this attractive science, and to gain some systematic insight into the mysteries of his moral and spiritual nature? What system of instruction, what recognised treatise, what guidance of any kind, have we in all England to point to, whereby the youthful student may guide his steps among the various and divergent paths around him? He must either stay his course, or else be left to find his way as best he can, with a full knowledge that snares and pitfalls abound on every side, and yet with no means of guarding against the danger.

Take, again, the study of modern history. The moment we proceed beyond the mere annals of external events, the moment the learner desires to have some insight into the real springs and principles at work at different times—the mutual connexion of facts in the relation of cause and effect, the influence exerted on each generation by those preceding it, and other questions of the like nature,—questions which bear directly on the real and precious truths which it is the main and paramount object of the science to impart,—that moment he is compelled to part company with his Protestant instructor. The Protestant regards modern European history as a mere assemblage of phenomena, just as the Grecian may be, or the Roman; but with the Catholic it is the history of a divine and august dispensation: he recognises from first to last the active and influential presence of a divinely constituted authority, which is ever occupied with the task of evolving order out of chaos, enunciating the infallible oracles of Divine truth throughout the whole domain of faith and morals, and tempering, as far as may be, the wild and fierce elements with which it has to deal into one organic whole. To study the history of modern Europe without keeping this first principle ever in the mind, is to derive simply false impressions; and how can he, therefore, be a learner from any one who rejects that principle? Of late years, too, foreign writers, both Catholic, Protestant, and infidel,* have thrown new and considerable light on the Church's position in history, as the real founder of the whole fabric of modern European civilisation; nor could any thing have a more beneficial effect on the minds of Catholic youth generally, than that some sufficient idea of this great fact should be presented before them from a distinctly Catholic point of view. Let me now ask, to what English institution can we point, adapted for training teachers who may impart these valuable truths; or to what English book, or to what practical exertion of any kind, in the way of diffusing such information through

* Comte, about the most eminent of these, has expressly acknowledged that his first ideas on the subject were derived from the "illustrious" Catholic De Maistre.

the Catholic mind of the country? We have left St. Anselm, and St. Thomas, and St. Edmund, of Canterbury, to be vindicated, and the true position of the contemporary Church to be illustrated and defended, by Protestant writers of ability,† having ourselves moved neither hand nor finger in their defence. Nor can I call to mind any exception to this remark, except a most interesting defence and vindication of Boniface VIII., in the *Dublin Review*, attributed to a pen which has in so many ways conferred such signal benefits on the Catholic body.

Another science may be mentioned, to which both the English character and the circumstances of the time combine in giving a great and increasing importance just now—that of political economy. This science, as at present cultivated, leads in the hands of many to most anti-Catholic conclusions on the subject of *almsgiving*, and in the hands of all, on the subject of *population*; the latter a question which pre-eminently, and, as I may say, clamorously, requires to be considered in all its bearings by the light of Catholic moral and ascetic principles. What effort has been made, or approach to an effort, or so much as distant thought of an effort, to rear this important branch of science on a Catholic basis? No; here again our youth must either eschew the subject—(a subject which, if they mix in the world, must continually come before them in one or other shape)—or else be delivered up without protection to the influence of these frightfully irreligious notions.

Without further extending our enumeration, let us consider the matter from a different point of view. On all the subjects I have mentioned, the English mind is constantly and unceasingly influenced on the anti-Catholic side. There is Mr. Carlyle, with his thousands of followers, implying in his whole course of thought a specious and brilliant, yet most false and anti-Catholic philosophy. There is a far more Christian man, Dr. Arnold, who, being dead, inculcates anti-Catholic lessons far more extensively and effectually than he ever did while alive. There are the more systematic and cautiously expressed doctrines of Mr. Mill, growing and likely to grow in influence and power. And these are only a few specimens of the great anti-Catholic intellectual conspiracy, in which English literature is banded together. And what single Ca-

* I would not on any account speak with any even apparent slight of the profoundly learned Dr. Lingard; the one historian, I suppose, who has never been refuted in any one fact he has confidently asserted, and who, having fairly lived down adverse criticism, is admitted on all hands to be among the fairest and most impartial writers in the language. The services, moreover, which he has rendered to English Catholics are precisely of that kind which were most especially wanted at the period when he began to write; inasmuch that he may be called the historical founder in England of those truer views, *e.g.* on the chief agents in the Reformation, which are now generally admitted. Still, surely his line is rather that of the annalist than of the historian; and certainly he does not bring forward with any prominence the divine authority of the Church. A comparison, *e.g.* between his account of St. Anselm or St. Thomas of Canterbury with those of the Protestant writers mentioned presently in the text, will exactly explain what I mean.

† I allude here to Mr. Froude's work on St. Thomas; to the life of St. Edmund, in the series of Saints' Lives published by Toovey; to two articles on St. Anselm which appeared in the *British Critic*. I might also commemorate Mr. Bowden's *Life of Hildebrand*. There was, it is true, a Catholic English translation of a work on St. Anselm by Mochler.

tholic has ever come into the field to confront these writers and expose their sophistries? It is this fact, plain and overt in the face of day—the fact that Catholics do *not* act on the intelligence and mind of England—this it is which brings on us the contempt of our neighbours; and which way are we most likely to escape that contempt—by admitting our deficiencies and endeavouring to redress them, or by remaining ourselves blind to what our enemies so clearly see? Is it possible that we have no other or higher idea as to the mode of meeting Protestant prejudice, than notable devices like the trying to hide from them our very characteristic doctrines (those, *e.g.* which relate to austerities, or again to image-worship), as though we were ourselves half-ashamed of them? a process whereby we only succeed in drawing down upon ourselves at their hands even bitterer contempt than before. Are you prepared—I would again earnestly ask of my Catholic brethren—are you prepared to surrender to the enemy the whole field of intellect and philosophy? Are you content to leave the vindication of Catholic truth in the hands of those who are not even Catholics, and who, having made one point against our enemies, will most assuredly make their next point against ourselves? No doubt the soul of a rustic is as precious before God as that of a philosopher; and God forbid I should say one word in disparagement of the labours gone through with such success towards enlarging the true Fold, by public retreats, by frequented confessionals, by education of the poor. Still I ask, are you, or are you not, contented with the absence of all special and carefully directed efforts to influence the English intellect? In my own opinion, through such omission, we lose all security that our very conversions among the poor shall bear fruits to last beyond the present generation; but if your opinion be different, at least say so; and then it will be you, and not I, who make the broad avowal, that Catholics are the worst educated class in England, and are fully contented to remain so.

I now turn to consider how far the present system of our colleges is well adapted for what does seem their main purpose, so far as they are places for lay education; I mean, the preparing youth for playing their part well in the scenes of active and commercial life. Had we, indeed, any such organisation as I have been all this time speaking of, for imparting a liberal education, this would be recognised by all as the sole object of our present colleges in their dealings with lay boys. For in truth, no really good education can possibly be imparted, so long as two such widely differing functions are in any degree mixed up together.

Nor will I conceal, at starting, my sentiments on one point in regard to our colleges which appears to me unpromising. In intellectual matters, as in moral, it is those who place before themselves the highest standard, and are most zealous and unremitting in their attempts to attain it, who feel most painfully and habitually their practical deficiencies. I think it would have tended to give the world in general higher ideas of the worth of our educational system, and the wisdom and zeal with which its high and important objects are pursued, had there been among ourselves less appearance of full satisfaction with its existing condition.

Bearing, then, in view the object at which we

are to aim, let us consider, on grounds of reason, what should be those principal and fundamental lines of study to which the main and most anxious attention should be given. In the first place, of course, such attainments as will be absolutely required in the youth's future circumstances. To one, certain modern languages will for this reason be necessary; to another, book-keeping; to all, writing and arithmetic. But these pre-requisites having been secured, in other respects we must be guided by the very same principles which direct a more extended education. The application, owing to the very different circumstances, may be in many respects very different; but the principles must ever be the same. Now, to the object which I mentioned above as being first in order among the essentials of general education, the object, I mean, of compelling the faculties to really active exertion, many of the studies already mentioned are in themselves highly conducive; such as arithmetic and modern languages. In respect to the former, I should strongly plead for methodical and careful instruction being given in it, from the very moment the boy sets foot in the college, and for its being at once succeeded by algebra and Euclid; a course, I believe, not materially different from that ordinarily pursued in our colleges, and in which they are most advantageously contrasted with Protestant public schools. Again, over and above modern languages, I should, for many reasons, earnestly hope for a continuance of that part of our present habits which requires the study of *Latin* as an absolutely essential and indispensable exercise. On the other hand, it is quite a further question, whether *classical books* should be the boys' instrument for acquiring and improving his Latin skill; nor can I, I confess, see any peculiar advantages in his making some slight and superficial acquaintance with Heathen history and literature, in a case like that we are now considering; a case where circumstances wholly preclude the possibility of pursuing the study, on principles such as those I above described. A professional education should be something extremely different from a liberal education cut *suddenly* shorter: among Protestants, *e.g.* it is comparatively rare for youths to go to a public school who are not destined ultimately for college; nor, as I believe, is the experiment, when it is made, generally a successful one. And I confess that the power of writing, in English, schoolboy themes on Marius and Sylla, or on Scævola and Horatius Cocles, seems an attainment very far less valuable than many with which it must interfere.

So much as to the great object of strengthening and invigorating the faculties. There remains the other no less important object to which I above adverted, that of giving the faculties, so invigorated, a healthy direction; and moreover, as, in the case before us, the time for education is much narrowed, the pursuit of these two objects must of necessity proceed *pari passu* together. To preserve the mind from narrowness and one-sidedness in all its forms, this is one most indispensable part of all true education; but how especially important, where its subjects are to be immersed for the rest of their life in the active labours of commerce, and in pursuits which tend powerfully to contract the mind into one fixed groove, and blind it to higher and more enlarged prospects! To carry out such a system, then, as may best suit this purpose, as may best counteract in after-life all the various tendencies to narrow-mindedness

and prejudice—this is the object at which we have to aim; and I earnestly wish that those who may differ from me ever so widely as to the best means of *attaining* it, would yet look the question fairly in the face, whether, at all events, this be not the *object* to be aimed at. If this be once fairly admitted (and I do not well see how it can be denied), one great step at least will be taken. It is not *information* which it is the main object of education to impart, but *enlargement of mind*. As Mr. John Mill most truly says (it is an obvious remark, yet one continually overlooked), our object must be not to impress on our youths the ideas current in the world (these they will learn soon enough for themselves), but the very contrary: to impress on them those ideas which are true but *not* current in the world.

I consider that, with this object in view, to lay any stress on such matters as astronomy or other natural philosophy, or, again, on Heathen mythology and history, is to aim quite beside the mark. Our object will be attained, not by storing his mind with new facts, but with *principles* which bear on *facts familiar to him*; by teaching him to regard those facts with which he will every day be brought into contact, in a deeper and truer light than that which is suggested by their superficial appearance, and is prevalent in the world around him. He who is a slave to superficial appearances and current maxims in matters which practically concern him, he is essentially and fundamentally an ill-educated man, and a discredit to his college; though he can point you out in the sky Mars and Saturn, though he know well the history of Tarquin, though he keep a private collection of botanical specimens. This, then, being our main object, *viz.* to teach him the true interpretation of those every-day facts with which he will all his life be conversant, I think that such studies as the following should occupy an incomparably more prominent place than those above specified.

In the very first place of all, on every possible ground, moral no less than intellectual, intellectual no less than moral, I should place a careful and methodical study of *religion*. By this, of course, I mean, not merely instruction in those truths whose belief is required for salvation, but so regular, methodical, and extensive a course of study, that it shall be felt that no one subject is more carefully and systematically pursued. The moral grounds on which I base this are the same with those I mentioned above, *viz.* the extreme danger lest religion should cease to have the main and principal hold on the heart and affections, if intellectual activity should be called forth in other directions, without a proportionate cultivation of this province. The intellectual ground is, that I know no one subject that can be named, which will have any effect in the way of enlarging and elevating the mind, that can for a moment be compared with the effect of this; with the effect of constantly familiarising the mind, from its earliest years, with the transporting and ennobling principles of the Gospel: principles which give to the whole course of practical life its one true interpretation, and which recall the mind sharply to a widely different estimation of things from that suggested by the visible course of the world; principles which lead the mind to view every daily event and occurrence under associations which act most powerfully on the imagination, the general reason, and the affections.

To give my proposal a more definite and tan-

gible substance, I will specify, first, a course of doctrinal instruction, grounded, in the first instance, on the ordinary catechism, and gradually growing and developing around that, as a nucleus. I suppose, of course, the most careful examination and cross-examination of the students under every different form, to make sure that the truths in question really find an entrance into their mind. If this proposal, indeed, were admitted, we should not be long without some manual directly fitted for our purpose; which should give, of course, a far deeper and wider exposition of doctrine than is contained in the common catechism, and yet in the same proportion falling short of the extreme and minute completeness fitted for the theologian. Exactly such a work, if I remember it rightly, is the larger *Catéchisme de Malines*, which I saw when I was in Belgium. Not very different, again, in their scope and design are the *Catéchismes de Persévérance*, which are, I believe, common in France, and of which M. Gaume's well-known work is a specimen. These, I believe, are ordinarily recommended for the study of youths immediately after their confirmation* (i. e. in France, I think, about eleven or twelve years old), and are in general of much less extent than M. Gaume's. The latter, indeed, in scope and extent goes very far beyond anything here recommended, and yet is expressly intended for the *laity*. No doubt in other Catholic countries there are similar expositions of doctrine.

In the next instance I should name a regular and methodical study, so as to stand questioning and examination, of some book which treats systematically on the rules and maxims of a holy life (what is technically called ascetic theology); such, e. g. as several parts of Rodriguez's work on *Christian Perfection*.

And, lastly, I should also warmly plead for some habitual and regular instruction in great part of the four Gospels, with the Vulgate for a text-book. It is often said in praise of astronomy as a study, that the wonders described in it elevate and subdue the mind. And yet, in sober seriousness and reason, how can the greatest wonder in all astronomy bear a moment's comparison with that awful and unspeakable marvel, the assumption by God of human nature? Or what effect can astronomical studies have in elevating and subduing the mind, that must not fall into absolute insignificance when compared with the astonishing privilege of studying the very words and acts of God, thus Incarnate; of hanging, as it were, on His lips, contemplating devoutly His gracious deeds, and thus, by degrees, growing into a real knowledge of Him, and (as one may almost say) familiar acquaintance? What impression of God can astronomy impart even on the most devout minds, beyond an impression of his power and skill? Yet these attributes are displayed with incomparably greater significance in the mystery of the Incarnation; while in this mystery we are allowed also to gaze on the most conspicuous and emphatic signs of qualities which far more intimately concern us—His holiness, His justice, His love, and tender compassionateness. I may add, that the great stress laid by the Church on the practical study of the four Gospels is symbolised by the lights and pomp which accompany the chanting of the

Gospel; and is exemplified by the fact, that very far the most common method of daily meditation is founded on some arrangement for going through the four Gospels every year; and that in "the Spiritual Exercises" three out of the four weeks are similarly occupied.

For similar reasons, I think that the text-books wherein our lay students should exercise their power of Latin translation into English would be much more usefully of a *theological* class; and I think that extracts might be made, e. g. from St. Bernard or St. Augustine, "*in usum studiosæ juventutis*," which would be as interesting and attractive as they would be edifying to the youthful Catholic.

I confess that to me any real improvement in our system of lay education for the commercial classes seems quite hopeless, unless a most prominent place be given to religious instruction. At Oxford (to speak of the Protestant system with which I am best acquainted) I suppose that fully half the labour of the passman* was to acquire the requisite religious information. Great part of the fruit of this was necessarily lost, from the fact that doctrinal instruction is impossible in a form of religion whose principle is private judgment; yet I think, with every disadvantage, great benefit of many kinds resulted. But among us, with whom every part of theology is as definitively constituted and marked out a science as astronomy itself, it were indeed surprising if we were to fail to make full use of our singular and pre-eminent advantages. Another consideration may also be mentioned, though it is of a kind on which I am very unwilling to lay too much stress. Our Catholic laymen go forth into a world where they will have most extensively to meet with Protestants; and it is for that reason of great importance that they shall understand their religion sufficiently to answer such questions as may be put, whether from mere curiosity, or (as may often happen) from a nascent stirring of the heart towards the Truth. Nothing is so serviceable in our dealing with Protestants as being able to explain our doctrines, and shew clearly their bearing on conduct and practice.

2. Another subject on which very careful instruction may with great profit be given, is what may be called in one word modern history. Of this I would distinguish two very different branches. The first is a general account of English institutions and English law; the main principles on which the latter proceeds, and a knowledge of some chief applications of these principles, together with an account of its origin, and the principal epochs in its history. The other is a knowledge of the chief revolutions through which modern European society has gone; the origin of the various European nations, and the mode in which the Church has affected their fortune and well-being. I mention these subjects, as intimately connected with phenomena which will be continually coming before him, and as enabling him to view these phenomena from a higher and more far-reaching point of view. We all have to take our part at least in home politics, and Catholics naturally take an interest hardly less lively in continental events; and studies such as I have mentioned will surely give far greater meaning and significance to such mental occupations. Much is it to be desired that a time may soon come, when these subjects may be taught in our

* My authority for this fact is Dr. Wordsworth's *Diary in France*.

* This means the student who did not try for honours.

colleges by persons who have made them the chief study of their lives. But even as things are now, I think that a mere general and elementary knowledge of the external facts wherewith these studies are conversant will be a very valuable preparation for after-life. Such facts may be lifeless and uninteresting enough when first communicated, but if carefully mastered they will store the mind with materials which could not be acquired at a later period, but on which, at that later period, the mind will most profitably work.

3. I cannot but think it desirable also that, during the last year or so of the student's residence, he should be carefully and systematically instructed in the broad principles of political economy. This science also bears still more directly than history on those facts with which his whole life is to be concerned, and enables him to penetrate below the mere surface of these facts; indeed, I suppose there will be a number of instances, in which he may make the most grievous mistakes of judgment for want of such general knowledge. How, indeed, such a study can safely be imparted to a Catholic, until some answer is provided to those irreligious lessons usually mixed up with it, on which I lately commented, is a question worth our very serious consideration; but I do not see that we escape from the difficulty, or materially amend our position, by leaving our students at a disadvantage through their ignorance of this science.

Such subjects as these, in my judgment, should be the main staple of lay education in our colleges; should be competently and thoroughly taught, and *on no account* allowed to be put aside in favour of any other less essential study. But of course it would be a great advantage if facility is offered to those whose taste lies that way, to cultivate, *in addition*, any part of ancient history, or the elements of any physical science; to witness chemical experiments, or learn the use of the globes. Still more desirable is the cultivation of that taste for music, drawing, and the like, which is so pleasant and healthy a characteristic of the Catholic colleges, and in which they stand out so broadly and delightfully contrasted with Protestant schools. And more beneficial still is the power of really enjoying poetry of a high order; a taste which would be much promoted no doubt by the practice prevalent in several colleges, and which has been noticed by Dr. Ullathorne in reference to the general subject, of acting every year a well-selected play, or scenes, of Shakspeare.

I have little more now to add, except drawing one or two corollaries from the principles that have been stated, in regard to our system of *ecclesiastical* education: corollaries which I submit, with the greatest deference, to the judgment of those to whom alone appertains the office of directing that education. Thus, I cannot but think that the reasons adduced against making classical studies part of our collegiate lay education, apply still more strongly in the case of clerical; and in this view I know I am only following the opinion of several most competent judges among the older Catholic priests. In addition to the reasons which apply to the lay students, this also is to be considered as to clerics, that if they learn the dead languages from the first on the basis of *Christian* not *Heathen*

antiquity, an *unity of subject* will result in their whole education, which (as I mentioned in regard to Oxford classical studies) has an especial value in saving the mind from lax and desultory habits. A good selection from both Latin and Greek ecclesiastical writers, as a text-book in these languages for the ecclesiastical student, would be, I think, a most valuable acquisition. Again, if this view be adopted, the present most convenient arrangement might continue of uniting the two classes of lay and clerical in many of their general studies; for not only (as is at once obvious) would such religious instruction as I have advocated for lay boys be to the full as salutary for the Church student, but a knowledge also of general European history would throw the greatest light on (what he will afterwards study) the specially ecclesiastical portion of that history. By means, too, of such a general system, he will be (unconsciously) receiving from the very first a practical preparation for his later studies; and will enter on them, when their time comes, with a deep interest already awakened. Besides all which, I cannot but think the benefit inestimable of training him from the first on what may be called an ecclesiastical basis, and surrounding him with an ecclesiastical atmosphere of thought. Indeed, it is not surely at all hopeless that, through the help given him in his later studies by this previous course, he might be enabled to pursue a more extensive range of direct theology in his later collegiate years. It is not hopeless that, over and above his knowledge of moral theology, he might obtain (what all agree in regarding as so unspeakably desirable, if only it be possible to impart it) a careful and systematic instruction in the science and art of guiding souls; nay, and might perhaps also study a larger number of dogmatic treatises than at present is found practicable. I may add also, that the remarks I made at starting on the subject of *professors* seem to me in no one branch more applicable than in this.

And thus, at length, I bring my remarks to a close. I feel most deeply how imperfectly I am able to treat so vast a subject, and I doubt not that much additional light might be thrown on the whole matter by a detailed knowledge, which I do not possess, of foreign Catholic education, both lay and clerical. On the practical suggestions which I have ventured occasionally to throw out, I cannot but feel much diffidence; yet, on the other hand, as to the general *principles* I have maintained in regard to education, I confess that my conviction of their truth is very strong. At all events, I trust that by my freedom of comment I may have given no offence to persons for whom I feel nothing but respect and regard; for I do not see how we can make any way on this or any other subject, unless we speak our minds to each other, as brothers, freely and openly. Nor should it be forgotten that I have at least afforded to others ample means of retaliation; and I promise that I will receive most cheerfully, and regard with the utmost attention, any criticism on whatever I may have said, which shall be to the full as frank and plain-spoken as any I have myself made on some parts of our existing system.

Renewing my expressions of gratitude to you for the great service you have done us in opening this important controversy, I remain, dear sir, very faithfully yours,

W. G. WARD.

Ecclesiastical Register.

LETTERS ON LEBANON.

BY M. EUGENE BORÉ.

[Continued from p. 331.]

LETTER X.

Of Religion and the Clergy.

WE shall treat the religion of the Mountain with the same frankness we have shewn towards its politics, our object being similar—the good of the nation, and the advantage of Catholicism. We may set out by saying, to the praise of these Christians, that their faith is deeply rooted, scrupulous, expansive, and impregnable to the cowardly suggestions of human respect. During the offices, the churches are thronged by the faithful, who love to pray aloud, to beat the breast, and to kiss the earth with humble prostrations (*rik'a*); borrowed from them probably, ages ago, by Mahometanism, rough sketched, as we know it to have been, by the schismatic Syrian monk who was Mahomet's tutor. But, unfortunately, we are compelled to add that mere form, lukewarmness, or superficial piety, and more than all, ignorance, derogate from this excellent basis. Simplicity of manner, as distinguished from that of character, extends among them even to things divine, and gives them, so to say, too great a familiarity towards God. Thus, they ordinarily behave at church as in their own houses, yawning loudly, muttering their thoughts with great freedom, and making little scruple of chatting, or even of a sharp discussion. This irreverence, with us an ordinary sign of irreligion and libertinism, does not here proceed from the same source. It arises simply from a want of instruction: they have not been taught that it is wrong, and do not appear to suspect it. The blame must be laid to their spiritual masters, the priests of the secular clergy, who are often at the best but good farmers. They alone have generally, as a right, the care of parishes and souls, which they will not yield to the regular clergy, though more learned and more capable. This superiority they owe to their celibacy, a fact which immediately refutes the wisdom of the ecclesiastical discipline in force in the West. Hence, doubtless, it is, that the enemies of the Church, schismatics, Protestants, and philo-sophers, reproach her so violently with the practice of that virtue in which lies her principal strength, which exalts her triumphant over the flesh and the world. If any faithful can still entertain a doubt on this point, it is because they have never had under their eyes the comparison and the contrast of the married priest, cumbered with the cares of a family. Then disappears the lustre of holiness and virtue that elevates him above the herd; his heart is exhausted of the comprehensive zeal that inspires acts of great devotedness; he belongs to his family at least as much as to the community of which he is the spiritual head; and these earthly cords continually pull him down to the things of time; self-interest, excited by an anxious prudence, soon develops the germ of covetousness, to the detriment of his august office. He ordinarily plies some handicraft, or farms. The pipe, that innocent diversion of the Orientals, when used in moderation, degenerates with many into a

tyrannical and stupifying mania, swallowing up every unemployed moment, till leisure for study cannot be found, the taste for reading is lost, and the word of God deserts the silent lip. Thicker darkness spreads over the people, and if a patriarchal simplicity of manners still preserves them from the vices of false civilisation, they also want the brilliant virtues that compensate and atone for them. The good is only negative, and consists in the absence of scandalous disorders, while faith, unenlightened, is deadened by ceremonies that quicken not the soul. In this the people bear the punishment of their own fault—that of having ministers elected to their own taste, and in some sort ordained by themselves. When the curé of a parish dies, the heads of the laity, who carry things as they please, particularly when their purse is well filled, designate and present his successor, who is most frequently a peasant like themselves, with no other preparation for the priesthood than the ability to read the Sacred Writings, and to handle the pen. The beard, and blue cloak and cap, are sometimes the only distinctive marks of his dignity. You will find him, under his own roof, with his wife, his children, his poultry, his cow, and his ass, busy in the thousand cares of the day. His only becoming function is the frequent one of keeping a school, where the children are taught their prayers, the catechism, and the rudiments of their language. But having counted five priests of this species in a single village of a hundred houses, it may be conceived that three or four of them were deficient of this resource.

Their worship betrays this neglected and precarious condition. The churches are generally miserably provided, the altars grievously bare, and the ornaments unsuitable, save when they are supplied by the charity of the West. The coarseness of the sacred linen is not redeemed by a merit certainly within their power,—cleanliness and whiteness. Though the olive-tree abounds in nearly all the cantons, and oil is very cheap, we had to deplore the almost general absence of the Holy Sacrament in the Tabernacles. That the neglect of a Catholic people should thus voluntarily deprive them of the comfort and grace of the Perpetual Presence, attests a lamentable want of fervour. A priest to whom we remarked this, sought for excuses in his poverty, which did not permit him, he said, to purchase a ciborium. But to convince him of the error of this reasoning, it required only to point to his wife's head, adorned with a *tantour*,—a long horn of silver which the bride receives on the day of her marriage, and wears day and night till her death. This equally antique and singular ornament, for adopting which the daughters of Sion were reproved by Isaias, would have furnished several parishes with the sacred vase. The good priest, quite astonished at this simple solution, for which he was totally unprepared, let it pass without reply.

We confess to have had less opportunity of studying and knowing the regular clergy, who live retired in numerous monasteries, some of which are expensively built, and possess abundant revenues. Their quiet and regular life, varied by bodily labour, is in itself a guarantee

for the cultivation of many virtues. Time is not wanting for study, but the knowledge and information acquired is of little profit to the people, who remain under the exclusive direction of the secular clergy. Yet the religious might be called on with advantage to preach and teach the doctrines of Christianity: they would alleviate the spiritual destitution existing in many of the rural parishes. Unless where a pious foundation assigns them the direction of a school, they interfere too little with the education of the young, who would find in them more capable masters. The state of exclusion in which they are kept paralyses or nullifies valuable powers, and fosters a spirit of personality and independence among the different congregations that cannot but be injurious to their mutual concord, and to their subordination to the authority of the hierarchy. In short, it appears to us that religion and society would draw, the one more advantage, and the other more honour from the co-operation of elements good in themselves, and full of life. On this point an involuntary train of thought suggests the following reflection—Among us the disposition of the people does not ordinarily correspond to the virtues and merits of the clergy; and here, on the contrary, the clergy are not worthy of the docility and excellent disposition of the people. Religion thus directed and represented would in France be seriously damaged; while a clergy like ours would easily make of the Mountain an oasis of holiness. Happily, all is kept sound by the sympathetic love for the Sovereign Pontiff that survives in every heart, and the constant readiness there is to bow respectfully to his supreme orders. This is the guardian link that has saved the Maronites from the lapses of other neighbouring nations, and the foundation on which is based the work of their social regeneration.

LETTER XI.

A few Necessary Corrections.—The Patriarch and the Episcopacy.

THE town of Djezzin, in the mixed cantons, would have been a singular exception to the poverty and nakedness of the Mountain churches, if, as hath been written and published, the pillage of 1845 had not destroyed ornaments and sacred vessels to the value of 36,000 francs. An inspection of the locality leads us to believe that two superfluous ciphers have slipped into the notation. There might be also other exaggerations to correct, such as the assertion that *all the olive-trees had been cut down, all the vines pulled up, &c.* We were happy enough to find only a few places on our route presenting traces of such barbarity, and those were imputed to private vengeance. The conqueror, discharging his fury principally on the dwelling of the conquered, confined himself to rendering it uninhabitable, by demolishing the terrace that served for roof,—a kind of devastation imitated from the Emir Bechir, who made too much use of it, and which has since been adopted both by Druse and Christian in the way of reprisal. If the houses had not been built of stone, and so resisted the attempts to burn them, the damage would have been infinitely more grievous, and less speedily reparable. The same circumstance saved the churches, as the fire only consumed the wood-work, and a few images, with the ornaments and liturgical books,—the last generally a gift from the Propaganda at Rome—leaving the walls and domes slightly injured. Elsewhere, the edifices, though pillaged and defaced, were not destroyed:

the fury of the Druses, though often aggravated by the schismatic Greeks, recoiled from that excess of profanation.

We have made another happy mistake in our distant land, in talking of the Mountain wars according to our own military habits and traditions. Their combats are not the collision of masses drilled to the terrible art of manslaughter, and provided with the machines and arms that have perfected the science. The contending parties were corps, or rather musters of volunteers, —simple peasantry withdrawn for the moment from their agricultural pursuits, armed with a wretched old-fashioned bayonetless musket, which they had never been taught how to handle, and to be counted on for this unusual service no longer than the provisions in their haversack might last. Both destitute of any plan or notion of strategy, each was often indebted for success to the surprise of a sudden attack, to confidence in its own leader, or to the panic of its enemy. Their engagements seldom went beyond a skirmish of marksmen, under the cover of trees and rocks; and in this distant firing, prolonged for days, there was a greater expenditure of powder than of prowess. Battles have been recounted to us almost guiltless of homicide. Blood and terror were the accompaniments of a flight, or the sack of a disarmed village, the conqueror finding his fierceness just when he should have laid it aside.

The traces of these visitations are disappearing; and such is the kindness of nature, such the abundance of her resources, that a few years of good administration would have speedily repaired every thing. Spiritual renovation demands a longer time, but we believe it equally possible. In the first place, Monsignor the Patriarch has effected a laudable change in the discipline of the secular clergy. By his exertions five ecclesiastical schools, or petit seminaries, have already been opened for young clerics, where for several years they may pursue the study of theology and the Sacred Scriptures, and be habituated to the practice of the sacerdotal virtues. These establishments are located at Aïa-Warquaa, Mar-Abda, Roumi, Reifoun, and Mar-Maroun. The priests reared in them are to live in celibacy, and will consequently possess that knowledge, zeal, and consideration, in which the others are deficient. Let us hope that this wise reform will at no distant time be enforced throughout the whole Maronite Church. It is only necessary for the Patriarch at its head so to will, and give command to his suffragans of the dioceses of Sidon, Beyrout, Cyprus, Damascus, Baalbeck, Tripoli, and Aleppo. These Prelates were anciently only rural Bishops (*chorepiscopi*) ruling in the name and interest of the Patriarch-Archbishop, and even residing near him at the monastery of Kanobin (Cœnobium); from whence they were deputed every year to visit the district assigned to each. Now that their sees are in their separate dioceses, they have to send to the Patriarch annually, in memory of the former fashion of their subordination, a sum of 900 piastres (about 9*l.*), in their own name, with an additional half-dozen piastres levied from each of their clergy. At death, the Patriarch is of right their sole legatee and heir. All that they possess, even their Pastoral Cross, becomes his property. With an authority so absolute, reforms would be an easy task.

THE QUEEN'S COLLEGES, IRELAND.

RESCRIPT OF 1847.

IN the *Rambler* for November last, we gave the Rescript then just issued from the Apostolic See, confirming the Rescript of the year preceding. We have been requested by several subscribers now to reprint the latter document; so that, for the convenience of future reference, both Rescripts will be found in the same volume.

To the Most Rev. Dr. MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam:

Most Illustrious and Most Reverend Lord.—It will, perhaps, appear strange that the reply of the Sacred Congregation on the subject of the Academical Colleges should have been so long delayed; but the deep importance of the question at issue, and the great variety of topics to be considered, rendered it necessary that much time should be spent in duly examining the documentary proofs and reasons produced on both sides, before judgment could be safely delivered. First of all, we deem it our duty to declare, that the Sacred Congregation never imagined that the Prelates who appeared to be in favour of establishing the colleges, proposed to do what they believed to be not entirely right; for by long experience their probity is known, and the impression is, that they were only impelled to take that view through the hope of effecting a greater good, and promoting the prosperity of religion in Ireland. However, the Sacred Congregation having considered the matter maturely, and in all its bearings, dares not presume to promise itself fruits of that kind from the erection of such Colleges; it even dreads that serious peril to the Catholic Faith would thence arise: in one word, it considers that institutions of the sort would be a detriment to religion.

Therefore it admonishes the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland to have no part whatever in them. Nay, more, in the same manner as it could have wished that some of the Bishops who moved the Government to obtain an amendment of the law regarding the Colleges in question, and to effect other matters in their favour, had first solicited the decision of the Apostolic See; so also it does not doubt—so great has been the obedience which the Prelates of Ireland have ever paid to that decision—but those same Bishops will reconsider whatever they have already done in opposition to it. But all this notwithstanding, any of your body who may have aught of greater moment, and requiring further notice, to communicate, will be at liberty to open it to the Sacred Congregation, that in all things a right judgment may be given.

The Sacred Congregation is well aware how important it is that provision should be made for the instruction of the young, especially of the higher class, in science. It therefore recommends your Grace, together with your Suffragan Bishops, to use every legitimate means within your power to accomplish that end. It will be yours to care that the Catholic Colleges which are already in existence may flourish more and more, by adding whatever number of chairs may be required in the faculty of philosophy, and by enlarging the accommodation, so that a greater number may enter, according to the wants of the surrounding districts. Of all things the Sacred Congregation would deem it most advantageous that, uniting their exertions, the Bishops should erect in Ireland a Catholic academy, on the model of that which the Prelates of Belgium founded in the city of Louvain.

And that these recommendations may be successfully carried out, the Sacred Congregation exhorts the Bishops to cultivate, as far as possible, mutual union, and the greatest concord; not to permit themselves to be carried away by partisan zeal on matters which have nothing to do with the sacred ministry entrusted to them; and to let all see that they seek nothing beyond the worship of God, the good of religion, and the salvation of souls.

This you will do, we believe, with the greater ear-

nestness, because in all these matters the same decision is given by our most Holy Lord Pius IX. When he had accurately informed himself respecting the whole circumstances of the case, he ratified the decision of the Sacred Congregation, and added to it the supreme weight of his own authority.

In the mean time we pray to God that He may grant your Grace a long and happy life.

Your Grace's most obedient servants,
J. PHIL. Cardinal FRANSONI, P.D.P.F.
ALEXANDER BARNABO, Pro-Secretary.

College of the Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith.

Rome, Oct. 9, 1847.

THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS.

THE new volume of this series, just published, contains the following announcement, by which it will be seen that the work is to be resumed:

"The Congregation of the Oratory is now enabled to take upon itself and to continue the series of *Lives of the Saints*, which was begun some time since by the Rev. Father Faber, and has lately been suspended.

"The Fathers have never yet been formally responsible for that series; their connexion with it being limited to the accident that, when it was already in the course of publication, its editor joined their body. On taking this step, the editor felt, as they did, that some new arrangement was required by the altered position in which he stood; and that either they must take his work upon themselves, or he must bring it to a close. They postponed the determination of so important a question to the end of the current year, when, by accidental coincidence, a strong opposition to the series manifested itself in one quarter of the English Catholic body, resting for support, as was supposed, on venerable names, which necessarily commanded their most serious attention and deference. Anxious not to involve the Congregation in a party contest at the commencement of its course, the Fathers forthwith came to the decision of not committing themselves to the publication for the present; and, in consequence, recommended the editor to suspend it.

"It is both a surprise and a great consolation, and they give thanks and praise to the Father of mercies, and to the intercession of the Saints whose lives were the subject in dispute, that they are enabled, after so short an interval, with the kind wishes of their ecclesiastical superiors, of the heads of colleges and religious bodies, and of all generally whose good opinions they covet, and by whose judgment they desire to be guided,—nay, at the express instance of those parties who had been foremost in the opposition,—to take upon themselves a responsibility, from which, without such general countenance and encouragement, they felt themselves justified in shrinking. And they hope they may, without presumption, accept it in some sort as a reward for the readiness with which they gave up their own wishes to the claims of Christian charity and peace, that the very suspension of the series has been the means of eliciting an expression of sympathy towards themselves, and it so cordial and unanimous, and testimonies to the good it was effecting so decisive, as to allow of their undertaking it consistently with the edification of their brethren, and with comfort to themselves.

"The following *Lives* will form the first volumes of the resumed Series: St. Charles, St. Francis Borgia, St. John of God, St. Francis Jerome, St. Jane Frances de Chantal, St. Vincent Ferrer, Ven. Paul of the Cross.

"St. Wilfrid's, Feast of Epiphany, 1849."

THE HOLY SEE.

LEAVING to our Roman correspondent to carry on the history of what has transpired at Rome, we shall confine ourselves, in the present article, to what has passed at the little city of Gaeta.

On the 3d of December, the Marquis Sacchetti arrived at Gaeta, deputed by the revolutionary ministry of Rome to present a letter to the Pope, stating their "satisfaction at being able to assure his Holiness that tranquillity and order had continued to be maintained both in the capital and the provinces. This, happiness, however, in all human calculation, could not last much longer if the state remained bereft of its chief, and the new institutions of their moderating power." The sole answer returned to this letter was a copy of the proclamation of the 27th November (given in our last number), which detailed the outrages suffered by the Pope, and announced that, as this ministry had been imposed on him by violence, their acts were declared null and illegal.

His Holiness had already ordered Cardinal Castracane, the president of the commission named by him, to prorogue both the Chambers. The Cardinal desired, in order that so important a measure should be sanctioned by the highest forms, that the prorogation should be the subject of a special ordinance, to be forwarded by Cardinal Antonelli in his quality of Cardinal pro-Secretary of State. An ordinance was therefore transmitted by Cardinal Antonelli, dated the 7th December, and signed by the Pope, proroguing the session of both the legislative bodies, and reserving the appointment of the date for their reassembling. Whether it was that this ordinance was intercepted, or that Cardinal Castracane had no opportunity of making use of it, it does not appear to have been made public at Rome. The Pope also sent to the Cardinal-President a power to add eight other names to the commission, leaving it to him to make use of that power as he might find necessary, or to choose from the eight those whom he thought most worthy of confidence. Three of the commission, the Cardinal-President being one, were to form a *quorum*.

On the 17th December, the Holy Father promulgated the following protest against the latest emanation of the revolutionists, the newly-appointed Roman junta:—

"Raised, by Divine dispensation, in a manner almost miraculous, in spite of our unworthiness, to the Sovereign Pontificate, one of our first cares was to promote union among the subjects of the temporal states of the Church, to consolidate the peace of families, and to contribute in every possible manner to their benefit, and, as far as in us lay, to render the state flourishing and tranquil. But the benefits we endeavoured to impart to our subjects, and the liberal institutions we deigned to accede to their desires, instead of procuring us that gratitude and devotion which we had every right to expect, have, too frankly we must acknowledge it, brought only repeated bitterness and displeasure to our heart from the conduct of those ungrateful people, whose number our paternal eye wished to see daily diminishing. It is now known to the world in what manner we have been deceived, and what an abuse has been made of our concessions, subverting the spirit and perverting the sense of our words in order to deceive the multitude; and also, how those same benefits and institutions have been turned by certain individuals into a weapon for the most violent outrages against our sovereign authority, and against the temporal rights of the Holy See.

"Our heart refuses to repeat in detail the late events, beginning from the 15th day of November last, when a minister who had our confidence was barbarously murdered in broad day by the hand of an assassin, and the act was still more barbarously applauded by a herd of madmen, enemies of God and men, as of the Church and every civilised political institution. This first crime led to a series of others, which, with sacrilegious boldness, were committed during the following day; and seeing that these have already met with the execration of all virtuous minds in our own State, in Italy, and in Europe, and will further encounter the same in all parts of the world, we spare our heart the immense grief of repeating them. We were constrained to withdraw ourselves from the place where they were com-

mitted, from the place where violence prevented us from applying a remedy, reduced only to weep with the good, and to deplore with them these sad events; to which is added the still more grievous fact, that justice is utterly inactive against the authors of such abominable crimes. Providence has conducted us to this city of Gaeta, where, finding ourselves in full liberty, we again solemnly repeated our protests against the above-mentioned outrages, which we had from the beginning made in Rome itself before the representatives accredited to us from the different courts of Europe, and from other distant nations. By the same act, without in any manner departing from the institutions we had created, we took care to give temporarily to our States a legitimate governmental representation, in order that, in the capital and throughout the State, provision should be made for the regular and ordinary course of public affairs, as well as for the protection of the persons and property of our subjects. We further prorogued the session of the High Council and the Council of Deputies, who had been recently called to resume their interrupted sittings. But these our determinations, far from persuading those persons, the perturbators of the peace and the authors of such sacrilegious outrages, to re-enter the path of duty, have but incited them to greater crimes. Arrogating to themselves those sovereign rights which belong alone to us, they have, by means of the two councils, instituted in the capital an illegitimate governmental representation, under the title of Provisional and Supreme Junta of the State, by an act published on the 12th day of this month.

"The duties of our sovereignty, in which we must not fail, the solemn oaths with which we have, in the presence of God, promised to preserve the patrimony of the Holy See, and to transmit it in all its integrity to our successors, oblige us to raise our voice solemnly, and protest, before God, and in the face of the whole universe, against this enormous and sacrilegious attempt. Therefore, we declare to be null and of no force or effect in law, all the acts which have followed the violence committed upon us, protesting, above all, that this Junta of State established at Rome is a usurpation of our sovereign powers, and that the said Junta has not, and cannot have, any authority. Be it known, then, to all our subjects, whatever may be their rank or condition, that at Rome, and throughout the whole extent of the Pontifical State, there is not, and cannot be, any legitimate power which does not emanate expressly from us; that we have, by the sovereign *motu proprio* of the 27th of November, instituted a temporary commission of government, and that to it alone belongs exclusively the government of the nation during our absence, and until we ourselves shall have otherwise ordained.

"PIUS PAPA IX.

"Given at Gaeta, the 17th day of December, 1848."

On Christmas-day, the Pope said the second Mass in his private chapel. The king and queen of Naples and the royal family were present, and communicated. His Holiness afterwards proceeded in great ceremony to the cathedral, where he was received by the Bishop at the head of his clergy. The royal family arrived directly afterwards. After having prayed in one of the side chapels, the Pope said Mass at the high altar, assisted by Cardinals Antonelli and Macchi. Monsignor Conni, his Holiness's private chaplain, then celebrated high Mass. The Pontiff proceeded from the cathedral to the bishop's palace close by, and then returned to his own residence in the same order, received every where by the populace with the most profound respect.

At noon, the diplomatic corps, joined by M. Creptowich, the ambassador from Russia to the Neapolitan court, paid their respects, the Spanish ambassador presenting an address in the name of the whole body.

On the same day, Cardinal Macchi, as Dean of the Sacred College, presented their homage, in these words:—

"Most Holy Father,—On this solemn day, a day of

grace and blessing, when the birth of our divine Redeemer is celebrated, the Dean of the Sacred College, not only as the interpreter of the sentiments of the Cardinals his colleagues, but in obedience to their strongly expressed desire, joyfully discharges one of his most agreeable duties, in making known to your Holiness the ardent supplications he addresses to the Most High, beseeching in your favour every kind of prosperity, and a long and happy life. If, in preceding years, we have all lifted up our hands to heaven to implore the Divine favour, on this occasion, overwhelmed with grief for the afflictions with which, in His inscrutable plans, the Lord has permitted the powers of darkness to trouble the Church and its Head, the Sacred College redouble their ardent and still more heartfelt prayers, to the end that the Divine mercy, bringing back into the way of righteousness those souls that have strayed, and, causing them to abjure their past errors, may, by a corresponding consolation, so recompense the sorrows that now weigh on your paternal heart.

"May the Author of all good vouchsafe quickly to dry our tears, the tears of the whole Catholic world, and the tears of a vast portion of your faithful subjects; may He enrich your Holiness with the plenitude of His heavenly gifts, so that, strengthened by the Divine grace, you may rule in peace, and prosperously guide the bark of St. Peter, now assailed by the fury of the tempest, but against which the gates of hell shall never prevail.

"Accept with your wonted goodness, most Holy Father, this the homage of the Sacred College, who, inseparably united to their august Head, solemnly declare that they are ready to pour out their blood for religion, for the Holy See, and for the Vicar of Jesus Christ, to whom they have sworn inviolable fidelity and perfect obedience."

His Holiness replied thus:—

"If we have always, my Lord Cardinal, received with satisfaction the sentiments you have expressed in the name of all your colleagues, we welcome them now with emotion and gratitude, since they are offered in a day of adversity, when the desire of support and comfort is ever stronger. That assistance, we feel confident, will be accorded to our constant prayers, by Him who dispenses the sweetest consolations with the same hand that holds the scales of justice. We earnestly desire, my Lord Cardinal, that you should be the interpreter of our sentiments to the entire Sacred College, and bear witness that we place our absolute reliance in God, that the present tempest, raised by a spirit of insubordination, and exasperated by the breath of every kind of passion, will be calmed by an Almighty hand, when the limits laid down by Sovereign Wisdom shall be attained. The speedy arrival of that moment will be wonderfully hastened, if by any thing, most undoubtedly by those feelings of Christian generosity and exemplary devotion towards our person, and towards the Holy See, that animate all your colleagues. We beseech the Lord, in the humility of our soul, that He will vouchsafe to look on them with kindness, and to bestow on them the gifts that are necessary to prepare the triumphs of His Church."

The manner in which his Holiness employs his time at Gaeta will be seen from the following extracts from private letters received thence:—

"The Cardinals Vizzardelli, Altieri, and Antonelli reside at Gaeta itself; and the Cardinals Caraffa and Barberini live quite near. So, it is said, will Cardinal Ferretti, who arrived to-day. There are, besides, seventeen other Cardinals at Naples, who often come over to Gaeta, sometimes one party, and sometimes another. Thus, we had to-day Cardinals Patrizi, Riaro (the uncle), Bernetti, Bofondi, and Piccolomini. We have here the Master of the Chamber, and several privy chamberlains; among them, Monsgr. Borromeo. Here, too, are to be found Monsgr. Pacifici, for Briefs *ad principes*, Monsgr. Fioramonti, for Latin letters, M. Baluzzi, of the Secretary of State's office, &c. You see the Holy Father has about him the necessary staff for

the government of the Church, on which he is occupied with an extreme assiduity, that renders very laborious the life of all those he employs in that great work."

A letter in the *Costituzionale Romano* says:—"Pius IX. is more master of Gaeta than the king of Naples; if he were to express a desire to leave it, no one would oppose his departure wherever he might be pleased to go. He is surrounded at Gaeta by the same persons as at Rome, and is morally in the same position as in his capital, without the dread of those popular insurrections that incessantly menaced him. At Gaeta, as at Rome, diplomatic tendencies are various and neutralising. As for the king of Naples, he confines himself to the exercise of his hospitality, which he manifests in a truly regal style, and in the most exquisite attentions. The Pope would not receive the deputation of the Roman Chambers, solely because the Chambers, having been prorogued by him, he could not recognise the deputation as legitimate. Many persons from Rome, and even members of the two Chambers, came to kiss the feet of his Holiness, and were perfectly well received."

The Pope has addressed the following letter to the Bavarian ambassador, the Count de Spaur, in whose carriage he travelled from Rome to Gaeta:—

"The aid and assistance we have received from you, Monsieur le Comte, from the moment of our departure from Rome, make it our duty to present you with some proof of our gratitude. We therefore nominate you a Grand Cross of the Order of Pius, and your son Maximilian a Chevalier of the Order of Christ. We have the further hope that more propitious circumstances will soon permit us to manifest our full sentiments towards you. Meanwhile, we pray the Most High to shed His grace upon yourself, on the Countess your wife, and also on your son. Receive the Apostolic benediction, which we bestow on you from the depth of our heart."

"Gaeta, Nov. 27, 1848.

"Pius IX."

On New Year's Day, the Pope published the following address to the rebellious portion of his subjects, not as is by some supposed, pronouncing sentence of excommunication against them, but recalling to their minds the fact that, by the laws of the Church, every person who takes a part in depriving the Pope of his temporal power is *ipso facto* excommunicated by the greater excommunication.

"Pius PP. IX. to our well-beloved subjects: In this peaceful abode, whither it has pleased Divine Providence to lead us, in order that we may be enabled in all freedom to manifest our sentiments and our wishes, we wait in hope that remorse will be felt by our erring children for the sacrilegious and other crimes committed against persons attached to us, of whom some have been killed, and others outraged in the most barbarous manner, as well as for the sacrileges and crimes consummated in our residence, and even against our own person. And yet we have, up to the present, received only a barren invitation to return to our capital, without even a word being uttered in condemnation of the attempts we have referred to, and without the least guarantee against the acts of fraud and violence of that inveterate band whose barbarous despotism still tyrannises over the State and Church of Rome. We have waited in the hope that the protests and decrees which we have issued would recall to their duties as subjects, and to fidelity, those who in the very capital of our states have despised these duties and trampled them under foot. But, instead of returning, a new and still more monstrous act of hypocritical felony and genuine rebellion, audaciously committed by them, has filled the measure of our grief, and excited our just indignation, as it will afflict the universal Church. We speak of that act, so detestable in all its bearings, by which it has been pretended to order the convocation of a *soi-disant* general National Assembly of the Roman States by a decree of the 29th December last, for the purpose of establishing new political forms in the Pontifical States. Thus heaping iniquity upon iniquity, the promoters of demagogical

anarchy are endeavouring to destroy the temporal authority of the Roman Pontiff over the domains of the Holy Church, believing, and seeking at the same time to make it believed, that his sovereign power is subject to controversy, and depends upon the caprice of fractions, although its rights are so irrefragably founded upon the most ancient and solid basis, and although they are acknowledged, defended, and venerated by all nations. We will spare our dignity the humiliation of dwelling upon all the monstrosity of this abominable act, arising from the absurdity of its origin, the illegality of its forms, and the impiety of its object. But it certainly belongs to the Apostolic authority, with which unworthily we are invested, and by the responsibility to which we are bound by the most sacred oaths taken in the presence of the Almighty, not only to protest, as we now do, in the most energetic and efficient manner, against this act, but, moreover, to denounce it in the face of the universe as a monstrous and sacrilegious attempt against our independence and sovereignty—an attempt which merits the chastisements inflicted by divine and human laws. We are convinced that, on receiving this audacious appeal, you have cast it far from you with indignation as an insult and a crime. Nevertheless, that none of you may hereafter have the pretext of having been deceived by fallacious seductions and by artful preachers of subversive doctrines, or of having been ignorant of the machinations of the enemies of all order, of all law, of all right, of all true liberty, of even your own felicity, we have this day again raised and exalted our voice so that you may be rendered perfectly assured of that absolute command, by which we forbid you, whatever may be your ranks or conditions, from taking any part in the elections of persons to be sent to the Assembly which we have condemned. In the meantime we remind you that this absolute interdiction is sanctioned by our predecessors and by councils, especially by the Holy Council of Trent (Sess. xxii. c. xi. de Refor.), in which the Church has repeatedly fulminated its censures, and particularly that of the greater excommunication, as incurred, without the necessity of any previous declaration, by whomsoever shall render himself guilty of any attempt whatever against the temporal authority of the Sovereign Pontiffs of Rome, as we declare all those have unhappily incurred who have contributed (*tutti coloro che hanno dato opera*) to the above mentioned act, and those which preceded it, to the detriment of the same sovereignty, or who in any other manner, and under false pretences, have disturbed, violated, and usurped our authority. But if we feel ourselves compelled by our conscientious duties to preserve and defend the sacred deposit of the patrimony of the spouse of Jesus Christ, confided to our care, and to employ the sword of just severity which God Himself, our Judge, has given into our hands to be thus used, we cannot, however, at any time forget that we hold on earth the place of Him who in the exercise of His justice never failed to use mercy. Raising, then, our hands to heaven, remitting and recommending to Him once more this just cause—His much more than ours—and declaring that we are ready, with the aid of His powerful grace, to drink to the dregs, for the defence and glory of the Catholic Church, the cup of bitterness which He Himself was willing the first to taste for the salvation of His Church, we shall never cease to supplicate and conjure Him to deign, in His goodness, to grant the ardent prayers which we address to Him day and night for the conversion and salvation of those who have wandered from the true path. Assuredly, no day can rise which will be more joyful to us than that on which it shall be given to us to see re-entering the pale of the Lord such of our sons as are now causing us so much tribulation and bitterness. The hope of soon seeing a day so happy is strengthened in us by the thought of the universality of the prayers which, joined to ours, ascend to the throne of Divine grace from the lips and the hearts of all the faithful of the Catholic world, and who incessantly urge Him to change the hearts of the sinners, and bring them back into the paths

of truth and justice. Given at Gaeta, this 1st day of January, in the year of our Lord, 1849.

“PIUS PP. IX.”

The veteran General Zucchi, and Cardinal Amat, the legate of Bologna, have arrived at Gaeta. A good deal of anxiety had been felt for the General, of whom no news could be heard; and in fact, he had run great danger, several attempts having been made to assassinate him. He lay a long time closely secreted at Spezzia, from whence he reached Naples.

Secret Consistories were held at the royal palace at Gaeta on the 11th and 22d of December, at each of which various vacancies in the episcopal hierarchy were filled up. Among others, we notice that the metropolitan church of Palmyra, in *partibus infidelium*, was proposed for Monsigr. Joseph Maria da Silva Torres, transferred from the archiepiscopal church of Goa. We have reason to believe that a Concordat has been settled with the Portuguese government, by which the anomalous position of the archbishopric of Goa has been definitively rectified.

The following remarkable and interesting letter was addressed by the Bishop of Valence to Pius IX., and was received by his Holiness shortly before his flight from Rome:—

“Valence, October 15, 1848.

“Most Holy Father,—During his wanderings as an exile in France, and especially at Valence, where he died, and where his heart and viscera now lie, that great Pope, Pius VI., carried with him the most holy Eucharist suspended on his own breast, or borne in a similar position by one of his domestic prelates travelling in the same carriage with him. From that august Sacrament he drew light for his path, strength for his sufferings, and consolation for his griefs, until the moment that he found therein the Viaticum for his eternity.

“I am the possessor, in a certain and authentic way, of the small Pyx or vessel that served for so religious, so touching, and so memorable a use; and I venture to present it to your Holiness. Heir to the name, the see, the virtues, the courage, and almost to the tribulations of the great Pius VI., you will probably attach some value to this modest but interesting relic, which I sincerely hope will never again receive the same destination. Yet who knows the purposes of the Almighty, in the trials that His providence deals out to your Holiness! . . . I pray for you in love and faith.

“I leave the Pyx in its former little bag of silk, as it was used by Pius VI.; it is exactly in the same state as when it lay suspended on the breast of the immortal Pontiff.

“I retain a deep recollection and a profound gratitude for the kindnesses of your Holiness, at the time of my journey to Rome last year. Deign to add to them your Apostolic Benediction, which I await prostrate at your feet.

“+ PIERRE, BISHOP OF VALENCE.”

The Pope replied to the Bishop as follows:—

“My Lord Bishop,—The purposes of the Almighty, of which you spoke in the letter that accompanied the article you sent us, recalling the memory of Pius VI., have been accomplished in our person. In the short journey from Rome to Gaeta, where we are now temporarily residing, we made use of the little Pyx, and we drew much consolation and strength from laying the most holy Host on our breast. Accept our acknowledgments, and the assurance of our resignation to the Lord's will. We add our Apostolic Benediction, bestowed on you with all our heart.

“Given at Gaeta, the 26th December, 1848.

“PIUS IX., POPE.”

The *Piedmontese Gazette* of the 20th instant publishes an official note, dated Madrid the 21st ult., and signed Pedro Pidal, addressed by the Spanish Cabinet

to all the Catholic Courts of Europe, and lately presented to the Piedmontese Cabinet by Senor Beltran de Lis, Spanish Ambassador at the Court of Turin. In this document the Spanish Cabinet declares its intention of doing all in its power to replace the Visible Head of the Church in a state of liberty and independence necessary to his sacred functions; it further states, "that having expressed its desire to the French Government, the latter declared itself also ready to support the liberty of the Pope. But the late events at Rome render such measures insufficient, and it is now necessary to restore his authority in a durable manner. The Catholic Powers have always considered themselves pledged to maintain the temporal sovereignty of the Pope, a subject of such importance to Europe, that it cannot be left a prey to so small a portion of the Catholic world as the Roman States. Hence Spain does not believe that the Catholic Powers will allow the liberty of the Chief of the Church to be abandoned to the will of the city of Rome, the only one that dares to offend his dignity, and reduce him to a state of dependence which might end one day in an abuse of his spiritual power. The Spanish Government invites, therefore, the Catholic Powers, viz. France, Austria, Bavaria, Sardinia, Tuscany, and Naples, to come to an understanding with Spain on the subject, to name plenipotentiaries, and to fix on Madrid, or any other city, in which to meet and deliberate on the best course to pursue for the purpose of putting a stop to the present state of things."

The Piedmontese Ministry have answered this note by a document dated the 6th inst., signed Gioberti, Minister of Foreign Affairs, saying that the measures proposed by Spain are viewed by the Piedmontese Cabinet in the light of a desire for a reconciliation between the Pope and his subjects, that the Holy Father might be restored to the free exercise of his spiritual rights; the document states "that the Spanish note has been presented to the King; that his Majesty, as soon as he was informed of the unfortunate events at Rome, had expressed to the Pope his profoundest concern, and his desire to obtain the very object which the Government of Madrid has in view. The Piedmontese Government would, therefore, be happy to join in any conferences for the purpose, the more so as the Spanish Government has solely in view the religious question, without intending to interfere with the internal politics of the Roman States, were it not that, since the reasons of the Pope's quitting Rome are purely and strictly of a political nature, it would hardly be possible for an assembly of the Plenipotentiaries of all the Catholic States to observe a just separation between the religious and the political question. The temporal question is closely mixed up with the spiritual one; and since the latter could not be separated without infringing temporal rights, it would be necessary to treat both questions in the same Congress, a proceeding which would be contrary to the views of the Italian Powers. Another difficulty arises from Austria being named among the Powers invited to join the conference; for the Italian States could not at this moment consent to the intervention of Austria in the intended meeting, even though the question were treated merely under a spiritual form. To which considerations it must be added, that the present state of the public mind in Italy, and particularly in the Roman States, would be extremely opposed to any foreign intervention, even though it were merely conciliatory, as it would only be considered in the light of foreign violence, and consequently not be durable, and turn to the disadvantage of religion. But the Sardinian Government, fully convinced of the excellent intentions of the Spanish Government, would propose making, in concert, every effort to induce the Pope to return to his States, and advise him to observe the Constitution he has given to his people; and in taking such a course, that the Governments of the Catholic States should avoid publicity, and any thing approaching to coercion. The same Government would also act prudently in sending circumspect persons to Rome to support the

moderate party, and prevent a complete rupture between the Pope and his subjects, the Piedmontese Government having already taken similar steps both at Rome and Gaeta."

THE CARDINALS.—There are at present sixty of these eminent dignitaries; forty-nine of whom are of Italian origin. The localities having the honour to claim the Cardinals as fellow-citizens by birth are as follows: 5, Genoa: Lambruschini, Frasoni, Spinola, Brignole, Fieschi. 7, Rome: Barberini, Mellini, Tosti, Altieri, Marini, Simonetti, Ostini. 4, Naples: Serra, Pignatelli, Caraffa, Riario. 3, Florence: Corsi, Siena, Patrizi, Piccolomini. 1, Milan: Oppizzoni. 1, Bologna: Mezzofante. 22, other towns in the Roman states: Ferretti (2), Macchi, Bernetti, Gazzoli, Mattei, Castracane, Della Genga, Orioli, Cincchi, Ugolini, Soglia, De Angelis, Pianetti, Vannicelli, Serafini, Gizzi, Clarelli, Baluffi, Bofondi, Vizzardelli, Antonelli. 1, Sardinia Island: Amat. 5, the rest of Italy: Bianchi, Villadicani, Cadolini, Azevedo, Asquini. 1, Portugal: Carvalho. 4, France: Girard, De Bonald, De la Tour d'Auvergne, Dupont. 1, Austria: Schwartzenberg. 1, Belgium: Sterckx. Neither Spain, England, nor North or South America, have at present a representative in the Sacred College.

HOME AND COLONIAL.

DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF DERRY.—The Right Rev. Dr. Maginn expired on Wednesday the 17th of January, at half-past two o'clock, P.M., at his residence in St. Columb's College, Derry. The proximate cause of death was typhus-fever, superinduced by great fatigue and exposure to cold, whilst performing consecration in Strabane and the southern part of his diocese. The deceased prelate had arrived within one day of the anniversary of his consecration, which took place on the 19th of January, 1846. Doctor Maginn was a native of the county Tyrone, and was nephew to the celebrated Professor of Divinity, Dr. Slevin. The Bishop was educated at the Irish College at Paris, where he highly distinguished himself by the brilliancy of his career.

DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF CLOYNE AND ROSS.—The Irish Church has had, in one week, to lament the departure from this life of two of its Pontiffs. The Right Rev. Dr. Walsh died at his residence near Clonsilla, at an early hour on Friday the 19th of January. The deceased prelate had been little more than two short years at the head of his diocese. Early in the year 1847 he was elected successor to the Right Rev. Dr. Crotty, who had been for several years Bishop of the large and important diocese of Cloyne and Ross; and on Sunday, the 2d of May, 1847, he was solemnly consecrated by the Most Rev. Dr. Slattery, Archbishop of the Province.

CLAPHAM.—This very populous and important suburb of London was almost entirely destitute of religious instruction up to Christmas 1847, when a mission was opened. The small chapel soon became insufficient for the numbers who gratefully availed themselves of the spiritual privileges to which they then had access. The Redemptorist Fathers were solicited to take charge of the mission. A large house, formerly belonging to Lord Teignmouth, and in which the first meeting of the Bible Society was held, was purchased, and two large rooms were converted into a temporary chapel, capable of holding 260 persons. But to such an extent has the congregation increased, that numbers are unable to find even standing-room. Hence the imperative necessity of immediate and strenuous exertions for building a church. There is sufficient ground for this attached to the house; and as soon as the funds necessary for the commencement of the church can be obtained, it will be begun. The Fathers throw themselves upon the liberality of the

faithful with greater confidence, inasmuch as this house is to be the Mother-house of the Order in England, where, according to the rules of the Community, private Retreats will be given, and from which Priests, whenever their services are required, will be sent forth to preach and conduct missions.

NORWOOD.—The Rev. George Talbot has addressed the following letter to the *Tablet*: plainly, but powerfully, stating the case of the Orphanage just established there. "It is not generally known that sixteen Nuns, of the Order of Our Lady of the Deliverance in France, have come over to this country, and established themselves at Norwood, with the object of supplying a great want which we have been labouring under for many years, namely a house of refuge for poor Catholic orphan children destitute of Catholic protectors. These poor children are sent to the workhouses, and thence to the workhouse-schools in the country, where the Poor-Law officers and guardians claim to be their guardians up to the age of sixteen; and therefore bring them up according to the principles of the Established Church. At Norwood alone there are eight hundred children brought up as Protestants, although they were born of Catholic parents. In order, then, in some measure, to obviate this evil, this religious Order has purchased the large house known by the name of the Park Hotel, and have opened an orphanage. They are not, however, able to maintain the orphans without external assistance. They reckon that unless orphans are sent to them in large numbers, they cannot maintain them under 12*l.* a-year. I therefore write this letter to put before the Catholic public, first, the grievous hardship under which we are suffering in having our poor children brought up as Protestants; secondly, to urge any charitable individuals who may have poor orphans in whom they take an interest, to place them under the care of the Nuns of Norwood, by paying or collecting 12*l.* a-year for their maintenance; and thirdly, to express a hope that some influential person would exert himself to have so glaring an injustice on the Catholic body removed."

THE PASSIONISTS.—Father Ignatius craves aid towards defraying the expenses of the journey of some of his brethren from Rome. He says: "We have reason to expect several fresh Priests of our Congregation in England, who will make a valuable addition to our body; but they have no money for travelling, as our houses are supported every where by alms, and seldom have any funds in reserve at the end of the year." Remittances will be most thankfully received by the Very Rev. Father Dominic, Poplar House, West End, Hampstead; or by Father Ignatius, Aston Hall, Stone.

OSCOTT.—At a General Ordination held at St. Mary's College by the Right Rev. Dr. Ullathorne, on the 23d of December, Ember Saturday in Advent, the following gentlemen were ordained:—*Minor Orders.*—Edward Carpue, John Stanislaus Flanagan, William Thomas Gordon. *Sub-Deacons.*—William Grosvenor, Henry Walker, Benjamin Butland, Thomas Telford, George Montgomery, Thomas Simkiss, Edward Vaughan. *Deacons.*—James B. Morewood, Francis Knox, Frederick F. Wells, Nicholas F. Darnell, John Gordon, Francis Kirsopp, Bernard F. Mayland. *Priest.*—John Walker.

THE BILSTON MISSION.—Appealing to those who have a zeal for God's honour and their neighbours' souls, the Rev. Michael Crewe gives a brief history of this interesting mission.—"In the year 1832, when the cholera, that awful scourge in the Almighty's hand, visited our shores, its ravages were perhaps nowhere more devastating than in the mining and manufacturing districts of South Staffordshire. In Bilston it raged with fatal and terrific power. At that time there were only four or five Catholic families in the town, the whole number of communicants being about ten or twelve, who used to attend the Catholic chapel at Wol-

verhampton. But that awful disease, which was to bring terror and death into so many families, was destined also, in the merciful designs of an all-wise Providence, to be the means of great and signal blessing, of nothing less than establishing of a Catholic mission in the town. When the ravages of the disease were such as to strike terror into the boldest, there were found two at least in every scene of woe and desolation. The two zealous priests from Wolverhampton, the Rev. P. O'Sullivan and the saintly Bishop Mostyn, laboured night and day amidst the poor, administering to them every consolation that religion, or charity, or their own pious zeal could prompt. At length that sad and awful time passed away, but not so the memory of the zeal and charity of these good priests. Nay, so favourable was the impression made by their devoted labours, that the Bishop at once resolved that a chapel should be erected, with a resident priest attached. To carry into effect this design, collections were made in all the churches and chapels of the Central District; private charity was also solicited; and many, whose reward we trust is now in heaven, then stretched forth a generous hand. The late Mrs. Wheble and the Baroness de Montesquieu were among the most generous. Of the living we speak not. But for all our benefactors, living and dead, the Holy Sacrifice is regularly offered. By means of the assistance then received, a chapel was erected capable of holding five hundred. The enemies of our holy faith scoffed, and wondered when it would be filled. But a few years passed by, and the chapel was found to be too small. By the zealous exertions of its late respected pastor, the Rev. S. Longman, it was considerably enlarged, by the addition of a very beautiful chancel. Again, however, it is too small. Although two Masses are said every Sunday, the accommodation is far from sufficient. But not in Bilston is our greatest want. This mission includes a wide and densely populated district, in which are situated Wednesbury, Darlaston, and Willenhall; in all of which there are many Catholics, both English and Irish. But in Wednesbury alone, on taking an exact account of their numbers, we find that there are not less than seven hundred; and in its populous neighbourhood there are at least three hundred more. So that we have, at a distance of more than two miles from any chapel, at least one thousand souls. To rescue these from the miserable state of spiritual destitution in which they now are, and to provide instruction for the children, lest all religion be lost among them, is the constant object of our thoughts."

ASHTON-IN-THE-WILLOWS.—St. John's Catholic School, designed by Henry Layton Bulmer, Esq., and built at Sir John Gerard's expense, was opened on the 14th December by a dinner and tea-party given to the children by the patron of the schools.

THE REV. FRANCIS WILLOUGHBY BREWSTER, who served the mission of Market Rasen for fifty-one years, before he became unable to do duty, about twelve months ago, died on the 11th of January. He was the last of the Carmelite Order in England.

ALLOA.—At a period of about six years ago, the number of Catholics hereabout did not exceed a dozen souls; but through the providence of God, and the efficiency of good and pious pastors, the Church has been extending yearly, and the present congregation fully comprises two hundred members. On the first Sunday of the new year, after divine service, a deputation from his congregation presented an address to their pastor, the Rev. John Malcolm, accompanied by a plaid and a purse containing a handsome sum of money.

GREENOCK.—The Rev. James Danaher has been presented with a gold watch and appendages, "the spontaneous and unanimous tribute of a united and devoted congregation." The Right Rev. Dr. Murdoch presided at the soirée held on the occasion.

HAMILTON.—The congregation of St. Mary's chapel

have presented the Rev. James Smith with a purse of thirty sovereigns, to evince their gratitude for his unwearied zeal in the discharge of his pastoral duties.

HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN has resigned the office of Commissioner at the Ecclesiastical Board.

THE QUEEN'S COLLEGES.—The buildings of the new Colleges in Cork, Galway, and Belfast, are proceeding towards completion. The architects of the new buildings are, respectively, Sir Thomas Deane, Mr. Deane, Mr. Lanyon. That at Belfast is the most forward. The sites selected are about ten acres each, and the style of architecture adopted in each case is the Gothic. The Cork College occupies three sides of a quadrangle. The extent of the north or entrance front is 290 feet 9 inches; of the east front 282 feet; and of the west front 191 feet. The library, to the right of the examination hall, is 56 feet by 28 feet. The main quadrangle is 215 feet 9 inches by 161 feet.

MOUNT MELLERAY.—Father Scally has addressed a letter to the Editor of the *Tablet* on the subject of the "Emancipation of the Regular Orders," from which we extract this interesting and short history of the manner of life pursued by the Monks of Mount Melleray:—

"A hundred and three monks at present form the community of Mount Melleray, and these are divided into three classes, viz. Priests, Choir Brothers, and Lay Brothers. The duty of the first two consists principally in the performance of the divine offices of the Church; that of the last, in manual labour, which they sanctify by a spiritual union with the sacred functions of the others. The whole body rises at two o'clock every morning throughout the year; and having no trouble in dressing, for their habit forms their night and day covering, they at once proceed to the church. After Lauds and Prime, meditation, private prayer, pious reading, hearing of Mass, fill up the time till six, when the work of the day commences. At seven a small refecton of bread—sometimes only two or three potatoes and some slop of drink, is furnished to the whole body, excepting one, who is to sing the daily High Mass at eight o'clock. From the termination of High Mass till two o'clock the choir is, at regular stated hours announced by the solemn tones of the bell, occupied in singing the minor hours of the divine office, at which the Lay Brothers are present in spirit, whilst employed in labouring either in the fields or the workshop. At two o'clock another refecton, of very slender quality and amount, is given to all. Neither flesh, fish, eggs, or butter, ever enter the refectory of Mount Melleray. The evening, till seven o'clock, is passed as were the hours of the morning, the celebration of Mass excepted. At seven all retire to their beds. But, to what beds! A small frame supporting a straw pallet and a bolster of the same, without sheet, blanket, or other covering, forms the Cistercian's bed! What a contrast to the world and its fond pleasures! And these are the men to whom a government, powerful in wealth, powerful in armies, powerful in all things worldly, fears to allow recognised existence within the British isles! What a mockery upon common sense are those penal statutes, which proclaim transportation against men who are doing all in their power to fly the whole world, and whose only aspirations are 'peace to the whole world, and salvation to all.' When will that blot be taken off the statute-book of England?

"But, dear sir, let me now point out the loss sustained by the nation in consequence of keeping such men upon the mountain-top. This, in the first place, can be best illustrated by a look at their exertions there. Eighteen years ago the poor Monks of Mount Melleray were granted a tract of wild mountain heath, upon which a rent was fixed at the lapse of twenty-one years. Commencing their establishment, they had, in Irish dialect, 'nothing but the wide world and God Almighty.' They at once began to build a residence in this cloudy region,

then to cultivate the impoverished soil. By incessant exertions, and by the aid of the alms of the charitable, they have built their abbey and abbey-church, and have now, in as good a state as it could be brought to by human industry, the large tract of 300 acres. The remaining 200 is yet covered with heath; but each succeeding year will see that, by degrees, assuming the emerald green in exchange for the brown. All around the abbey lands may be seen rising farms, where, before the monks took possession of the mountain, no human being thought of spending his labour or his capital. So much for the good example of these excellent men. Cold and dreary as the climate is, what head of a family, or what labouring man, could think of being a sluggard, whilst he beholds the poor monk, long before daylight has tinged the horizon, with the implements of industry in his hands, and the heat of labour chasing away the chilliness of the mountain fog? Or what father could think of squandering in prodigality the food of his children, when he sees the holy recluse labouring so hard to procure the means of feeding the poor with good and substantial food, whilst he is content with the most inferior for himself? In addition to all the other good works effected by the Monks of Melleray, they have an excellent school, in which are taught the various branches requisite for the multitude, and also the classics, upon an extended scale. . . . The time must come, ere long, when the successors of those great men who in former days, by their industry and practical science, made the fat abbey lands, shall become the teachers of the Irish peasantry. Let the Irish landlords but look to these ancient sites of monastic buildings, and then say, if all the land were so, would there be any need of poor-houses? Let the government look to these lands, and then say, if the monasteries were rebuilt and filled with holy inhabitants, would the English exchequer be any longer taxed to support such paupers? The lands are becoming deserted, and who will take them? The landlords are now dropping down fast into pauperism, and who will relieve their wants? Surely, untilled fields will neither feed nor clothe. Let, then, such men as the Monks of Mount Melleray become recognised as legitimate members of the nation, they will ask no more; and then may we expect to see a return to prosperity. America invites these men to her shores in order to their teaching her people; and will England suffer the disgrace of having the stamp of felony upon the foreheads of men whose only ambition is their own eternal salvation and the benefit of mankind."

NEWCASTLE, COUNTY LIMERICK.—The Very Rev. Dean Coll has had to address Sir Edward Blakeney, Commander of the Forces in Ireland, to complain of the unbecoming conduct of *Ensign* Alexander Dunbar, of the 66th Regiment, who, whilst the Dean was explaining the Gospel to his flock, on Sunday the 14th Jan., suddenly rose from his seat in the side-gallery, and commanded his sergeant "to take out the men."

DERRY.—The Rev. John Kearney, C.C. of Dangan, has arrived in London to solicit contributions for the completion of certain indispensable religious works, commenced by the Catholics of Derry. In the year 1846, they laid the foundation-stone of a parochial church, and also set about the establishment of a convent in the city of Derry for the education of the female youth of that and the neighbouring dioceses. There was then reason to expect that the charity of the faithful in Ireland would have sufficed for the work. Providence ordained it otherwise. In Enniscowry, during the year of 1847, 1200 persons fell victims to famine, or to pestilence brought on by it, and this out of a Catholic population of 10,000. To build the new church, it was necessary to raze the old one, which was already tottering to its fall, and incapable of affording accommodation to the one-eighth of the hearers. By proceeding with the building, on his own responsibility, Bishop Maginn incurred a debt of nearly 1000*l.*, towards the liquidation of which his poor people are unable to contribute a farthing. Indeed, there is scarcely

one of them who is not looking up to him for support; and even now he finds himself obliged, notwithstanding the cheapness of provisions, to provide with a meal in the day—the only one afforded them—upwards of 500 pauper children attending the national schools. In the year 1846, anxious to preserve the faith of the poor female children of Londonderry from the seduction to which it was daily exposed, he commenced the building of a new convent for the Sisters of Mercy. For this pious and indispensable undertaking the funds have also failed, in consequence of the common awful visitation. Yet there is not in the far north of Ireland a single institution of this description, either for poor or rich. The site of the Nunnery, in the City of Derry, is a spot endeared to every Catholic soul by the most pious recollections. It is the site of the monastery of the great Columbkille, the illustrious parent and founder of the most celebrated religious houses in Ireland. Pius IX. has approved of the intended restoration of the site to its original purposes; and has conceded, by a Rescript, under date June 14th, 1847, to such as shall, in any way, promote or contribute towards its advancement, all the Indulgences already conceded by himself and his predecessor, Gregory XVI., of blessed memory, to the Association for the Propagation of the Faith.

MADRAS.—The *Bombay Telegraph and Courier* of Oct. 2d furnishes "the Extracts from Minutes of Consultation," in reference to what has taken place at Secunderabad, as detailed in two preceding *Ramblers*. We can give only the more important paragraphs, for the sake of putting on record some portion of this most singular document, as the whole matter must necessarily be brought before the attention of higher authorities than even "the Governor in Council," though that functionary be Sir Henry Pottinger.

"Ecclesiastical Department, No. 271.—Dated 5th Sept., 1848.

"Para. 1. The Right Honourable the Governor in Council has read with great care the proceedings of the Court of Inquiry, with the correspondence laid before Government by his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, connected with the gross and unparalleled outrage committed at Secunderabad, in the destruction, by the men of her Majesty's 84th Regiment, of a small Catholic chapel, in the lines of the 8th regiment of Native Infantry.

"2. He considers it only necessary to observe briefly, that even should the evidence recorded not afford full and direct proof of the fact, there can be no moral doubt but that the Irish priests did incite the men of the 84th regiment to this act, while it is acknowledged that they afterwards countenanced it by allowing the property carried away to be deposited in the Temperance Room of the mission; and the Rev. Mr. M'Sweeny has confessed that he endeavoured to conceal the stolen articles by throwing them into a well in the mission premises. It is apparent also that they have throughout exercised a pernicious influence, of which there are, unhappily, lamentable and painful proofs in various parts of the Court's proceedings.

"5. The Right Hon. the Governor in Council has remarked, with deep concern, throughout these transactions, that not only have the European soldiery been incited to acts subversive of all discipline and respect for constituted authority, but that the express orders of the officer commanding the cantonment have been openly and deliberately set at naught by the Right Rev. Dr. Murphy.

"6. The Rev. Mr. M'Sweeny has distinctly stated in his letter to the brigadier commanding the Hyderabad subsidiary force, dated 10th July last, that 'whatever may be my own wishes on the subject of our interview this day, I have the honour to inform you that I am prohibited by the Right Rev. Dr. Murphy from surrendering the Catholic chapel near the lines of the 8th regiment N.I., for the purpose required in the letter of the Quartermaster-General, dated the 8th instant;' and there is no doubt in the mind of the Right Hon. the

Governor in Council, that it was under the orders and with the concurrence of the same authority (see Rev. Mr. M'Sweeny's evidence before the Court of Inquiry), that the Rev. Mr. M'Sweeny and his brother proceeded forcibly to place a padlock on the door of the chapel, avowedly in opposition to, and in defiance of, the orders of the brigadier; thus setting an example to the soldiers of their own persuasion of the worst possible tendency.

"7. The Governor in Council has borne in mind that the Rev. Mr. M'Sweeny was at the time receiving a salary from Government, as the Roman Catholic minister of the troops; and it is scarcely necessary to remark, that if an individual so circumstanced can be constrained to resist the local authorities, the Government can have no guarantee that their orders will be at any time respected, nor any assurance that the same influence which led to the outrage at Secunderabad will not be called into action at any moment to subvert alike the authority of the local officer and of the law.

"8. With these considerations before him, and looking to the facts elicited by the Court of Inquiry, and to the communications from the officer commanding H. M. 84th regiment, after much and anxious deliberation, the Right Honourable the Governor in Council sees no alternative but to direct the removal of the Right Rev. Dr. Murphy from the cantonment of Secunderabad; and that the orders of Government may not be rendered nugatory, to request the Resident to move his Highness the Nizam to require Dr. Murphy to quit his Highness's territories immediately; and that he shall not be permitted to return, except at the instance of the British Government. The Governor in Council deems it necessary also that the same course be pursued in the instance of the other parties (the Rev. Mr. M'Sweeny, the Rev. Dr. Quin, and Mr. John M'Sweeny) whose conduct has been brought under the notice of the Government; and he will now accordingly request the Right Rev. Dr. Fennelly to nominate for the approval of Government another priest in Mr. M'Sweeny's place, as proposed in Dr. Fennelly's letter of the 22d July last.

"9. The Right Honourable the Governor in Council has not adopted these measures without regret, but he felt it to be the indispensable duty of the Governor to uphold, in all its integrity, the authority of its officers; and if this can be more incumbent on the Government in one case more than another, it is so in that of a military cantonment. The Governor in Council, therefore, cannot permit any individual, however high his station or office, to resist the authority of Government with impunity. Nor can he recognise any right whatever in Dr. Murphy to sit in judgment upon the proceedings of the brigadier commanding the forces at Hyderabad, and to yield obedience to his orders only when he might concur in or approve them. Dr. Murphy could not but be fully aware that it was his obvious path of duty—and his very office and position more especially claimed it from him—to pay due deference and obedience to the legitimate authority of the officer commanding, and that it cannot be permitted to him, more than to any other individual, to suspend that officer's orders at discretion. He was fully aware also that an appeal from the brigadier lay to the Government, and that his proper and only justifiable course was, to conform to the order of the brigadier, as a first step, and then refer the matter to the Government. The course which has been taken is one so subversive of all law and authority, that it is not open to the Government tacitly to sanction it by allowing it to pass unnoticed.

"12. The Right Hon. the Governor in Council resolves, therefore, to request his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief to issue such instructions to the officer commanding the cantonment of Secunderabad as will secure the immediate removal of Dr. Murphy, together with the parties named in par. 8, from that cantonment. He also requests his Excellency to ascertain from the officer commanding the 8th regiment N.I., the sum required to construct a similar building to that destroyed, and to replace the bullion, or other articles of value, or

the images taken away, and which are not forthcoming, in order that the sum necessary for this purpose may be placed at the disposal of the Roman Catholics of the 8th regiment N. I.

"13. His Excellency will also be pleased to inform the officer commanding H. M. 84th regiment, that it is the desire of Government that no priest, except such as may be approved by him, should be allowed to officiate to the soldiers of that regiment within the limits of the cantonment of Secunderabad."

The *Tablet* gives an extract of a private letter which shews that Sir Henry Pottinger has already received a check. "The Representative at the Court of the Nizam" refused to request the expulsion ordered. The letter says: "This General Frazer, the Ambassador, refused to do, as he clearly saw how unfounded and unjust the decision was, and, moreover, was not under the authority of the Madras Government. The General went farther, he forwarded to the Supreme Council of Calcutta a statement of the case, in which he acquitted the Bishop and Clergy of the charges made against them; and spoke in the highest terms of praise of the personal character of Dr. Murphy, with whom he had been on terms of intimate acquaintance during the previous ten years. The consequence is, that all parties are actually engaged as usual in the performance of their various functions; and instead of being an exile from his diocese, the Bishop is at present engaged in his episcopal visitation throughout the principal cities of the territory of the Deccan, from which the enemies of the Catholic faith endeavoured to banish him."

BOMBAY.—The *Bombay Times* announces the safe arrival, on November the 6th, of the Right Rev. W. J. Whelan, D.D., Bishop and Vicar of Bombay, accompanied by the Very Rev. Dr. Sheehan as Vicar-General, the Very Rev. Dr. Ryan as Secretary, and the Rev. Monsignore Menezes, Chamberlain to His Holiness Pius IX.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA.—Bishop Brady has presented an address to Captain Fitzgerald, R.N., from the Roman Catholic clergy and community of Perth and the adjoining districts, on his assuming the government of the colony. The document expressed peculiar confidence in his Excellency's administration, and on that account refrained from complaining of the past unjust and unequal distribution of public funds to which all had contributed; and also reserved an application on the subject of an existing grievance from the operation of a recent Marriage Act, and the want of a convenient place of interment, for which they had hitherto applied in vain to the local Government. In his reply, Captain Fitzgerald says: "I come here to know no party save the inhabitants at large, without distinction of creed, country, or colour, giving to all (their undoubted birth-right as subjects of a Government the envy of the world) the utmost toleration, the fullest protection, and a just proportion of the means that may enable them to worship their God with the reverence and decorum usual in civilised communities, without let or hindrance, according to their consciences."

FOREIGN.

EGYPT.—The *Times* correspondent, under date Dec. 21st, writes: "Last week the European residents of Alexandria had the satisfaction of hearing the tones of a full-sized bell, belonging to a church just built by the Jesuits in this town. This is the first bell that has been heard to ring in the Ottoman empire, and the Christians owe this concession entirely to Mehemet Ali's liberal policy. The Jesuits began their church long after the English had commenced theirs, and still the latter, from want of funds, has remained in the present half-finished state for the last two years."

THE AMERICAN HIERARCHY.—The Rev. M. Van-develde, late Provincial of the Society of Jesus in Missouri, has been appointed Bishop of Chicago; and the Very Rev. Maurice de St. Palais (Administrator of the Diocese), Bishop of Vincennes.

NEW YORK.—The new Roman Catholic Church of St. Nicholas, in Second Street, near Avenue A, was dedicated to the worship of God on Christmas Day by the Right Rev. Bishop Hughes. The house was crowded to its utmost capacity. The exterior of the church is of brown stone, in the Gothic style of architecture; the wood-work of walnut, in the style of the structure of the church; and the altar of marble, with gilt decorations. The building cost 30,000 dollars, the whole of which is paid.

PHILADELPHIA.—Of seventy-two Priests who now form the Clergy of the Diocese of Philadelphia, sixteen are Americans (three being included who, though not actually born there, are legally reputed as native citizens), eleven are Germans, three are Belgians, two Frenchmen, two Spaniards, one Portuguese, one Pole, and thirty-four Irishmen. There are, besides, above twenty natives of Pennsylvania performing the functions of the priesthood elsewhere. The secular clergy of the Diocese are in the proportion of two to one of the Regulars. There are eight Jesuits, five Augustinians, four Redemptorists, four Lazarists, two Franciscans, and one Dominican. The number of American Catholics is considerable in the city, and in the counties of Adams, Berks, and Cambria especially; but Irish and Germans abound, with a considerable number of French. Other nations are also represented by some members of this diocesan family.

THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC.—It is stated that the city of Santo Domingo, the capital of the Republic, will soon be the scene of an imposing and magnificent ceremony, as great preparations are being made for the reception of the Archbishops of Caraccas and Curaçoa, the former of whom had embarked on board a Dominican ship of war with a view of proceeding to Curaçoa to meet the Archbishop of that island; and that both these distinguished functionaries were to repair to Santo Domingo, for the express purpose of celebrating the appointment of the venerable Padre Partes to the dignified office of Archbishop of the Eastern part of the island known by the name of Santo Domingo, and which has been conferred upon him by his Holiness the Pope of Rome.

Historic Chronicle.

THE commencement of the New Year brought with it the usual publication of the revenue account of the United Kingdom for the year and quarter ending January 5th. The financial embarrassments of last session, and the political and other difficulties of 1848 made the present publication, coming as it did just prior to the meeting of Parliament, a matter of great interest. The country and the ministry have both cause to be pleased with the result. The total revenue for the twelvemonth is 49,931,523*l.*; there is an increase on the year of 1,533,957*l.*, and an increase on the quarter of 686,827*l.*, as compared with the year 1847 and its corresponding quarter. The Customs and Excise each shew a considerable increase; though it must be noticed, that the aggregate of the latter is largely swollen by a transfer of certain duties from the department of Stamps and Taxes. The most gratifying fact is, that the revenue has been more than sufficient for the demands of the public service, and that there is even a surplus of 560,543*l.*

With this surplus to give confidence alike to himself and the nation, and with a fair approach to the reduced establishments that rumour vaunts of, the Chancellor of the Exchequer will be able to meet Mr. Cobden and the Liverpool Financial Reform Association with a bold front. The English Agitator shews himself in earnest; a monster-meeting was held at Manchester, on the 10th of the month, where Mr. Cobden, in one of his most taking speeches, pledged the assemblage to "the standard of 1835." Meetings have also been held at Norwich, Sheffield, and many other large towns, in furtherance of the movement. The new theory of reform has, however, received "a heavy blow" from a letter of Mr. Macgregor, the member for Glasgow, whose past official experience at the Board of Trade gives him this advantage, that he is not to be supposed to talk at random. This gentleman limits his total saving to 5,304,614*l.*—about half Mr. Cobden's promise. Mr. Macgregor's scheme also demands an entire re-modelling of the system of imposts, and would require 11,000,000*l.* to be raised by direct taxation.

Vacancies from death have introduced two new personages into the composition of Lord John Russell's ministry; and it is a something remarkable, that two offices of the highest importance should have been filled, not by the promotion of deserving and tried adherents, but by an endeavour to gain an accession of strength, or, at least, an infusion of fresh blood. Sir Francis Baring, the former Whig Chancellor of the Exchequer, somewhat unaccountably left out of the Ministry on the reinstatement of the party to power, has accepted the office of First Lord of the Admiralty, vacant by the decease of the Earl of Auckland; but an offer was first made to Sir James Graham, and by him declined. Mr. Baines, the Queen's Counsel, and Member for Hull, takes the seat of the late Mr. Charles Buller, as President of the Poor-Law Board. Both these appointments must be looked on as a confession of party-weakness, and will hardly be looked on as remedying that acknowledged deficiency.

The Judges of the Irish Court of Queen's

Bench have decided against the writ of error sued out by Mr. S. O'Brien and the State prisoners convicted at Clonmel; it is stated that an appeal to the House of Lords is yet to be tried. Mr. Gavan Duffy's case has been the source of wearisome arguments upon points of law, on the whole, to the manifest disadvantage of the Crown-lawyers. The Attorney-General claimed to have final judgment pronounced, because the prisoner's demurrer had been overruled; but the Judges decided, that Mr. Duffy was still entitled to plead, and the trial stands postponed to the 6th of February, at the earliest.

The situation of landlord and tenant, in Ireland, appears to be getting hopelessly worse; till at last all men are content to look to the coming session of Parliament, if not for relief, at least for an opportunity of stating their grievances.

The attention of the English metropolis has been riveted to the system under which work-house children are handed over to the care of persons who contract for the maintenance of large numbers of them, by a mortality that has decimated the inmates of an establishment of the kind kept by a Mr. Drouet, at Tooting. The cholera, or a disease presenting many of the appearances of that pestilence, carried off one hundred and fifty of the children out of about fourteen hundred. Mr. Wakley has been holding inquest after inquest on such of the deaths as chanced within his district, the excitement growing stronger with each inquiry, till the juries, in the latest inquisitions, have returned verdicts of "Manslaughter" against Mr. Drouet. The really culpable parties are, however, the various Boards of Guardians, who have, as it were, sanctioned the over-crowding and meagre diet of the children by careless visits of inspection, and by swelling the number of inmates with little or no precaution.

Mr. Drouet received, it appears, 3*s.* 6*d.* per head. The *Tablet* takes occasion to found an *argumentum ad crumenam* on this point, which we cannot but reproduce:—

"If we will only think of it, it is *our* 'three and six-pence per head per week' that is paid to Mr. Drouet, to enable him, for aught we know, to pervert several hundred of our own children from the principles of the Catholic Faith. It is *our* money, paid with our consent, and applied with our consent. We must pay it, indeed, almost whether we will or not; but its application depends absolutely upon us. We have only to will that it be otherwise to have it otherwise.

"If, for instance, the Christian Brothers were to take a house suitable for the purpose in any London suburb where there happens to be a chapel and a priest—at Wandsworth, for instance, or Hampstead, or Hammersmith, or Kensington—and were to make application to the Poor Law Commissioners, these eminent functionaries would, without any difficulty whatever, at once set them up in a profitable branch of business, and put them in the way of earning a handsome fortune, by farming out to them the pauper Catholic children of the metropolis at the rate of 9*l.* 2*s.* a year per head. Mr. Drouet earns a living, and no doubt makes his savings, by the trade, and why should not they? We don't know whether it is contrary to their rule to keep a pauper boarding-school—we hope not. But if not, why should they not at once enter upon this promising field of labour, and at once provide themselves in London with a model school on a most extensive scale, and make it a house of novices for

their own order for providing fresh teachers trained from infancy under their own absolute control?

"What we say of the Christian Brothers, we say also of the Sisters of Mercy, the Presentation Nuns, and all other orders of religious men and women that devote themselves to the teaching of the poor. We are persuaded that this obvious but most useful work has hitherto been left undone because it has been forgotten or overlooked; and we do really hope that the year 1849 will not be allowed to close without seeing the establishment and execution of so necessary an act of charity."

The President of the French Republic has soon discovered one of the principal difficulties of his situation—the necessity of defining what are to be his functions, and what those of his Ministers. A dispute with M. de Maleville, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, ending in the retirement of the Minister, has resulted in the publication of the letter that gave umbrage, in which Louis Napoleon sums up his difficulty in a sentence shewing that he at least is fully aware of the equivocal nature of his position:—"In short, I perceive that the Ministers that I have named would treat me as if the famous constitution of Siéyès was in force; but I will not suffer it." Other changes have taken place in the administration, which must be considered still unsettled. The people are calling on the Constituent Assembly to dissolve, and give place to a Legislature chosen under circumstances of less excitement. So strong and so numerous have been these representations, that there is no doubt the Assembly will be obliged to come to a dissolution long before the period originally fixed.

The arms of Austria are triumphant in Hungary. The hitherto impregnable fortification of Comorn, and Buda-Pesth, the capital, have yielded almost without a shot. Kossuth, the Hungarian demagogue, has proved the mere vapourer he was always suspected to be.

French and English intervention in the North and South of Italy appears to be equally fruitless. On the other hand, Russia shews a disposition to take a decided part in favour of Austrian domination in Lombardy, and Neapolitan in Sicily. All that can be said with certainty is, that not a step has been made towards the satisfactory adjustment of either question.

A large Spanish naval force has been assembled on the Roman coast; and there is no doubt that the Queen of Spain has urged on the French President an armed intervention, to restore the Pope to his temporal power.

The Frankfort German Assembly has been talking its utmost, though it is beyond the power of any one yet to decide whether German unity is itself any thing more than a word. The ascendancy of Protestant Prussia exasperates the weightiest difficulty; for the Catholic states have learnt by a thousand instances to distrust Prussian impartiality and toleration.

Advices from the United States shew that the

question of Slave-institutions is becoming more and more urgent, as the conquests of the Union have increased. Is the institution to be introduced into its new acquisitions?—that is the point now to be discussed between the Southern and Northern States, and the whole problem will be settled by the issue.

Later and successive accounts from California confirm the wonderful wealth of that auriferous region, which has been annexed to the United States in virtue of its Mexican victories. Still more discoveries of gold have been made, and the supply is represented as literally inexhaustible. Soldiers desert their standards, crews their ships, tradesmen their stores, to take part in the "diggings." Shoals of emigrants are on their way to this El dorado from all parts of America; and the fever has extended to this country. Our own papers teem with advertisements of "Anglo-Californian" companies, and of ships chartered for the conveyance of all those individuals who are smitten with the prevailing yellow fever.

The Earl of Auckland, First Lord of the Admiralty, was seized with paralysis while out shooting, on Saturday the 30th December, and died on the following Monday. His Lordship had been the holder of some of the highest offices in the State, under various Whig administrations—President of the Board of Trade, Governor-General of India, and twice First Lord of the Admiralty. His brother, the Anglican Bishop of Sodor and Man, succeeds to the barony; the earldom being a new creation in favour of the late nobleman.

The House of Lords has lost two other of its members—the Earl of Oxford and Earl Talbot. The accession of Lord Ingestre to the Upper House, by the death of the latter, creates a vacancy in the representation of South Staffordshire.

Mr. Crowder, Queen's Counsel, has been elected for Liskeard, to fill the late Mr. Charles Buller's seat, without opposition.

Mr. Humphrey Willyams has been returned for Truro, by a majority of 14 over his opponent, Mr. Montague Smith. Mr. Willyams would seem to have studied in the same school as Sir Culling Eardley, the late candidate for the West Riding.

Vacancies have been caused in the House of Commons by the deaths of Colonel Conolly, the member for Donegal, and Mr. Pryse Pryse, the member for Cardigan; and by the appointment of Dr. Bowring, the member for Bolton, to be Consul at Canton.

EAST INDIES.—The second overland mail brought intelligence from the Punjab to the 5th December. In an affair on the 22d November, the object of which was merely to drive a small body of Sikhs across the river Chenab, our troops were drawn into an ambuscade, and the consequence was, the loss of some most valuable lives—Brigadier-General Cureton, Colonel Havelock, and Captain Fitzgerald being among the killed. Many other officers were wounded, the Sikhs having evidently picked out their mark. On the 3d of December the Sikhs were routed in a more general engagement, which, at night, turned to a complete flight. Our light troops were left in pursuit.

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